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ART. I.—*Memorials of His Time*, by HENRY COCKBURN. 1 vol. 8vo.
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IT is one of the vulgarisms of political quackery, we had almost said of political knavery, to institute comparisons between the more modern history of Ireland and that of Scotland; to contrast the prosperity of the latter with the misery of the former; to expatiate upon the political influence of the one country side by side with the political nullity of the other; and to draw conclusions favourable to the superior sagacity, general good sense, and general right-mindedness of Scotland. Ireland, says one or other of the leaders of English opinion, was long discontented with her act of union; so was Scotland. Ireland rebelled twice; so did Scotland. Ireland was defeated as a matter of course; so was Scotland; but Scotland subsided into calm, riches, commercial greatness, literary distinction, and political influence; and so did not Ireland. It is then usual to advert to the eminent qualifications of Irishmen for success in every department of life, civil or military; to notice the remarkable men from Ireland, who have adorned the literature, or propagated the boundaries of the empire; to speak with a kind of jealousy of the worth and talent that foreign nations have recruited in Ireland; to insist upon the amount of industry and enterprise which the same foreign countries are continually abstracting from that place, and incorporating into their own greatness; next to inquire why it is that Irishmen are not everything they ought to be at home; and finally, after playing with the question for a while, as with a curious yet simple puzzle, to give it up in despair, and advise the Irish to stick close to business, to avoid excitement, to forget their own history, to pay their tithe rent charge

punctually, to look upon its recipients as part of a beneficent institution intended to last; to regard national honour as a delusion, and embrace any amount of dishonour for the sake of quietness. No one can deny that this is in substance the advice given to Ireland upon all occasions by those even who are supposed to represent liberal opinions. Lord Elgin, however, in the course of a long and honourable life of experience, has found reason to hold and to give expression to very different views from those which it is the fashion to put forward regarding Ireland and Scotland. "I think," he says, "the results which have attended the connection between England and Scotland, and England and Ireland, will go very far to show how little a nation gains which succeeds in forcing its own foreign institutions, foreign laws, and foreign religion upon a reluctant and high-spirited people. Oh, gentlemen, I fear, I greatly fear that we have not yet read that most valuable but most painful lesson to its close, for rely upon it, that if ever a collision takes place between those two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, which dwell on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, that calamity, the most grievous that can befall either country, will be attributable to the humiliations which in bygone days England has sought to impose upon Ireland." And Lord Elgin is right when he lays so much stress upon the humiliation sought to be imposed, and so very effectually imposed upon Ireland, in bygone days as *he* says, but existing, as we say, in a great measure to the dishonour and danger of the nation at the present hour. These very humiliations to which Ireland has been subjected, have been more fatal to her interests, more injurious to her morality, and more obstructive of her progress, social, political, and industrial, than any one of her wrongs, or all her wrongs taken together, merely in so far as they are wrongs, and do not necessarily imply dishonour, degradation and the extinction of public spirit.

In point of mere wrongs, that is to say, of political wrongs, Scotland for a long period had very little the advantage of Ireland, if we are to judge from the picture shown up to us by Lord Cockburn in his interesting volume. The so-called electoral system previous to the Reform Bill, did not require the aid of corruption to render an election a still more fictitious and unreal procedure in Scotland than in England or Ireland. Political prosecutions were many degrees more serious in their conse-

quences, and the law regarding political offences far more severe in Scotland than it had ever been in Ireland. In the latter country, too, public opinion, although in a very rudimentary state, was not without influence for many years before it had struggled into light in Scotland; and political changes amounting to revolution, had been effected in Ireland with a high hand against all the power and resources of government before Scotland was emancipated from Dundas. But owing to the facilities presented by the structure of the electoral body, corruption, as might be expected, prevailed in Scotland to that degree that it soon came to be a creed better understood than the Institutes of Calvin, or the Westminster Catechism, that there was no God but office, and that Dundas was his prophet. "There was then," says Lord Brougham, speaking of the meridian hour of the Dundas influence, "no doubt ever raised of the stability of the ministry or of Mr. Dundas' ample share in the dispensations of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election if he but kept by the true faith, and his path lay straight before him, the path of righteous devotion, leading unto a blessed preferment. But our northern countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast; their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes. In vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be heard. Instead of the old convenient and intelligible alternative of 'Pitt or Fox,' 'Place or Poverty,' which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight! hateful and perplexing omen! a ministry without Pitt, nay, without Dundas, and an opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval may recollect how the public mind in Scotland was subdued with awe, and how men awaited in doubting silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

"It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation, all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder-storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask anything. It was

hard to say not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. All true Scots were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said *they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn*. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said *they knew not when to turn*. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away, and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power among his countrymen, which transcended all expectation, and almost *surpassed belief, if indeed it is not* rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight, the political second sight of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both houses were found adhering to him against the existing government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish peers in open opposition. Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington on such unheard of circumstances, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us!' When the very Scotch peers wavered, and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about, it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and Security, and Patronage and Dundas, speedily returned to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence or her fidelity, her attachment at once to her patron and herself."

But under all her wrongs, with the whole power and patronage of the country in the hands of one man, with political morality almost utterly destroyed, with all independence silenced, with *juries ready to convict any man of anything, and judges armed with a discretion of punishment for sedition, ranging between one year's imprisonment and transportation for life*—Scotland had never been humbled; her laws, though bad, might, as things were then understood, be looked upon as her own. There were no foreign institutions, foreign laws, and above all, no foreign religion seated in abhorred supremacy over all that claimed her natural allegiance. Her dignity was left untouched by defeat, and whatever degradation she incurred by her political subserviency, was partly her own choice and partly a result of her institutions, not an acquiescence in disgrace imposed by foreign authority. Pride, though reprehensible and unreasonable in an individual, is not only permissible but of primary necessity in a nation. To deprive a people of that chastity of honour, that jealousy of reproach, that persuasion of excellence which are guarantees of public spirit and public virtue, will ruin it more effectually than

anything else that power and ingenuity can compass. Since the day of Bannockburn the pride of Scotland never had been effectually humbled, and her successful resistance to the establishment of a spurious episcopacy, over what had unfortunately come to the national Calvinism, has a closer connection with her present prosperity and imposing attitude in the councils of the empire than men are apt to suppose. Even those rebellions so often drawn into a parallel with the two Irish insurrections of '98 and 1801, have nothing in common with the two latter movements. Excepting the massacre of Glencoe, there was little to disgust Scotland with the government of William, and still less with the House of Hanover. The Scotch were actuated by attachment to their ancient dynasty, although, if we are to take the Scottish chieftain, quoted by Lord Cockburn, as a sample of the general spirit, love of plunder would seem to have been the animating principle of the two rebellions; for when asked by a friend whether in accompanying Prince Charles Edward in his march, he really thought the House of Hanover could be driven from the throne, the chieftain candidly admitted he thought nothing at all about the matter, as his great anxiety was to see "Donald riflin' Lunnun." When the Irish, on the contrary, attempted to rise, perhaps the views of the body of the insurgents were not very distinct; they fought neither for pretenders, nor chieftains, nor plunder, but they were galled by a real yoke, they felt a real goad, they endeavoured to escape from intolerable misery and disgrace, from the smarting of literal whips, from the festering of bonâ fide chains, they fought, whatever might be the dreams of republican leaders, for life and altar and bread. And although great and peaceful victories have been achieved for freedom in Ireland since those unhappy years, she yet retains marks of dishonour and inferiority which diminish her self-respect, and are more obstructive of progress and amelioration than any amount of wrong: although in the case at least of the Protestant establishment the most intolerable dishonour is linked to the most grievous wrong.

Now it might be supposed from these remarks that the book of which we offer a notice is political in character; so it is; but not purely, or even principally political. It sketches with peculiar truth and animation successive phases of Scottish life, social and political, and we attached ourselves

at once to the latter ; because feeling as we do, considerable jealousy of the literary eminence and material prosperity of Scotland, we also felt that it was in great measure to be attributed to the favourable circumstance which we have attempted to describe ; and because we yet feel with a strength of conviction not likely to diminish, that Ireland must remain as she is until her honour be vindicated by the fall of the Anglican establishment, and every other institution that stands in the way of good citizenship, and patriotic pride ; transforming one class of our countrymen into a garrison or a colony, and banding the other as a confederacy of discontented, angry, contemned and half caste natives. It would not be fair, however, to omit noticing Lord Cockburn's charming volume as a picture of social life. The plan of the book is very simple indeed. It might almost be called the annals of Edinburgh, for such in fact its pages are, and the running commentary with which they are illustrated and embellished, is full of that happy humour, that large benevolence and genial philosophy for which only two other men are, or were equally remarkable with Lord Cockburn, we need hardly say we mean Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens. It includes the eventful period from 1779 to 1830, from the time when George the Third was king ; when the Bourbons reigned in France, and the United States were provinces ; when Ireland was a distinct and rather saucy kingdom ; when the Catholics in their humiliation were the wonder and the pity of the world ; and the House of Commons was a constitutional fiction ; to the period when the Bourbons proper had disappeared a second time, after the world had been convulsed to restore them ; when America had grown to be a great and haughty rival of the Empire ; when Ireland had been changed into west Britain, the Catholics transformed into freemen, and the House of Commons into a representative assembly. It also traverses an interval during which powdered pig-tails and small clothes were the badges of loyalty, and pantaloons or clean hair the emblems of jacobinism. It embraces the æra of fur collars and the cotemporaneous reign of terror in the realms of fashion that has given to white neckerchiefs the well earned title of chokers, and causes Beau Brummell to be remembered as the Robespierre of dandyism. It takes in an epoch stained by all the enormities of female costume, from the puff sleeves, short waists, and slim skirts ; to

the voluminous folds of the sleeve called leg-of-mutton, and the cavernous recesses of the coal-scuttle bonnet. It casts a lingering glance at the claret and toddy that redeemed many of the errors of the time it chronicles, and accompanies us through all the changes of dinner hour, to mark the advance of civilization. It takes us through the days of Adam Smith, Ferguson, Playfair, Robertson and Dugald Stewart, to the generation of Brougham, Sydney Smith, Scott, Jeffreys, and Cockburn. Something in short is said of everything and everybody in a way, that to our mind at least, presents a more agreeably shifting, and yet more regular picture of a period marked by great and striking transition than anything we remember to have read. We shall hardly deserve to be excused, however, for keeping the reader so long without an extract, and accordingly we offer one in which Lord Cockburn gives a graphic description of his early school-days, interspersed with serious reflections, which those who are in any way concerned with education would do well to lay to heart. The glimpses it affords of the terrorism and immorality by which the Tory supremacy was maintained in Scotland, and of the meannesses to which it never scrupled to descend, are very characteristic, nor do we believe that the history even of Ireland shews anything more disgusting.

"In October 1787 I was sent to the High School. Having never been at a public school before, and this one being notorious for its severity and riotousness, I approached its walls with trembling, and felt dizzy when I sat down amidst above 100 new faces. We had been living at Leith, for sea bathing, for some weeks before; and I was taken to school by our tutor. The only thing that relieved my alarm as he hauled me along was the diversion of crossing the arches of the South Bridge, which were then unfinished, on planks. The person to whose uncontrolled discipline I was now subjected, though a good man, an intense student, and filled, but rather in the memory than in the head, with knowledge, was as bad a school-master as it is possible to fancy. Unacquainted with the nature of youth, ignorant even of the characters of his own boys, and with not a conception of the art or of the duty of alluring them, he had nothing for it but to drive them; and this he did by constant and indiscriminate harshness.

"The effects of this were very hurtful to all his pupils. Out of the whole four years of my attendance there were probably not ten days in which I was not flogged, at least once. Yet I never entered the class, nor left it, without feeling perfectly qualified, both in

ability and preparation, for its whole business ; which, being confined to Latin alone, and in necessarily short tasks, since every one of the boys had to rhyme over the very same words, in the very same way, was no great feat. But I was driven stupid. Oh ! the bodily and mental wearisomeness of sitting six hours a-day, staring idly at a page, without motion and without thought, and trembling at the gradual approach of the merciless giant. I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination. The beauty of no Roman word, or thought, or action, ever occurred to me ; nor did I ever fancy that Latin was of any use except to torture boys.

"After four years of this class, I passed on to that of the rector, Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of the work on Roman Antiquities, then in the zenith of his reputation. He had raised himself from the very dust to that high position. Never was a man more fortunate in the choice of a vocation. He was born to teach Latin, some Greek, and all virtue. In doing so he was generally patient, though not, when intolerably provoked, without due fits of gentle wrath ; inspiring to his boys, especially the timid and backward ; enthusiastically delighted with every appearance of talent or goodness ; a warm encourager by praise, play, and kindness ; and constantly under the strongest sense of duty. The art of teaching has been so immeasurably improved in good Scotch schools since his time, that we can scarcely estimate his merits now. He had most of the usual peculiarities of a schoolmaster ; but was so amiable and so artless, that no sensible friend would have wished one of them to be even softened. His private industry was appalling. If one moment late at school, he would hurry in, and explain that he had been detained 'verifying a quotation ;' and many a one did he verify at four in the morning. He told me at the close of one of his autumn vacations of six weeks that, before it had begun, he had taken a house in the country, and had sent his family there, in order that he himself might have some rustic leisure, but that having got upon the scent of some curious passages (his favourite sport) he had remained with his books in town, and had never even seen the country house.

"He suffered from a prejudice likely to be injurious in those days. He was no politician ; insomuch that it may be doubted whether he ever knew one public measure or man from another. But a Latin and Greek schoolmaster naturally speaks about such things as liberty, and the people, and the expulsion of the Tarquins, and republics, and this was quite sufficient for the times ; especially as any modern notions that he had were popular, and he was too honest, and too simple, to disguise them. This innocent infusion of classical patriotism into the mind of a man whose fancy dwelt in old Rome, made him be watched and traduced for several years. Boys were encouraged to bring home stories of him, and of course reported only what they saw pleased. Often, and with great agi-

tation, did the worthy man complain of the injustice which tolerated these youthful spies ; but his chief sorrow was for the corruption to which the minds of his pupils were exposed. I remained at the rector's class two years."—pp. 3-6.

In the course of the next few pages we are introduced to the author's only two companions at the High-school who reached any great eminence ; but to make up for that, the eminence they did attain to was enough to make the character of any school, unless of one where, as in this instance, their distinction was acquired in spite of their training, and could in no possible way have been a consequence of it. These men were Horner and Brougham. No one that has been at school can fail to recall incidents of his own school-days in reading the passage.

"They had the barbarity to make us be in school during summer at 7 in the morning. I once started out of bed, thinking I was too late, and got out of the house unquestioned. On reaching the High School gate, I found it locked, and saw the yards, through the bars, silent and motionless. I withdrew alarmed, and went near the Tron Church to see the clock. It was only about two or three. Not a creature was on the street ; not even watchmen, who were of much later introduction. I came home awed, as if I had seen a dead city, and the impression of that hour has never been effaced.

"Not one of the boys of my class has reached any great eminence ; which indeed has been attained by only two boys who were at any of the classes of the High School in my time. These two were Francis Horner and Henry Brougham.

"Horner, with whom I was at the rector's class for one year, was then exactly what he continued afterwards to be—grave, studious, honourable, kind ; steadily pursuing his own cultivation ; everything he did marked by thoughtfulness and greatness. Before leaving the school we subscribed for a book which we presented to the rector ; a proceeding then unprecedented. It fell to Horner as the dux to give it, and he never acquitted himself better. It was on the day of the public examination ; and after the prizes were distributed, and the spectators thought that the business was over, he stood forth with one volume of the book in his hand, and in a distinct though tremulous voice, and a firm but modest manner, addressed Adam in a Latin speech of his own composition not exceeding three or four sentences, expressive of the gratitude and affection with which we all took leave of our master. The effect was complete, on Adam, on the audience, and the boys. I was far down in the class, and can still recal the feeling of enthusiastic but despairing admiration, with which I witnessed the scene. I thought

Horner a god, and wondered what it was that made such a hopeless difference between him and me.

"Brougham was not in the class with me. Before getting to the rector's class, he had been under Luke Fraser, who, in his two immediately preceding courses of four years each, had the good fortune to have Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott as his pupils. Brougham made his first public explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him.

"As mere school years, these six were very fruitlessly spent. The hereditary evils of the system and of the place were too great for correction even by Adam; and the general tone of the school was vulgar and harsh. Among the boys, coarseness of language and manners was the only fashion. An English boy was so rare, that his accent was openly laughed at. No lady could be seen within the walls. Nothing evidently civilized was safe. Two of the masters, in particular, were so savage, that any master doing now what they did every hour would certainly be transported.

"Before we left the school Adam made us a sensible and affecting address. In order to encourage us all to go on with our studies voluntarily and earnestly, he pointed out the opposite tendencies of early eminence, and of early obscurity, upon boys; warning those who had been distinguished against presumption, and those who had hitherto been unnoticed against despair; and explaining to both that, even in the very next stage, he had often known them change natures; the one from fancying that nothing more required to be done, the other from discovering that they had everything to do. I drank in every syllable of this well-timed discourse, and felt my heart revive. And a very few years proved its justice. The same powers that raise a boy high in a good school, make it probable that he will rise high in life. But in bad schools, it is nearly the very reverse. And even in the most rationally conducted, superiority affords only a gleam of hope for the future. Men change, and still more boys. The High School distinctions very speedily vanished; and fully as much by the sinking of the luminaries who had shone in the zenith, as by the rising of those who had been lying on the horizon. I have ever since had a distrust of duxes, and thought boobies rather hopeful.

"I doubt if I ever read a single book, or even fifty pages, voluntarily, when I was at the High School. The Spectator was the first

book I read, from the sheer pleasure of reading, after I left it."—pp. 8-12.

Before quitting this period of the author's experience we shall copy one other chapter of his academical life, not so much for its value as a picture, as because it rebukes with modesty the cant of the day, which seeks to disparage classical learning, and talks of cramming boys with Latin and Greek, as if Latin and Greek represented languages merely, and not the perfection of whatever is human in literature. Indeed, we are not aware of ever having heard this contemptible common place from anyone who could pretend to the character of a scholar, although it is unquestionably true, not that undue attention has been given to classical learning, but that modern literature and languages have been treated with stupid neglect. We need only point to America for an instance of a system such as educational reformers of the present day would introduce, not corrective of our own, but its opposite in every particular. The newspaper is almost the only literary production of America, and with few exceptions journalism is less distinguished for ability and morality in America than in any other, even the most despotic country. Education is there almost exclusively commercial and utilitarian. There are a few sickly institutions in America called universities, some of them even bearing the names of seats of learning in this country, but they are in no respect similar to anything spoken of in Europe as an university; still less is there anything in America to represent Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, those fine and characteristic establishments upon which M. de Montalembert dwells with such pardonable enthusiasm in his "*Avenir d'Angleterre*."

"In October 1793 I was sent to the College of Edinburgh.

"My first class was for more of that weary Latin; an excellent thing, if it had been got. For, all I have seen since, and all I felt even then, have satisfied me that there is no solid and graceful foundation for boy's minds like classical learning, grammatically acquired; and that all the modern substitutes of what is called *useful knowledge*, breed little beyond conceit, vulgarity, and general ignorance. It is not the mere acquaintance with the two immortal languages that constitutes the value, though the value of this is incalculable, but the early discipline of the mind, by the necessary reception of precise rules, of which the use and the reasonableness is in due time disclosed. But the mischief was that little Latin was

acquired. The class was a constant scene of unchecked idleness, and disrespectful mirth. Our time was worse than lost.

"Andrew Dalzel, the author of *Collectanea Græca* and other academical books, taught my next class—the Greek. At the mere teaching of a language to boys, he was ineffective. How is it possible for the elements, including the very letters, of a language to be taught to one hundred boys at once, by a single lecturing professor? To the lads who, like me to whom the very alphabet was new, required positive *teaching*, the class was utterly useless. Nevertheless, though not a good schoolmaster, it is a duty, and delightful, to record Dalzel's value as a general exciter of boy's minds. Dugald Stewart alone excepted, he did me more good than all the other instructors I had. Mild, affectionate, simple, an absolute enthusiast about learning—particularly classical, and especially Greek; with an innocence of soul and of manner which imparted an air of honest kindness to whatever he said or did, and a slow, soft, formal voice, he was a great favourite with all boys, and with all good men. Never was a voyager, out in quest of new islands, more delighted in finding one, than he was in discovering any good quality in any bumble youth. His lectures (published injudiciously by somebody in 1820 or 1821) are an example of the difference between discourses meant to be spoken to boys, and those intended to be read by men. Yet our hearts bore witness how well they were conceived, at least as he read them, for moving youths. He could never make us actively laborious. But when we sat passive, and listened to him, he inspired us with a vague but sincere ambition of literature, and with delicious dreams of virtue and poetry. He must have been a hard boy whom these discourses, spoken by Dalzel's low, soft, artless voice, did not melt.

"Dalzel was clerk to the General Assembly, and was long one of the curiosities of that strange place. He was too innocent for it. The last time I saw this simple and worthy man was very shortly before his death, the near approach of which he was quite aware of, at a house he had taken on the Bonnington Road. He was trying to discharge a twopenny cannon for the amusement of his children; but his alarm and awkwardness only terrified them the more; till at last he got behind a washing-tub, and then, fastening the match to the end of a long stick, set the piece of ordnance off gloriously. He used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he had overheard the Professor muttering one dark night in the street to himself, 'If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant we would have made as good longs and shorts as they.'"—pp. 18—21.

We now pass to a sketch of a different description, but

several of the features of which are recognizable here as well as in Scotland, and can not only be recalled by men who number fewer years than did the illustrious author of these memorials, but have left many traces in particular circles, and some in our general manners. Lord Cockburn introduces us to the elaborate etiquette of a dinner in the olden time, and the oppressive absurdities with which it was accompanied. Use of course made it all as familiar and as easy as what we consider the perfection of ease and unrestraint in our modern dinners or social reunions of any kind.

"Heaths and toasts were special torments; oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. It was thought sottish and rude to take wine without this—as if forsooth there was nobody present worth drinking with. I was present, about 1803, when the late Duke of Buccleuch took a glass of sherry by himself at the table of Charles Hope, then Lord Advocate; and this was noticed afterwards as a piece of Ducal contempt. And the person asked to take wine was not invited by anything so slovenly as a look, combined with a putting of the hand upon the bottle, as is practised by near neighbours now. It was a much more serious affair. For one thing, the wine was very rarely on the table. It had to be called for; and in order to let the servants know to whom he was to carry it, the caller was obliged to specify his partner aloud. All this required some premeditation and courage. Hence timid men never ventured on so bold a step at all; but were glad to escape by only drinking when they were invited. As this ceremony was a mark of respect, the landlord, or any other person who thought himself the great man, was generally graciously pleased to perform it to every one present. But he and others were always at liberty to abridge the severity of the duty, by performing it by platoons. They took a brace, or two brace, of ladies or of gentlemen, or of both, and got them all engaged at once, and proclaiming to the sideboard—'A glass of sherry for Miss Dundas, Mrs. Murray, and Miss Hope, and a glass of port for Mr. Hume, and one for me,' he slew them by coveys. And all the parties to the contract were bound to acknowledge each other distinctly. No nods, or grins, or indifferences; but a direct look at the object, the audible uttering of the very words—'Your good health,' accompanied by a respectful inclination of the head, a gentle attraction of the right hand towards the heart, and a gratified smile. And after all these detached pieces of attention during the feast were over, no sooner was the table cleared, and the after dinner glasses set down, than it became necessary for each person, following the landlord, to drink the health of every other person present, individually. Thus, where

there were ten people, there were ninety healths drunk. This ceremony was often slurred over by the bashful, who were allowed merely to *look* the benediction; but usage compelled them to look it distinctly, and to each individual. To do this well, required some grace, and consequently it was best done by the polite ruffled and frilled gentlemen of the olden time.

"This prandial nuisance was horrible. But it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called '*Rounds*' of toasts; when each gentleman named an absent lady, and each lady an absent gentleman, separately; or one person was required to give an absent lady, and another person was required to match a gentleman with that lady, and the pair named were toasted, generally with allusions and jokes about the fitness of the union.—And, worst of all, there were '*Sentiments*.' These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. A faint conception of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times, and which indeed I only recollect from their being favourites. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his, or for her, sentiment, when this or something similar was committed—'*May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning.*' Or, '*May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age.*' Or, '*Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.*' '*May the honest heart never feel distress.*' '*May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow.*' '*May never worse be among us.*' There were stores of similar reflections; and for all kinds of parties, from the elegant and romantic, to the political, the municipal, the ecclesiastic, and the drunken. Many of the thoughts and sayings survive still, and may occasionally be heard at a club or a tavern. But even there they are out of vogue as established parts of the entertainment; and in some scenes nothing can be very offensive. But the proper sentiment was a high and pure production; a moral motto; and was meant to dignify and grace private society. Hence, even after an easier age began to sneer at the display, the correct course was to receive the sentiment, if not with real admiration, at least with decorous respect. Mercifully, there was a large known public stock of the odious commodity, so that nobody who could screw up his nerves to pronounce the words, had any occasion to strain his invention. The conceited, the ready, or the reckless, hackneyed in the art, had a knack of making new sentiments applicable to the passing accidents, with great ease. But it was a dreadful oppression on the timid or the awkward. They used to shudder, ladies particularly—for nobody was spared, when their turn in the *round* approached. Many a struggle and blush did it cost; but this seemed only to excite the tyranny of the masters of the craft; and compliance could never be avoided except

by more torture than yielding. There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon, in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning, he came out with—'The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake.' It is difficult for those who have been born under a more natural system, to comprehend how a sensible man, a respectable matron, a worthy old maid, and especially a girl, could be expected to go into company only on such conditions."—pp. 36-40.

A matter of very practical interest at the present day is the increase of Judaism amongst the professing religious public of Protestants, in the observance of the Sunday. It always struck us as a rather singular caprice of private judgment to fasten upon practices which our Lord singled out for emphatic condemnation and endeavour to transfer them to the Christian discipline. One is lost in wonder to conceive how a Protestant using the right of interpretation for himself and reading the passages in which the Lord of the Sabbath rebuked the ancient Sabbatarians by word, argument, and example, should insist upon all that the Saviour discouraged. While we are glad to see the Sunday protected from the desecration of traffic, there is to us no form of intolerance more odious, more contemptible, or more anti-christian than that which seeks to convert the Christian Sunday into a worse than Jewish Sabbath, substituting inaction for rest, and public debauchery or private setting for rational amusement. We could not expect Lord Cockburn to feel as strongly upon a matter of this kind as people born out of Scotland, and the modesty with which he gives expression to his own sentiments is not the least attractive feature in the passage we are about to quote. For our own part we believe that notwithstanding the array of petitions which the advocates of Judaism are able to parade in the house; notwithstanding all the marches they may be enabled to steal, or the cat-like dexterity of their surprises; in spite of their tracts and denunciations; public opinion under the influence of men like Cockburn, and with moderation and steadiness to ballast it will eventually prevail and crush as hateful a tyranny as any ever sought to be exercised over conscience. In Scotland, perhaps, this cannot happen for a long time. Bigotry is entrenched too strongly

in that interesting country to be easily driven from her favourite position, and it must be borne in mind, that the peculiar bigotry of the place is of a nature more difficult to be dealt with than that of any other country in Europe. It is well known that the observance of the Sabbath finds no more indignant vindicator than the pious Christian who spends the whole interval from Saturday night to Monday morning at or under the table, whether of his own house or of the public-house.

"There is no contrast between those old days and the present that strikes me so strongly as that suggested by the differences in religious observances; not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connection with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious which would horrify modern zealots. The principles and feelings of the persons commonly called evangelical, were the same then that they are now; the external acts, by which these feelings and principles were formerly expressed, were materially different. In nothing do these differences appear more strikingly than in the matters connected with the observance of Sunday. Hearing what is often confidently prescribed now as the only proper mode of keeping the Christian Sabbath, and then recollecting how it was recently kept by Christian men, ought to teach us charity in the enforcement of observances, which, to a certain extent, are necessarily matters of opinion.

"It is not unusual for certain persons to represent Scotland, but particularly Edinburgh, as having been about the beginning of this century very irreligious. Whenever any modern extravagance, under the name of piety, is attempted to be corrected by showing its inconsistency with the practice of the pious of the last age, this is sure to be met by the assertion that the last age was not merely irreligious, but generally infidel. There are some with whom this idea is suggested by the mere echo of the words of David Hume. With others it is necessary for the promotion of a more ascetic system than the last age would have borne. And, with many it is taken up from mere policy; as for example, when Established Churchmen, who maintain the necessity for college tests, are referred to the long success of the College of Edinburgh without tests, the answer is nearly certain to be that the College of Edinburgh used to be tainted by infidelity."

"I attest that, so far as I ever saw or heard, this charge is utterly false. I am not aware of a single professor to whom it was ever applied, or could be applied justly. Freedom of discus-

sion was not in the least combined with scepticism among the students, or in their societies. I never knew nor heard of a single student, tutor, or professor, by whom infidelity was disclosed, or in whose thoughts I believed it to be harboured, with perhaps only two obscure and doubtful exceptions. I consider the imputation as chiefly an invention to justify modern intolerance.

"As to the comparative righteousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the moderate dictators would only accept of that as religion, which was considered to be so by their devout fathers."—Pp. 42-45.

¶ We shall offer no apology for giving one of the author's political sketches somewhat at length. It is not easy to conceive anything more hopeless than the prospects of liberal opinion in Scotland at the time which Lord Cockburn describes, and we believe we were correct in saying that at no period since the revolution did Ireland exhibit such absolute political prostration as was witnessed in Scotland from the suppression of the last rebellion to the few years preceding the reform movement. Lucas, Moleynaux, and Swift, exposed themselves to considerable risk by their outspokening in Ireland, but they never could have uttered or written a syllable in Scotland under the reign of Pitt and Dundas; still less would it have been possible for a man like O'Connell to organize a public association taking upon itself many of the functions of government, dissolving and reappearing at the wave of the Magician's wand as circumstances required, but always in defiance of, and in opposition to the government. Had Ireland, though degraded, been as incapable of political action as Scotland, O'Connell never could have appeared, and emancipation never could have been achieved. The band of Scottish liberals was bold but not exactly heroic, although they had the mortification to see mediocrity promoted and exalted in consequence of a political connexion which men less honourable than themselves might have joined in despair of their country and their cause. But mere sacrifice without action

and vigorous exertion never could have won reform for Scotland under the then existing state of things, nor could the *Edinburgh Review*, powerfully as it advanced the liberal interest, have operated upon Scotland alone. Reform was achieved by England and Ireland, it was granted under the pressure of a movement that threatened revolution; and though public opinion in Scotland was evidently ripe for the change, as subsequent events have proved, that opinion never could have struggled to the surface, so as to make itself seen and heard, if the success of reform depended upon Scotland. That country, it is not to be denied, furnished some of the great wrestlers to the struggle, but Scotland was not their field of triumph, and we believe it never could have been. There is no painting or flourishing in the account given by Lord Cockburn. It is a strict and dry statement of fact, as will readily appear from the passage itself.

“The principal leaders of the true Whig party were Henry Erskine, who had recently been Lord Advocate; Adam Gillis, John Clerk, and David Cathcart, all afterwards judges; Archibald Fletcher, Malcolm Laing, James Graham, and John Macfarlane, advocates; and James Gibson, Writer to the Signet. Some brighter names, especially that of Jeffrey, had not yet come into action; and there were a few stout hearted brethren, who, though too obscure to be now named, formed a rear rank on whom those in advance could always rely. The profession of these men armed them with better qualities than any other avocation could supply in a country without a Parliament—with talent, the practice of speaking, political knowledge, and public position; but their personal boldness and purity marked them out still more conspicuously for popular trust. It was among them accordingly that independence found its only asylum. It had a few silent though devoted worshippers elsewhere, but the Whig counsel were its only open champions. The Church can boast of Sir Harry Moncreiff alone as its contribution to the cause; but he was too faithful to his sacred functions to act as a political partisan. John Allen and John Thomson, of the medical profession, were active and fearless. And the College gave Dugald Stewart, John Playfair, and Andrew Dalzel. Of these three, mathematics, which was his chair, enabled Playfair to come better off than his two colleagues; for Dalzel had to speak of Grecian liberty, and Stewart to explain the uses of liberty in general; and anxiously were they both watched. Stewart, in particular, though too spotless and too retired to be openly denounced, was an object of great secret alarm. Not only virtuous, but eloquent in recommending virtue to the young, he united Nero's objections both to Virginius the rhetorician, and Rufus

Musonius the philosopher—'Virginium Flavum et Musonium Rufum claritudo nominis expulit. Nam Virginius studia juvenum eloquentiâ, Musonius præceptis sapientiæ, fovebat.' (Tacitus—An. Lib. 15, cap. 71). A country gentleman with any public principle except devotion to Henry Dundas, was viewed as a wonder, or rather as a monster. This was the creed also of almost all our merchants, all our removable office holders, and all our public corporations. So that, literally, everything depended on a few lawyers; a class to which, in modern times, Scotland owes a debt of gratitude which does not admit of being exaggerated. Nor have any men, since our revolution, been obliged to exercise patriotism at greater personal risk or sacrifice. Could there have been the slightest doubt of their purity or courage, public spirit must have been extinguished in Scotland. The real strength of their party lay in their being right, and in the tendency of their objects to attract men of ability and principle.

"With the people put down, and the Whigs powerless, Government was the master of nearly every individual in Scotland, but especially in Edinburgh, which was the chief seat of its influence. The infidelity of the French gave it almost all the pious; their atrocities all the timid; rapidly increasing taxation and establishments all the venal; the higher and middle ranks were at its command, and the people at its feet. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the colleges, the parliamentary electors, the press, the magistracies, the local institutions, were so completely at the service of the party in power, that the idea of independence, besides being monstrous and absurd, was suppressed by a feeling of conscious ingratitude. And in addition to all the ordinary sources of government influence, Henry Dundas, an Edinburgh man, and well calculated by talent and manner to make despotism popular, was the absolute dictator of Scotland, and had the means of rewarding submission, and of suppressing opposition, beyond what were ever exercised in modern times by one person, in any portion of the empire.

"The true state of things, and its effects, may be better seen in a few specific facts, than in any general description.

"As to our *Institutions*—there was no popular representation; all town-councils elected themselves; the Established Church had no visible rival; persons were sent to the criminal courts as jurymen very nearly according to the discretion of the sheriff of their county; and after they got there, those who were to try the prosecution were picked for that duty by the presiding Judge, unchecked by any peremptory challenge. In other words, we had no free political institutions whatever.

"The consequences of this were exactly what might have been expected, and all resolved into universal prostration. The town-councils who elected the burgh members of Parliament, and the 1500 or 2000 freeholders who elected the county members, formed so small a body that a majority, and indeed the whole, of them

were quite easily held by the Government strings ; especially as the burgh electors were generally dealt with on a principle which admitted of considerable economy. Except at Edinburgh, there was only one member for what was termed a *district* of four or five burghs. Each town-council elected a delegate ; and these four or five delegates elected the member ; and instead of bribing the town council, the established practice was to bribe only the delegates, or indeed only one of them, if this could secure the majority. Not that the councils were left unrefreshed, but that the hooks with the best baits were set for the most effective fishes. There was no free, and consequently no discussing, press. For a short time two newspapers, the Scots Chronicle and the Gazetteer, raved stupidly and vulgarly, and as if their real object had been to cast discredit on the cause they professed to espouse. The only other newspapers, so far as I recollect, were the still surviving Caledonian Mercury, the Courant, and the Advertiser ; and the only other periodical publication was the doited Scots Magazine. This magazine and these three newspapers actually formed the whole regular produce of the Edinburgh periodical press. Nor was the absence of a free public press compensated by any freedom of public speech. Public *political* meetings could not arise, for the elements did not exist. I doubt if there was one during the twenty-five years that succeeded the year 1795. Nothing was viewed with such horror, as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken a part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood or inaccuracy of spies ; and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. *As a body to be deferred to*, no public existed. Opinion was only recognized when expressed through what were acknowledged to be its legitimate organs ; which meant its formal or official outlets. Public bodies therefore might speak each for itself ; but the general community, as such, had no admitted claim to be consulted or cared for. The result, in a nation devoid of popular political rights, was, that people were dumb, or if they spoke out, were deemed audacious. The wishes of the people were not merely despised, but it was thought and openly announced as a necessary precaution against revolution, that they should be thwarted. I knew a case, several years after 1800, where the seat-holders of a town church applied to Government, which was the patron, for the promotion of the second clergyman, who had been giving great satisfaction for many years, and now, on the death of the first minister, it was wished that he should get the vacant place. The answer, written by a member of the Cabinet, was, that the single fact of the people having interfered so far as to express a wish, was conclusive against what they desired ; and another appointment was instantly made."—Pp. 84-90.

We never experienced more difficulty in the selection of extracts, a difficulty arising from their abundance and uniform excellence. The whole book is one for reading, as every book ought to be, far more than for comment. There is no attempt at style, "nothing is extenuated nor ought set down in malice." It is impossible to trace a particle of ill-will in the author towards any of his political opponents; and although his description of men, especially as to their personal appearance, is very graphic indeed, it never can be said to be malevolent, or anything else than humorous and accurate. His gentleness and sincerity are very striking when he deals with some of Sir Walter Scott's mistakes, to which many men, even upon Cockburn's own showing, would give a harsher name. His tenderness for the great name and worth of Scott, while it leads him to vindicate the motives of so decided an opponent, do not at all blind him to the criminality of some of his actions, for which it is very difficult indeed to suggest a motive consistent with sound morality or honourable feeling. It seems to cost him unaffected pain when he is obliged to notice the failings of the worthy, as he seems to enjoy a hearty and almost grateful gratification in awarding praise wherever it may be due. Few readers of ordinary intelligence, and with ordinarily good hearts, will rise up unimproved from the perusal of this work, whatever may be their political opinions or connexions. The philosophy of much that he has written is a matter of course now, and has found acceptance where no one hoped it could be made to penetrate; but it is not the less forcibly or gracefully urged, or less attractive in the garb in which he has presented it, than if it came before us for the first time. At one moment we are drawn off by the ludicrous correctness of some sketch of social or political character and accordingly we set it down for extract, when we are suddenly caught by some description of more serious import, and immediately embarrassed in our choice. We wavered for a considerable time between his detail of the terrible formalities of the old Scotch ball, whose proprieties were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and his description of Lord Eskgrove, a political judge. Our hesitation was the greater as we cannot afford ourselves another extract, and at length we fixed upon the judge, as we in Ireland have

had many individuals of the species, and it might be useful to compare them with a Scottish variety.

"Eskgrove was a very considerable lawyer; in mere knowledge probably Braxfield's superior. But he had nothing of Braxfield's grasp or reasoning, and in everything requiring force or soundness of head, he was a mere child compared with that practical Hercules. Still he was cunning in old Scotch law.

"But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularity. Whenever a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure that it was a successful imitation of Esqy; and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

"He seemed, in his old age to be about the average height; but as he then stooped a good deal, he might have been taller in reality. His face varied, according to circumstances, from a scurfy red to a scurfy blue; the nose was prodigious; the under lip enormous, and supported on a huge clumsy chin, which moved like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy. He walked with a slow stealthy step—something between a walk and a hirple, and helped himself on by short movements of his elbows, backwards and forwards, like fins. The voice was low and mumbling, and on the bench was generally inaudible for some time after the movement of the lips showed that he had begun speaking; after which the first word that was let fairly out was generally the loudest of the whole discourse. It is unfortunate that, without an idea of his voice and manner, mere narrative cannot describe his sayings and doings graphically.

"One of his remarks on the trial of Mr. Fysche Palmer for sedition—not as given in the report of the trial, but as he made it—is one of the very few things he ever said that had some little merit of its own. Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect of the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. 'Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client! for if kings be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kings.'"—pp. 118-120.

"Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and conse-

quently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. 'I declare,' said the Justice, 'that man Broom, or Brougham is the torment of my life!' His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. 'Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this' (misstating it); 'but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.'

"As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, 'and not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty's!'

"In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into Court veiled. But before administering the oath Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty—'Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'

"Sir John Henderson of Fordell, a zealous Whig, had long nauseated the civil court by his burgh politics. Their Lordships had once to fix the amount of some discretionary penalty that he had incurred. Eskgrove began to give his opinion in a very low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those next him, to the effect that the fine ought to be fifty pounds; when Sir John, with his usual imprudence, interrupted him, and begged him to raise his voice, adding that if the judges did not speak so as to be heard, they might as well not speak at all. Eskgrove, who could never endure any imputation of bodily infirmity, asked his neighbour, 'What does the fellow say?' 'He says that, if you don't speak out, you may as well hold your tongue.' 'Oh, is that what he says? My Lords, what I was sayingg is very simpell. I was only sayingg that in my humbell opinvon, this fine could not be less than two hundred and fifty pounds sterling'—this sum being roared out as loudly as his old angry voice could launch it.

"His tediousness, both of manner and matter, in charging juries was most dreadful. It was the custom to make juries stand while the judge was addressing them; but no other judge was punctilious about it. Eskgrove however insisted upon it; and if any one of them slipped cunningly down to his seat, or dropped into it from inability to stand any longer, the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his Lordship that 'these were not the times in which

there should be any disrespect of this high court, or even of the law.' Often have I gone back to the court at midnight, and found him, whom I had left mumbling hours before, still going on, with the smoky unsnuffed tallow candles in greasy tin candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired or being asleep; the wagging of his Lordship's nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *char-ging*.

"A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this—'And so, gentle-men, having shewn you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to shew you that it is extremely improbabil.'"

"He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, 'whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy for to shew you the way to yeternal life.'

"He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hame-sucken—of which last he gave them the etymology; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax—'All this you did; and God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to denner!'"—pp. 121-4.

We have passed over many descriptions of distinguished men and great doings of the time, which we should gladly have given. Such are his sketches of Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and Chalmers, his account of the Scottish volunteer corps, that were to have repelled the French invasion, of the newspaper libels, that at one period set every two men in Edinburgh together by the ears, and were near drawing Scott into a duel, of the great fire which consumed a portion of the Parliament Close, with many other scenes of Edinburgh life, which, although interesting to Scotchmen chiefly, belong to general literature from the descriptive power they display; and are still more valuable for the spirit of charity, true-heartedness, and free thought, that seems to animate them. Other portions of the work are exclusively Scotch, and almost quite without interest for the general reader; but, taking the "Memorials" as a whole, they are well worthy of their author. In one chapter we have an account of a meeting in favour of Catholic

emancipation, in which Lord Cockburn of course took part. As it was Shiel's eloquent observation, but not more eloquent than true, that if the monuments in Westminster Abbey were to be appealed to on the great question of the day, the array would be on the side of justice: so the Edinburgh meeting comprised all the living worth of Scotland; although the fanatical crowd was as thoroughly Protestant as Lord George Gordon's mob. The petition in favour of emancipation received about eight thousand signatures, and the petitions against it not less than four times that number. One of the concluding chapters gives an account of Trinity hospital, an asylum for decayed women of the better class, not such as would necessarily be considered gentlewomen, even in the enlarged acceptation of the word, but simply persons who had seen better days. In reading it we are forcibly reminded of one of Dickens's Christmas tales, in which he describes some similar charity, the shell probably of a Catholic charity, whose substance had been eaten out in the progress of the reformation. The descriptive powers of Cockburn appeared to us quite on a level with those of the great novelist, and we felt, notwithstanding his playfulness of manner, that what he stated was the simple truth. Indeed, it hardly appears possible to carry painting in words, either portrait-painting or landscape, much farther than has been done by Lord Cockburn. His humour is perfectly quiet and unconstrained. It appears to have welled upwards, and sparkled naturally without any aid from art or study. His sentiment appears to be equally his own, and we believe it could hardly belong to a better man. He never attempts to dogmatise, although he treats, as admitted truths, a great many doctrines that in his earlier years would have been supposed to qualify him or any other man for Bedlam or the hulks. From first to last, he has the air of regarding the reader as a familiar friend, one that he can talk to without ceremony or preparation, with whom he delights to exchange ideas, and who he knows will be pleased with him. The reader is not to be envied who should not feel himself at his ease with Cockburn.

It is matter of regret that the "Memorials" stop short at the year 1830, for Lord Cockburn's experience did not assuredly cease to be valuable then; but he probably thought the period of transition was almost over, and

probably too the increase of his own duties deprived him of a leisure which must have proved so valuable to us. When about to bring the volume to a close, he had just been named Solicitor-General, with Jeffreys as Lord Advocate. He looked forward with hope, anxiety, and courage, to the struggle which was before the liberals of that day. An exciting and eventful period, as he anticipated, was before him. The Tories were dismayed and somewhat stunned by recent occurrences, but they were by no means defeated, or at least not decisively so, at the arrival of Lord Grey to power. Perhaps, after all, reform was not so much due to the power of its promoters at home as to events abroad, and it is very doubtful whether it was not more than half won in the streets of Paris during the now untalked-of and utterly forgotten days of July. The French revolution of that year, like every other French revolution, made itself felt all over Europe, and nowhere more than in England. It gave the last strong and irresistible impulse to the reform movement. True it was, the Revolution of 1830, although in a great measure owing to the intrigues of the unfortunate man in whose favour it resulted, had been precipitated by the infatuation of Charles X. and his advisers. Its ostensible cause was in the extreme measure resorted to by the crown of that country, in excess of its constitutional prerogatives. Nothing of the kind was at all likely to provoke revolution in England. The Princes of the House of Hanover, were as fondly attached to the prerogative, and as anxious to increase it as any of their predecessors, but they had learned caution sufficiently to enable them to preserve appearances, and place their opponents technically in the wrong if they proceeded to extremities. But to a country suffering under real wrong, and injustice of an aggravated character, as England actually was in her parliamentary representation of that period, revolution was a dangerously easy lesson, and as in the case of Catholic emancipation, it soon came to be believed that resistance without bloodshed was impossible. Demonstrations of the most alarming character, and plainly of a nature to intimidate and overawe the legislature were openly countenanced, or secretly abetted by the aristocratic promoters of the reform movement, nor was the measure finally carried without a stern and almost successful resistance from the party calling itself conservative, and whose

real strength in the country was not sufficiently estimated, as appeared a few years later, after it had been rallied and disciplined by Sir Robert Peel. Before the Reform Bill became law, the House of Lords had to be literally terrified into submission by the threatened creation of peers sufficient for the carriage of the measure, and there can be now no doubt that had the peers persisted in rejecting reform, and had the crown declined the exercise of the prerogative, to which it must have been advised, revolution, or at least insurrection, was quite inevitable.

Although not so completely behind the scenes, or so prominently upon the stage as his countryman, Lord Brougham, yet, as an old and trusted member of the party, as one, the fascination of whose mind and character must have endeared to many, who were foremost in the struggle, Lord Cockburn must have been able to furnish interesting particulars of individuals and parties at the time when the struggle was hottest. However, we have reason rather to thank the author for what he has contributed to our information and amusement, than to find fault with him for the omission of what might have prolonged our gratification and added to our instruction. Doubtless he was engaged in more effective service, and it is quite possible that he may have contributed more to the success of the measure, than men who rated higher, not as men of worth, but as politicians. He could at least have told us what was said and done in Scotland during that period; and it must have been very dry, and very spiritless indeed, if his narrative could not have clothed it with interest. It might also have been very full of instruction, or rather must have been, for we have a good deal to learn of the Scotch in respect of the tactics by which they maintain an ascendancy in the House of Commons, altogether out of proportion with their numbers or intelligence. That they have a system of combination upon Scotch questions, independently of their party divisions, is well known, and that the great liberal majority of Scotland, without any express declaration to that effect, constitutes a solemn league and covenant, and makes its terms with the government as a recognized power through its accredited agent, the Lord Advocate, is an ascertained fact. It is not so much the political as the religious differences of the Irish that forbid anything like harmonious action between the principal political parties, for we do not now

speak of the divisions which exist between the fractions of what once was known as the liberal party in Ireland. The accord existing between the Scottish liberals cannot have been the work of an hour or of a day; it must have taken time and skilful workmen to build it up, and we should have been glad to follow it in the early stages of its construction.

It is deeply to be regretted that we have no Cockburn to give us the memorials of his time on Ireland during the same period. He would have had, of course, to work upon far different materials; for, although Ireland and its capital furnished many great and venerable names to the empire during that period, their greatness was not of the same stamp as that of the Scottish patriots and philosophers, fragments of whose memories have been preserved to us by Lord Cockburn. For a long time also the star of O'Connell was too vivid, to admit of lights less brilliant being noticed or catalogued; but the whole period was, notwithstanding, full of instruction, and prolonged beyond the political life of man. The Memorials of the reform agitation in particular would show a series of sacrifices on the part of the Irish constituencies, of which, even yet, the English form only a faint idea. Heroism had grown to be a matter of course, and every county in Ireland was anxious to emulate the example of Clare. The tenant under sentence of death, it might almost be said, voted for reform, although his heart yearned as tenderly towards his wife and little ones, who were soon to be turned adrift because their father had a conscience, as the heart of either tory or reforming candidate. And yet, when Irish reform was in question, such was not only the coldness, but the enmity of the British Reformed Parliament, that the Bill for Ireland was suffered to be trimmed, and pared, and gnawed away to that degree, that it hardly presented one feature of what had been accomplished for England with so high a hand, and mainly by Ireland. We take leave, then, of Lord Cockburn's Memorials, with the feeling of having been engaged upon a book which unites pleasure and improvement in as remarkable a degree as almost any other that we know; and to such of our readers as have not yet seen it, we doubt not the few extracts we have been enabled to afford, will offer an inducement to seek acquaintance with the original.

ART. II.—1. *History of England; from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By the Rev. J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Vols. i. and ii. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1856.

2. *Lingard's History of England.* Sixth Edition, vols. iv. v. and vi. London: Dolman.

THE apologist of tyranny must share its infamy. He who justifies iniquity volunteers indeed a kind of vicarious complicity. Arguing that he *might* commit it, he implies that if he were so inclined, he *would*. The Church teaches that there are many more ways of contracting the actual guilt of mortal sin than the mere commission of it. To vindicate the criminal is to partake of the shame, if not of the crime.

We should have thought the day was long gone by for a vindication of such a monster as Henry VIII. We hardly could have imagined any one hardy enough even to palliate the appalling guilt of his revolting deeds of lust and of blood. We should have deemed it almost a libel on such a body of gentlemen as the Anglican clergy, to suppose it possible that any one of them could descend to such a degradation. But we were mistaken. We had underrated the depraving power of a false system, with all its manifold sophistications, and its habitual stifling or perverting of the moral sense. The last, let us hope the *lowest*, development of Anglicanism is before us—an elaborate apology for the enormous iniquities of the English Nero—the Eighth Henry. Nay, not apology, the word is not strong enough, to describe a thorough and entire *vindication* of the royal monster! Mr. Froude does not quail, nor flinch, nor falter in his foul work. He follows the tyrant step by step in his horrible career, with an ever ready sophistication, with servile justification, with an almost *admiring* regard. *Almost!* rather let us say an *altogether* admiring and reverent regard! We declare we do not exaggerate. We fear, however, that our readers will hardly credit us, and we hasten to quote some of the very expressions of the book to give some idea of it.

Henry is described as having been "faithful (with one exception) to his wife's bed," up to the time of his inti-

macy with Ann Boleyn.* His desire for a divorce was "not occasioned by any latent inclination for another woman;" not at all. It arose from the deepest anxiety about the succession to the throne. Henry, in fact, got rid of his wife from a sense of duty. And when he got tired of Ann he got rid of her, equally from a sense of duty. And so as to the third, the fourth, the fifth. Mr. Froude quotes with sympathy and complacency the hypocritical language in which the horrible tyrant tries to disguise the deformity of his depravity. "The King's Highness having above all other things his intent and mind ever founded upon such respect unto Almighty God as to a *Christian and Catholic* prince doth appertain, knowing the fragility and uncertainty of all earthly things, and how displeasing unto God, how much dangerous to the soul, how dishonourable and damageable to the world, were it to prefer vain and transitory things unto those that be perfect and certain, hath in this cause and matter of matrimony always cast from his mind the darkness of falsity," &c., &c. We really cannot quote any more of the atrocious cant of which Mr. Froude, with the utmost calmness, copies entire pages, "in order to show," as he says, "*the spirit in which Henry entered upon the question.*" So that he entirely credits all the hypocritical pretences of the tyrant, and goes on to declare, that in dealing with the "obstacle" to his desires, i.e., his marriage with a woman who had been his wife for twenty years, he displayed "a most efficient mastery over himself!" Need we cite more? Is not this enough to mark the character of a writer who can so tamper with his own moral sense, or so trifle with the interests of truth? Not only have we said enough to describe the book, but we have almost stated enough to demolish it.

What can be the worth of it? What reliance can be placed on the statements of such a writer? How far can we confide in his accuracy, when it tasks our charity to credit his sincerity? One might predicate beforehand that his statements must be false, his citations unfair, his

* What that "exception" is in Mr. Froude's idea, he does not inform us. He is, indeed, to Henry's vices very blind. He is silent as to Henry's having debauched Ann's sister, (if not her mother as well,) a fact so well known, that Lingard even suspects it was the reason for afterwards annulling the marriage with Ann.

quotations garbled, and his facts fabrications. And it is so.

At the outset we must notice the fallacy of eulogies on the character of Henry at the era of the divorce, about 1530, founded upon the Letters of Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, written in 1515. Fifteen years of royal self-indulgence had worked a great change. Very different was Henry in the morning of his life and the opening of his reign, under the influence of his exemplary wife and of his most able minister, Wolsey; very different was he *then* to what he became when he had shaken off, under evil influences, both his consort and his councillor. His apologist represents him (as we have seen) still the same; nay, he makes his conduct about the divorce an act of virtue!

The first gross unfairness in Mr. Froude's book is, in the giving Henry the credit, not only of his own education, but of the national prosperity in the early part of his reign. He is eloquent upon Henry's attainments, and takes care not to mention that his education had been entrusted to an ecclesiastic; as he also avoids mentioning, when speaking of the English nobility, that they could find no worthier places for the education of their children than the mansions of prelates. A more important question is, *that as to the administration of the government in the early portion of Henry's reign.* Mr. Froude glows with enthusiasm in describing the prosperity of the country, and by his eulogies on Henry leaves his readers to suppose that *his* was the glory of it all. Certainly no one would ever gather from his language that during all this period Henry was engaged in his pleasures, and that the government was mainly in the hands of Wolsey. This is the mean spirit of suppression and sophistication in which the whole work is written. How different is the work of an *honest* Protestant, like Galt, for instance, who gives to Wolsey all the glory of the earlier half of Henry's reign, and contrasts it with the disasters of the latter half.

Mr. Froude is eloquent upon the character and condition of the people of England at this era. "The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal." "The priest had enough to supply him in comfort with the necessities of life. The squire had enough to provide moderate abundance. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep differences in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived. We read of

'merry England,' we hear of the 'glory of hospitality.' In such frank style the people lived; hating idleness, want, and cowardice; carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full." "Looking at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry," (it ought rather to be under Wolsey,) "the body of the people were prosperous, well fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before, *better off than they have ever been in later times.*" Such is a picture of Catholic England drawn by a Protestant writer, but by one who takes care to conceal the share the *Church* had in it all, and ignores the fact that an *ecclesiastic* had ruled England during the period he describes. He refers to the "guilds" or fraternities which so served to develope commerce in that age, but he speaks of them as if they were civil institutions, and takes care to conceal the fact that they were *ecclesiastical* in their origin. But above all is this mean spirit of suppression shown in the way he speaks of education. "Of the education of noblemen and gentlemen we have contradictory accounts." Such is the terse vague statement studiously framed in order to avoid disclosing the fact that the "education of noblemen and gentlemen" was only to be obtained under the auspices of *ecclesiastics*. "The universities were well filled, by the sons of yeomen chiefly. The cost of supporting them at the colleges was little, and *wealthy men* took a pride in helping forward any boys of promise." From this artful and sophistical statement, (especially the latter sentence,) who would suppose that to the Church all this was owing; that if "the universities were filled—chiefly with the sons of yeomen," it was by means of her cathedral grammar schools, and the endowments attached to them, (long since swallowed up by the rapacity of Protestant deans and chapters,) and that of "wealthy men," "helping forward boys of promise," very few instances could be discovered except in Churchmen, of whom there were so many, such as Wayneffete and Wykeham.

In the next sentence we come, however, to that which is the pith of the book—*vilification of the Catholic clergy* in those times. "It seems clear that as the Reformation drew nearer, while the clergy were sinking lower and lower, a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity." Mark the admirable sophis-

try of that last expression, "*a portion, at least.*" It is a safe phrase, very safe; it will cover a world of mental reservation. It must be true in a sense, for at what period might it not be said that a change for the better became perceptible "*in a portion, at least, of the laity?*" The writer abstains from very distinctly defining the portion he points to. He insinuates, however, that they were the disciples of progress. For he observes that "*the more old-fashioned of the higher ranks were slow in moving, for as late as the reign of Edward VI. there were peers of parliament unable to read.*" The obvious effect of this clever way of expressing it is, that the "*old fashioned*" gentry, i.e., the adherents to the ancient faith, were those who were indifferent to education; the very reverse being the fact, and the "*reforming*" nobles being as ignorant as they were sensual.

After this it is hardly necessary to say, that in alluding to the invention of printing, Mr. Froude carefully avoids mentioning that its introduction into England was owing to Cardinal Bouchier, and that the first press was set up under the auspices of monks.

We desire, however, to direct particular attention to the sophistical mode in which Mr. Froude deals with one part of his subject, not very consistently with his previous account of the condition of England. He says that, as a "*sentimental opinion prevails, that an increase of poverty and the consequent enactment of poor laws was the result of the suppression of religious houses, and that adequate relief had been previously furnished by these establishments;*" "*he desires to dissipate a foolish dream,*" and declares that "*at the opening of the sixteenth century, before the suppression of the monasteries had suggested itself in a practical form, pauperism was a state question of great difficulty.*" With a characteristic infirmity of memory he forgot when he wrote this, the fact which elsewhere he refers to, that so early as the reign of Henry IV., the "*suppression of the monasteries*" had been "*suggested*" in a practical form by the House of Commons. He asserts that, "*though for many centuries the religious houses fulfilled honestly their intentions, so early as the reign of Richard II., it was found necessary to provide some other means for the support of the impotent poor, the monasteries having begun to neglect their duty.*" A more monstrous mis-statement was never made. It is

entirely and absolutely false. Mr. Froude has evidently searched the statute book, and we cannot think that he has failed to find, though he has carefully failed to notice, *the statutes of Edward II., recognizing the oppressions exercised upon the religious houses, of the nobility quartering their retainers upon them, and thereby impoverishing them, and preventing them in many instances from exercising their customary hospitality.* And there is no statute ascribing a decline of their almsgiving to any other cause. *Mr. Froude himself alludes to the statute of Edward III. against beggars, but that, in its terms, involves no reflection upon the monasteries, (especially when coupled with the other act to which we have just alluded,) and construed by the light of contemporary history, and other similar statutes, it clearly betrays an animus hostile to the poor. Its purview is not their relief, but their oppression.* The same spirit which had dictated the statutes of mortmain, the statutes of *præmunire*, and the statutes of provisors, and the other acts directed against the Church, dictated cruel laws against the poor. The feudal system had so far declined as regards the lower orders, that great numbers of them had become free labourers. The object of the aristocracy was to reduce them as much as possible to serfdom. In other words, to force the poor to work for the rich, on the terms the rich chose to offer. This could not be done save by the coercion of starvation. And this coercion could not be exercised without checking the relief obtainable from the religious houses. This was partly the reason for the statutes of mortmain. But those statutes only checked the foundations of new religious houses. To cripple the old ones other acts were desired. And one of them was the very one we have referred to—the act of Edward III. against able bodied beggars. Mr. Froude admires it, but we doubt if he perceives its scope. Its effect was, that it became penal for any man who “could” work, i. e., was physically able to work on any terms, fair or unfair,—to ask alms at the gate of a monastery. Of course the result was, that under the pressure of starvation, the poor were forced to work on any terms the richer order chose to offer. Starve they could not. And if they resorted to a monastery for relief, they were liable to be punished. It might be that the wages offered would barely keep soul and body together, and were wickedly, iniquitously unjust. Never-

theless, they must accept such hard terms, and work without fair wages. Woe unto them if they went to the hospitable door of the monastery! This was the law to which Mr. Froude complacently refers; and to enforce it further the Act of Richard II. was passed, to which he also refers, as providing means for the relief of the impotent poor! A more ludicrous misrepresentation we never knew! The scope of the statute is to prevent any but impotent persons asking for relief; and in order to do so, it prohibits asking for relief without a license from the authorities: who were to judge of the 'impotency.' That is to say, even a poor man, unable to work, could not, without a license, ask relief from a religious house! And this is the law which Mr. Froude represents as providing other means for the relief of impotent poor!

That our accounts of these acts is the true one, is apparent, not only from the history of the age, which mentions many outbreaks of the "common people," caused by these oppressions, but likewise from two other statutes which Mr. Froude has forgotten to mention; one, the statute of labourers, (Henry VI.) the other the Act of Henry V., providing for the visitation of religious houses. The former of the two acts followed out the policy of the acts of Edward and Richard; the other provided that the bishops or royal commissioners might visit religious houses to correct any abuses. Had there been any neglect of duty on the part of the monasteries, this act could easily have been enforced against them. This statute has a most important bearing upon the whole question of the suppression of the religious houses, and one which Mr. Froude doubtless perceived when he suppressed it. He actually desires us to believe that Henry, in his visitation of the religious houses, had no idea of their spoliation or suppression! Not in the least. He only desired their reformation. If that were so, (and if it is not really trifling with our readers to discuss so impudent a pretence,) why did he not enforce the Act of Henry V., which provided that the bishops should visit, and that only in houses of royal foundation should there be commissioners? The bishops were not to be reproached with a rebellious spirit; they acknowledged the Royal Supremacy; they were, however, men of some piety, honesty, and character. And hence a set of obscene and servile men, ready instruments of tyranny, and apt inventors of calumny, were chosen for

the foul work of maligning the venerable institutions it was pre-determined to suppress. But Mr. Froude has omitted to mention a recital in the *first* act for the suppression of the *smaller* houses, which gives the lie to all the calumnies the tyrant's tools invented, the recital "that in the larger houses religion was right well observed;" i. e., the rule of the religious life, comprising of course, charity and hospitality.

Mr. Froude declares that Henry VIII. treated the poor generously, and that the suppression of the religious houses was for their benefit! In all the history of controversy we never remember a more audacious assertion, and one more disqualifying its author for the task of truth. What did the poor themselves think? Speaking of the suppression of the monasteries, Weever says, "It was a pitiful thing to hear the lamentation that the people in the country made for them, for there was great hospitality kept among them." But Mr. Froude says the poor did not know what was best for them. It was better that they should be forced to labour on public works, and Henry found the means for this in the funds of the dissolved monasteries! Really this is insulting us. Does Mr. Froude really imagine any one believes he supposes the funds were applied to such objects? He is not able to afford a *solitary instance* of it, while on the other hand he carefully suppresses the notorious fact of their application to purposes of personal profligacy. But let another ancient writer speak. "To abuse the poor commons it was told them that by suppressing the monasteries they would never hear of tax or subsidy more. This indeed was as pleasing a bait for the people as could be desired, and it took accordingly; they *bit* willingly at it, but the *hook* sticks in their jaws at this day." Why, even in the time of Wolsey, the funds raised by the suppression of smaller houses were so grossly misspent, as to cause the great Cardinal the most poignant grief, and elicit from him the most piteous complaints.

Let us now listen to a Protestant contemporary of our own on the subject. "It is highly probable that from the time of the Conquest till the reign of Edward III., England was little troubled with either vagrant, beggar, or pauper. The 'patrimony of the poor' was found in the possessions of the Church." So writes Mr. Pashley, the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, in his work on the

Poor Laws. "It was not until after Edward's wars with France, and after the industry and wealth of towns came into existence, that we first notice traces of any considerable class of free labourers." It will be observed that this respectable writer does not in the least ascribe any blame to the religious houses, but, on the contrary, attributes the rise of vagrancy to causes over which they had no controul. The same learned author estimates that *three millions* of our people receive—constantly or occasionally—parochial relief. The vulgar cry about the religious houses, repeated by Mr. Froude, (taken from Hume,) is, that they "had one-third of the land." The answer is, that if it were so, they supported all the poor, and that now the cost of their relief is seven millions: one-third of our ordinary annual expenditure, exclusive of the interest on the national debt. So much for Mr. Froude's views as to the *poor*.

We must notice more particularly the manner in which Mr. Froude deals with the character of the religious houses and of the clergy at large. It is long since a work so malignant and unscrupulous was put forth, and it is indeed a miserable contrast to the learned and candid work of Maitland. Has the Anglican Church retrograded? Has it re-descended into the coarsest, vilest, and basest depths of bigotry, and there silenced all instincts of justice, steeled itself against all impulses of charity, buried all sense of truth, and lost all sense of shame?

In his preface Mr. Froude says: "To determine who are, and who are not, admissible as witnesses, is the chief difficulty in studying the history of the Reformation. For example, how are we to believe the invectives of Cardinal Pole against Henry VIII?" One would have thought a far better example would have been the invectives of the royal commissioner against the religious houses. But the "difficulty" as to the admissibility of witnesses against the clergy or the religious houses is soon determined by Mr. Froude, and in the simplest way. He admits any witnesses against them,—none in their favour. This is literally the case. He quotes as gospel the infamous statements of the miscreants sent to destroy them,—the minions of the tyrant who was thirsting to devour his destined prey, wretches whose foul spirit is betrayed by the very language they employ, and who have written their own character as sordid, sensual, and unscrupulous;

their filthy imaginations gloating on the iniquities they desired to find, and their wicked minds eager to invent what they failed to discover. These scandalous statements Mr. Froude is not ashamed to transcribe, at the same time coolly adding, that he "will not discuss their truth," and quietly ignoring their notorious infamy and subserviency, giving their statements as absolute verity, and utterly suppressing all testimony in favour of the monks; all matter of defence or exculpation!

Dr. Lingard, in his moderate way states: "The charges against the monks are *ex parte* statements, to which the accused had no opportunity of replying. Of the Commissioners some were not very immaculate characters, and all were stimulated to invent and exaggerate by the known rapacity of the king, and by their own prospects of personal interests." He supports this moderate statement by abundant authority, even on the testimony of Fuller. Of one of the Commissioners, Dr. Loudon, Fuller says: "He was no great saint, for afterwards he *was publicly convicted of perjury*, and adjudged to ride with his face to the horse tail," to which may be added, (citing Strype) that he was condemned to do public penance at Oxford, for incontinency with two women, the mother and daughter. As to another Commissioner, Bedyll, it appears from a letter of one of his colleagues, given by Fuller, that he was an artful and profligate man. "If we may believe, (says Dr. Lingard,) "the Northern agents, Layton and Lee, were not much better." Mr. Froude only mentions the names of the two latter. It will be remembered that he represents that the king did not desire to plunder the religious houses, but only to reform them. To this, the only answer it is worth while to make, is the significant statement for which Dr. Lingard cites the contemporary authority: "When Giffard gave a favourable character of the House, the king maintained that he had been bribed." The Abbess of Godstow thus wrote to Cromwell: "Dr. Loudon is soddenlye commyed unto me with a great route with him, and doth threaten me and my sisters, saying, that he hath the king's commission to suppress the house. When I shouyde hym playne that I wolde never surrender to his hands, being an unequal enemye, he began to inveigle my sisters one by one, as I never herde the king's subjects had been handled." "And notwithstanding that, Dr. Loudon

like an untrue man, hath informed you that I am a spoiler and a waster; I have not alienated one halporth of the goods of the house." This reminds us that Mr. Froude actually represents it as a crime in the monks, their occasionally secreting the treasures of their houses from the rapacious search of the Royal Commissioners! It was for this that poor Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, was, as others were, actually convicted and executed! And we have an Anglican clergyman not ashamed to vindicate these horrible atrocities! and not ashamed to quote as true all the statements of the king's disreputable minions, carefully suppressing every fact and every testimony in favour of those who are thus held up to execration on *ex parte* and interested evidence! Of course he conceals the fact (for instance) that when Cranmer named the clergy for his cathedral, he chose twenty-eight from the monks of Christ Church, one of the most maligned of the monasteries. Dr. Lingard remarks on this fact, that Cranmer must have known the charges against them, and could not have believed them. Does Mr. Froude really believe them? We are persuaded he does not. For he declines to discuss the question of their truth, while giving them to the world, as an authentic and uncontradicted evidence, admitting of no answer! He coolly publishes what he knows to be calumnies, concealing and suppressing the facts which show them to be so. Nay, he goes beyond them, and in language of his own, elaborated to the utmost heights of rhetoric, accuses two-thirds of the monks in England of living in the grossest immorality. A blacker, falser, and more malignant calumny never emanated from the father of lies. If there were any truth in it, the tyrant could have obtained proof of it without resorting to the agency of vile and disreputable tools. As it is, there is not an atom of credible evidence of it. And there is overwhelming evidence to the contrary, all of which Mr. Froude most meanly ignores. For example, we will cite from the work of an *honest* Protestant, one among many hundreds of proofs we could collate in behalf of the religious houses. It is from an interesting paper written by an actual witness, and published by Sir Henry Ellis, in his Third Series of Contemporary Letters, and re-published by the antiquary, Nicholls, as "giving a striking picture of the flood of avarice, spoliation, and oppression, which was let loose at the dissolution of

monasteries." The writer says that he asked his uncle, who had shared in the general scramble, "whether he thought well of the religious persons, and of the religion then used? He told me, yea, for he did see no cause to the contrary. Well, said I, then how came it to pass you was so ready to spoil and destroy the thing that you thought well of? What should I do, said he? Might I not, as well as others, have some profit of the spoil of the abbey; for I did see all would be carried away, and therefore I did as others did." "Thus you see, that, *as well they which thought well of the religion then used*, as they which thought otherwise, could agree well enough, and too well to spoil them! Such a devil is covetousness and mammon!" These are the reflections, and such is the evidence of an *eye witness*; and those who have read as much as Mr. Froude has done, must be well aware that this is only a specimen of innumerable other and similar evidences in favour of the religious houses. In suppressing them he has damaged his own character far more dangerously than theirs.

But if we are compelled to speak strongly of Mr. Froude's course as regards the regular clergy and the religious of both sexes, we must, if possible, use language still stronger to describe his conduct with respect to the secular clergy. In the one case he merely used the evidence of miscreants, such as it was, and suppressed proofs of a clearly contrary character. In the other case he has not been contented with suppression, he has resorted to such arts of unfair selection, untrue citation, and utter misrepresentation, as to justify the charge of fabrication. Moreover, in his eagerness indiscriminately to malign, he has lapsed unconsciously into an inconsistency, reminding us continually of the infirmity of memory, which is a proverbial misfortune of mendacity. His charge is not merely that "among the clergy the prevailing offence was not crime, but licentiousness," but that "the grossest moral profligacy in a priest was past over with indifference!" He appeals, in proof of this monstrous statement to the Act books of the Consistorial Courts of London, selections from which had been published by the pluralist, Archdeacon Hale, who, we believe, receives from half-a-dozen sources, some £6,000. a year out of the revenues of a church founded and endowed by Catholics,—lives in the monastery of the Charter-house, and uses his learned

leisure for the purpose of casting odium on the Church, upon whose munificence he lives, and the monks whose place he has usurped. These "acts" are, as upon inspection will be apparent, only extracted from the books, and they are what the French call "acts of accusation." In most instances the entries given terminate with the appearance of the accused party,* leaving the trial and the result uncertain. And now let us point out, that Mr. Froude himself, when railing against these ecclesiastical courts, says, that "*all charges, whether well founded or ill, met with ready acceptance in the courts.*" No doubt this, in a certain sense, is true, as it is of *all* courts, because the truth of a charge can only be known by trial. But Mr. Froude did not perceive how the fact bore upon the truth and fairness of his inferences. In passing, we may describe another gross inconsistency. In describing the condition of England, he had said that "the habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal," that "the people lived in frank style," that they were "prosperous, loyal, and contented, and better off than they have ever been since." But when he is reviling the ecclesiastical system of the country, he describes the people as labouring under an "enormous tyranny," the jurisdiction of the consistorial courts. He complains (curiously enough,) that they "took cognizance of offences against chastity, drunkenness, scandal, defamation, and other delinquencies,—matters, all of them in which it was well, if possible, to keep men from going wrong, but offering wide opportunities for injustice!" And he describes the charges against the *laity* in these courts as mostly for trivial offences against ecclesiastical rather than moral law; mortuary claims, non-payment of offerings, &c., while the charges against the clergy were all for gross immorality. "An active imagination," he says, "may readily picture to itself the indignation likely to have been felt by a high-minded people, when forced to submit their lives, their habits, and most intimate conversations and opinions to a censorship conducted by clergy of such a character." "And we can imagine what England must have been, with an undefined jurisdiction over general morality; such a system for the administration of justice was perhaps never tolerated

* The usual entry being *comparuit*.

in any country." And he describes the very people as groaning under an enormous and vexatious tyranny, whom he had before described as "contented and happy, and better off than they have ever been since."

Passing from the glaring inconsistency of these statements, let us look at the gross perversions of fact by which the calumnies on the clergy are supported. He actually cites indiscriminately as cases of proved depravity, all the entries in the act books; although they are for the most part merely *ex parte* accusations previous to the appearance of the accused parties. He suppresses the fact that in the cases in which the result is stated, the result is more often, as regards the charges against clergymen, acquittal than conviction. He takes care to conceal the fact that the charges against the clergy for immorality, are very few as compared with those against the laity. He makes general charges against the clergy on the authority of one or two isolated instances, and those sometimes instances, not of conviction, but of accusation. He picks out with industrious malignity, out of several hundreds of entries, the *only one or two* bad cases he could discover, and then with an affectation of forbearance says: "*I might multiply such instances indefinitely*, but there is no occasion for me to stain my pages with them;" and leaves and leads his readers to imagine, what indeed he elsewhere states, that the body of the clergy were stained by such immoralities, and that the laity were disgusted with the damnation of an immoral clergy!

Now what are the *facts*, as apparent upon the face of the very records on which he relies for proofs of his horrible calumnies on the Catholic clergy? There are (in round numbers) above five hundred entries in the work from which he cites. They are all in the London courts, where, for obvious reasons, (and especially through the residence of Henry's corrupt and immoral court) there would be the greater likelihood of finding any immoral clergy. They range over nearly two centuries, from 1465 to 1636. They include, therefore, nearly a century before and after the Reformation. The overwhelming majority are accusations against the laity, and mostly for heinous immorality.* Of

* In 1468 we have this entry, which suggests rather fabricated charges than committed crimes, as far as the priests and friars were

the accusations against the clergy, there is a comparatively small number, perhaps in above 500 cases about 20. And out of these cases in which any determination is accorded, the result is usually, an acquittal,† and generally upon the testimony of several persons as well as the accused clergyman. And there are not perhaps above half a dozen instances out of the whole in which a conviction is accorded against a clergyman; not more than *one or two* in which religious persons are convicted of heinous crime. On the other hand there are numerous instances

concerned. "Thomas Cowper et ejus uxor Margareta pronubæ horribiles et instigant mulieres ad fornicandum cum quibus cum que laicis religiosis fratribus minoribus et nisi fornicant in domo sua *ipsi diffamabunt* nisi voluerunt dare eis ad voluntatem eorum: et vir est pronuba uxori et vult relinquere eam apud fratres minores pro peccatis habendis." We suspect that this is one of the two entries on which Mr. Froude most relies for his reckless and wholesale aspersions on the religious. But what does it really prove? That these wretches *tried* to corrupt them. Mr. Froude evidently takes these entries for indirect evidence against the clergy; but surely unjustly so. In 1489 we have this entry: "W. Stamford notatus est pronuba inter M. et domo Goteham et alios presbiteros et diversos homines suspectos adv in diem per dies et noctes." There is another entry accusing a certain Margareta, "communis meretrix conversatur quotidie cum presbiteris et nonnullis aliis laicis *sinistri opinionis et mali nominis*: comparuit ille et negavit articulum et purgavit se cum vicinis viz: K. Russell, L. Hunt, E. Bremer: et *dimittitur*." So that she clears herself by the testimony of her neighbours. But if she had *not* done so, what does so vague a charge prove as against the priesthood?

† For instance, "D. Patreius presbiter commisit incestum cum quadam Rosa Williamson filia sua spirituali, et quotidie conversatur cum eadem *nimis suspiciosa in camera sua*. Vircitatus, illo die comparuit: *negavit articulum*, et purgavit se propria manu et dimittitur." So the priest cleared himself. A similar entry follows, as to another, "Johannes Warwick *quondam clericus adulteravit, &c.*" Another priest is accused "quod servientem rapuisse et negavit articulum et purgavit se: comparuit cum purgatoribus suis: et *præsidents declaravit eundem legitime purgatum et dimittitur*." Another case, "*purgavit se*:" with the testimony of not less than nine persons; "*quam purgationem dominus admisit: et restituit eum bonæ famæ*." That is to say, he was sent out of court without a stain of suspicion.

in which priests are the accusers,* and complain of persons as common slanderers for aspersing their character by false accusations of immorality; and either charitably forgive their accusers on confession of their slander, or obtain convictions. And there are many entries to show that the character of those who were accusers of the priests was not likely to be such as to give any weight to their accusations. Their language is coarse, impious, and impure; and such as shows shocking familiarity with the crimes they impute. And upon the whole the result of a perusal of their entries upon any fair and impartial mind, would be, not so much that the clergy, as that the laity were depraved; that too many of the laity, because of their depravity, resented the constant endeavours of the clergy to check their immorality; that in many instances they revenged themselves by false accusations of incontinency against the clergy; that they had been corrupted by the evil example of an impure sovereign and a vicious court; in which they saw their king living for years in open adultery with a woman whose sister (if not her mother also) he had debauched; that following his example in impurity, they likewise followed it in rebellion against the Church, which struggled to prevent it; and that knowing that in any contest with the ecclesiastical authority they would have the sympathy and support of the crown, they met the remonstrances of the clergy with defiance, and retaliated with defamation.

At all events these "acts" go far more to prove immorality against the laity than against the clergy. And it is manifest that immoral men would hate and slander a faithful clergy; who in every way would seek to repress their licentiousness, and would often rescue the victims of their seduction. Mr. Froude says, these "acts" show that the people disliked the ecclesiastical courts. No doubt the sordid and sensual portion of the people disliked them. And they would for the same reason dislike the

* Sometimes others accused of participation in their crime are complainants; for example, Alicia Nicholson communis defamator vicinorum morum diffamavit uxorem J. Mody in Anglicis, "hore et prestes hore." Mody comparuit cum purgatoribus. In another instance, "H. Brewster communis defamator vicinorum et praestum defamavit dom." T. Appulby rectorem culesce: et idem rector remisit sibi detectum." So it is to be presumed the slander was confessed.

clergy just in the proportion in which they were faithful in resisting licentiousness. The fact that a priesthood is unpopular among a licentious people is a fact in favour of the priesthood. And the fact of popular aversion, to the extent to which it existed, accounts for, as it would naturally provoke, a great deal of false accusation against them. Moreover the very functions and position of the priesthood would peculiarly expose them to such accusations, and render it difficult for them to refute them. In several instances the ground of accusation was merely the resorting of some woman to a priest; which might often be for confession; assuming it to be so, the priests would be obviously in some difficulty as to disproving the accusations and would have to rely more upon character; as in fact they appear to have done, and successfully in several cases.

There are, therefore, ample reasons to account for far more accusations even than there appear to have been, and ample reason also to account for the rareness of convictions as compared with accusations. And certainly the fact that out of some thousands of clergy, in the large diocese of London, there were, in the greater part of a century, so very few cases of convictions for immorality, (judging from the proportion of instances in Mr. Hales' book, we should say not twenty,) speaks strongly in their favour.

For the infamous assertion of Mr. Froude that "the grossest moral profligacy in a priest was passed over with indifference," not only is there not the least atom of proof, but the very facts he states show its falsehood. For example, in one of the rare instances he can detect of the conviction of a priest for incontinence, the offender was put to the painful penance of appearing publicly more than once in the presence of a congregation at High Mass, and presenting tapers in acknowledgment of his crime. It appears also that he was fined 6s. 8d. With characteristic disingenuousness Mr. Froude observes on this: "An exposure too common to attract notice, and a fine of 6s. 8d. was held sufficient penalty for a mortal sin!" As to the offence being common we have already shown the falsehood of the assertion. As to the exposure not being any part of the penalty, we may not imagine the feelings of Mr. Froude if he fancy that it would not have been a penalty infinitely greater than any pecuniary penalty or

any imprisonment possibly could have been. But with regard to the amount of the fine, let it be noticed that (as Mr. Froude himself states *elsewhere*, but of course takes care to conceal *here*), the sum of 6s. 8d. was a fifteenth part of a priest's whole yearly income; which ordinarily was only £5 a year; a sum at that time sufficient for his support. Let us ask Mr. Froude to what species of punishment clergymen in the Church of England are subjected, when they lapse into incontinence or drunkenness. The case is not by any means unfrequent: far more frequent than is known generally, for a few years ago an Act of Parliament, the Church Discipline Act, was passed, for the purpose of hushing them up by private enquiries. Notwithstanding this, cases constantly occur, within this very year, several of great atrocity; within the last few months one of a *criminal* character; and we ask, supposing there is no *criminal* offence cognizable by the law, what is the penalty? No exposure; (the most effectual proceeding in the case of a clergyman,) nothing but a pecuniary penalty; not always even suspension; hardly ever deprivation; never degradation. And what man not utterly degraded would not prefer suspension and exclusion from the sacred office to a painful public exposure?

And this leads us to remark upon another unfairness of Mr. Froude, in keeping out of sight the evidences the ecclesiastical records afford of the immorality of the clergy after the Reformation. The cases not only became more numerous,* but the whole body of the clergy became so

* In 1544 there is the following ludicrous complaint:—"The said parsones dothe checke his paryshe lykeneynge them unto galled horses, when they be rubbed they will wynce: spekyng it in the pulpyt. Item John Colte mysseusing his tonge with chydinge against the said parsones in the Churche in servis time, and in the tyme of his sermonde, sainge unto him, Prest fyndest (thou) it in ye boke that my bake (back) is galled?"

In another instance, 1595, the parson was accused of encouraging an adulteress. In 1601, one Bunting complains to the arch-dean of Essex of the rector of Warley, "for drinking in his own Church;" "for being dronke thirty times since Easter, and synging most filthy songes," &c. The accuser bitterly complains of such "caterpillars or spiders in God's Church, which do nothing but suck the swete and spyn such webs as make the enemies of Christ's Gospel to laugh at and jeer such ministers." Several similar cases occur in the same year: fruits of the "Reformation."

degraded, that Elizabeth herself called them "hedge priests;" respectable women would not marry them, and an act of parliament had to be passed to prevent them disgracing their office by degrading marriages! Take the condition of the Anglican clergy during the eighteenth century; we should be sorry to insult the memory of the Catholic clergy of the sixteenth by comparing them. The pages of Smollett and Fielding pourtray their coarseness and their sensuality. In our own lifetime we have had instances of clerical depravity transcending anything that can be discovered in the age of the Reformation. A bishop has been forced to fly the country for a crime not to be named, and within the last few years a rector was convicted of incest with his own daughter. Instances of simony, impurity, and inebriety, are frequent. Until lately the Dean and Chapter of Westminster were proprietors of the foulest houses in London, a whole nest of brothels, and the suppression of the abomination (if it is suppressed) is owing not to their own sense of decency, (for they resisted all the remonstrances of public opinion, and were even deaf to numerous denunciations in parliament), but it is due simply to the improvements carried on by the Board of Works in Westminster. We defy Mr. Froude to find such a foul fact as *that* in the sixteenth century. And we declare that, although we by no means consider the Anglican clergy as a body immoral, we would not for a moment admit that in point of morality they are equal to the Catholic clergy of the age of the Reformation. We are sure of this, that it would be impossible to ascribe to them such immoral sentiments as are to be found in the work of Mr. Froude. A single specimen will suffice. He makes it matter of grave and severe reproach against Catherine that she did not, when her husband was tired of her, at once retreat into a convent, and let him marry some other woman! This is Anglican morality! And such is the man who reviles the Catholic clergy at the era of the Reformation.

Before passing from this part of the subject, we must notice one matter, not only as throwing very great light upon it, but as illustrating the Anglican clergyman's idea of literary honesty and controversial candour, we should rather say common fairness and truthfulness. After seeking to cast odium on the clergy, he takes a story out of Hale, about one Hun, who having been imprisoned in the

Lollards' Tower, was found hanging in his cell. "An inquest," says Mr. Froude, "was held upon the body, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, and so intense was the feeling of the city that the Bishop applied to Wolsey for a special jury to be chosen on the trial. 'For assured I am,' he said, 'that if my Chancellor be tried by any twelve men in London, they be so maliciously set in favour of heresy, that they will cast and condemn my clerk, though he were as innocent as Abel.'" And here he stops. Who would suppose, from this notice of the case that the inquisition was so monstrous on the face of it, that any sensible man on the mere reading of it could see that it was the result of a malicious conspiracy; that the Bishop's application was not for a special jury, but to have the indictment so far as regarded his chancellor quashed; that he appealed not merely to Wolsey, but to the House of Lords, and publicly denounced the coroner's jury as "perjured catiffs;" that the case was examined into by the Attorney General before the king in cabinet, and that the result was, that the indictment or inquisition as regarded the Bishop's Chancellor was quashed. The wretched man who was found hanging had doubtless hung himself, as many of the heretics did, under the influence of the dark spirit which possessed them. Mr. Froude himself gives an instance, out of Fox. A youth at Cambridge hung himself, an open Bible before him, his finger pointed to a passage upon predestination. The horrible habit of suicide had now entered into the nation. It came with heresy. Until now it had been unknown in the country. We never have discovered a solitary instance of it before the rise of Protestantism, and from that time to the present it has been awfully common in every country possessed by Protestantism, and above all in England.

There is one important fact we ought not to omit to mention, as respecting the calumnies against the clergy in that age. In 1529 the Commons presented their petition to the King, an elaborate indictment against the Church, comprising many charges, mostly frivolous, but embodying every possible accusation against the clergy. Now in this petition *there is no accusation against them of immorality*. Can any one believe that if the character of the clergy as a body had been as Mr. Froude represents it, it

would not have been made a formidable charge in this bill of indictment against the Church?

It is strange that it should never have struck Mr. Froude, and that it should never strike writers of his class, that the more they blacken the character of the prelacy or the clergy at the era of the Reformation, the more they weaken the moral character of the Reformation itself. For the foundation of it was the recognition of the royal supremacy, which preceded by nearly a quarter of a century any *religious* alteration. And the only ecclesiastical ground on which that supremacy can be vested, is its pretended recognition by the prelacy and clergy in convocation. Passing by for a moment the objection that it was not a *voluntary* recognition, but entirely enforced and compulsory, we wonder it should never occur to the revilers of the Catholic clergy of that age, that the more degraded their character is represented, the more utterly worthless was their recognition of the royal supremacy, and the more suspicious must a doctrine appear which was conceded by so discreditable a body. When the Anglican controversialist affects to find any ecclesiastical foundation for the monstrous assumption of spiritual power implied in the royal supremacy, he takes care not to revile the character of the Catholic Church at the era of the Reformation; on the contrary, he enhances and extols it as a venerable body, to whose voice and authority he appeals.

There is still another view of this matter, which it is extraordinary should not present itself to the minds of writers like Mr. Froude, who are perfectly aware of the facts on which it rests. It is this. That the worse and more worldly, not to say wicked, the clergy of the English church are conceived to have been, at the era of the Reformation, the more powerful becomes the argument in favour of the Papacy, and against the Royal Supremacy. For, as we have shown in former articles, the Holy See had long lost all effective power over the episcopate, and had for centuries been practically all but deprived of the exercise of its supremacy. Even Mr. Froude, (fortunately not seeing the force of the fact,) freely confesses it. "The chapters had long ceased to elect freely. The Crown had absorbed the entire functions of presentation, sometimes allowing the great ecclesiastical ministers to nominate themselves. *The Papal share in the matter was a shadow.*" Most true. So it had been ever since the

evil era of the statutes of *præmunire* and *provisors*. The Papacy had practically lost its power over the episcopate, and therefore over the clergy. If the Pontiff rejected the regal nominations, which in rare instances he was absolutely obliged to do, when they were too infamous to be submitted to, the see was kept vacant, and the greatest disorders ensued. If a prelate nominated by the Pope was hardy enough to assume to enter on the see, the crown lawyers prosecuted him under the statutes of *præmunire*, and the whole temporalities of his see were declared forfeited, added to which he might be imprisoned for life. This is the argument we have on former occasions urged as wholly exonerating the Holy See from any responsibility for any evils that may have existed in the English Church for ages anterior to the Reformation. Whatever evils there were, they were results not of Papal but of royal influence, and are so many cogent arguments against the royal supremacy.

The episcopal nominees of the crown might be expected to be courtly, and the clergy they ordained might be expected to be worldly. But the most worldly-minded of prelates would present no fair topic of reproaches against the Church, and especially the Holy See, until it was ascertained *who nominated him*. And of course indirectly the same argument applies to the assumed ignorance or immorality of the clergy.

But we recur to what we have maintained, that the prelacy of England were not worldly, that the clergy as a body were far from immoral. And it rather speaks strongly for the vitality of the Church that, even after having for ages been exposed to the enervating influences of a system of royal patronage, so *little* of worldliness, so much of worthiness, should be found in her episcopate and her priesthood in this country. That there was some taint of worldliness in them, we not only do not deny, but strenuously contend. For if there had not been any, how could they have been brought to admit the impious assumption of the royal supremacy? Mr. Froude himself sees this, and here again with happy unconsciousness, while eagerly pouring out sarcasms on the episcopate and clergy, he undermines the only *pretended* basis for the royal supremacy. He scoffs at the servility of the English church in acknowledging it! There is, alas! some truth in the charge, some reason for the scoff. But it comes curiously from an

Anglican, a devout believer in the royal supremacy ! For if the clergy who admitted the claim are justly reproached with servility, surely the claim must have been impiety and tyranny ?

It is in touching upon this topic, however, that Mr. Froude makes one of his very rare approaches towards truth. It is unhappily true, as he observes, that had the episcopate and clergy resisted at the outset, the impious claim to the supremacy must have been withdrawn in confusion. Henry never could have ventured to slay an entire episcopate, or have sought to extirpate a clergy ! In fact, he never ventured to slay any one for rejecting the supremacy until convocation had been coerced into acknowledging it. And Fisher, who had himself joined with Warham, the Primate, and the rest of the episcopate, in conceding it, sharpened the sword by which he was fated to fall. Nay, even More may be said to have done so, for he had ever, until, too late, he saw his fatal error, upheld the impious statutes of *præmunire*, in the fetters of which the king now cast the clergy of England. Still they had only to resist, and risk the loss of a little money, or in some cases their liberty, and they would have triumphed, and the Church would have been saved. They did not resist, and she fell. What was the reason of their tame concession ? They attached too little importance to the Papal supremacy.

* We have one more observation to offer before finally dismissing this subject. It is this. That it is undeniable, and is indeed asserted by Mr. Froude, that at this time there was widely spread infusion of Lutheran ideas among the people, and of course a proportionate aversion to the Catholic clergy. The acts of the Ecclesiastical Courts reveal this in many ways, especially in the bitterness of the language used not only against the priesthood, but the principles and practices of the Church. Truly this must go far to account for the accusations against the clergy.

At all events there are ample causes to account for these accusations,* and while there is very little evidence of

* Among others, the spread of heresy. There is ample evidence that the persons most infected with the new ideas on religion were most envenomed against the priests, and commonly defamed them. Take the following entries for example. "Johannes Forest com-

their truth, it is clear that as regards the body of the clergy they are calumnies. Indeed, as against the body of the clergy there is no evidence that the feeling of the respectable part of the nation was, as Mr. Froude represents. The petition of the Commons is in itself powerful evidence of this. There is another proof of it, which Mr. Froude himself states with an unconscious inconsistency. He dwells in another part of his work on the popular commotion and wide-spread dissatisfaction caused by Henry's measures, and "the extreme peril of the government." How was this, if the whole body of the people had groaned, as he tells us, under "the enormous tyranny" of the Church, and had been disgusted with the immorality of the clergy, regular and secular? Surely had this been so, the nation would have rejoiced at the suppression of the religious houses, and the prostration and spoliation of the Church. On the contrary, they rose into rebellion all over England; they were in a state of disaffection for half a century afterwards; their insurrections were repeatedly put down with cruel slaughter; and this indeed was the excuse urged for the penal laws.

This fact is in itself sufficient to show what value we can attach to Mr. Froude's representations of the feeling of

munis diffamator vicinorum : citatus est : absolutus est et dimittitur ex gratia." Then follows a memorandum, stating,—"*Johannes Forest has bene suspendyd ii times out of ye Chyreh, and he sayeth that ye prest ys curst for God schall a soyell (absolve or assoil) hym agayne ; furthermore he sayes that all ye prestys and doctys are but harlotmongers.*" *Johannes Forest* was clearly a Lutheran. "*Nicholaus Calf et Radulphus Austen communes susurones conspiratores et libertatum ecclesiasticarum contradictores violatores ac ecciam in quantum possunt eversores nomina sinistra sacerdotibus imponentes Anglice horson prestes et horemongeres, eccam sic dicendo, 'I wold there were never a prest in England.' A wish which savours strongly of the new doctrines.*" "*Johannes Oste quia dicit quod illa die quo videt presbiterum est infirmus, et cum seipso male contentus, gaudet quoque eum et quando videt aut audit aliquorem presbiterum in aliqua tribulatione seu vexatione : ultra dicit quod fuit conscius indictatorum plurime ex eis.*" Et quod vellet iri 60 miliaribus *pro uno presbitero indictando*, voccando que eos horsyn Prestes : they shal be indyted as many as comyes to my *handeling.*" This persecutor of the priests was doubtless a sound Protestant. And other entries show that the men of "the new opinions," were not the most moral.

the body of the nation as regards the great body of the clergy. The clergy as a body were disliked only by two classes, the heretical and the immoral, and these, although, alas! too numerous, did not compose the great body of the nation.

The insurrections of the people at and after the close of Henry's reign, were in a great measure owing to the operation of his diabolical laws against almsgiving. And no part of Mr. Froude's work is more painful and shameful than that in which he apologises for the act of 1536, of which he truly states that Henry himself was the author. It was just after the act for the suppression of the religious houses. An act had already passed, in 1531, five years before, ordaining that able-bodied persons—men and women—asking for alms, should, if they could not give account how they lawfully got their living, that is to say, if they were out of employment, (for asking of alms was unlawful) at once be tied naked to the end of a cart and scourged through the town, until their bodies were bloody! The policy of this infernal statute was no doubt, by deterring poor people from asking alms of religious houses, to diminish the sense of their value to the country. But the act of 1536, framed by Henry himself, *after* the suppression of the religious houses, had a policy and purpose still more diabolical. "The sturdy vagabond," i.e., the able-bodied person, man or woman, asking alms when out of employment, and having no means of obtaining a livelihood, was condemned on the second offence to lose the whole or a part of the right ear, and for a third offence *to suffer death as a felon!* Death as a felon was the penalty for asking alms! And mark—by reason of the suppression of religious houses, thousands of monks and nuns were cast out houseless and destitute upon the country, and were under the necessity of begging or starving. They might indeed hire themselves out as slaves, for the mere scraps that might be cast to them by the inhuman wretches who connived in carrying out this cruel statute, and probably desired to get their labour on such terms as to make them really slaves. And to this they were practically enforced, for if thrice caught asking alms, they were doomed to the death of felons! Such was the fate reserved by Henry and his parliament for the religious of both sexes, rendered destitute by their measures of spoliation! *Slavery, starvation, or death as felons!* Mr. Froude, although a little

staggered by the penalty of death, approves of the policy of these infernal statutes on the whole, as severe but salutary humanity! Let us give his own account of the state of the law as regarded the poor, not forgetting that religious men and women formed a large portion of them. "For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving death. The poor man might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. If out of employment, preferring to be idle," (whether preferring it or not,) "he might be demanded for work by any master of the craft to which he belonged, and compelled to work, whether he would or no." (And of course on any terms offered him.) "If caught begging he was flogged at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time he suffered death as a felon." So the law of England remained for sixty years, until all the religious of both sexes had perished miserably from the earth, doubtless *many of them being hanged like dogs, for the mere asking of alms!* And this was the first fruit of the Reformation!

We must give a specimen of Mr. Froude's morality on another subject. Of course in his endeavours to blacken the character of the Catholic clergy at the eve of the Reformation, he does not forget to make the most of the so-called persecutions. It requires all his powers of exaggeration to make *much* of them, seeing that on his own statement there were only five executions for heresy in Smithfield during five years, 1529 to 1533, and it requires all his powers of misrepresentation to render the Church, and least of all the Papacy, responsible for these acts, seeing that they took place in pursuance of statutes passed by enemies of the Church, with a political rather than a religious *purview*; and they occurred under a king who ruled despotically, and was at that very time at open variance with the Apostolic See, and entering into actual schism. However, such as they are, of course Mr. Froude makes the most of them, and at the same time, with Anglican inconsistency, palliates all the cruel atrocities of Henry himself, and with Anglican unfairness forgets to reckon up the horrible executions for mere begging, of which there must have been fifty for every one which took place at all on account of heresy, if indeed *any* did, for this is more than doubtful on Mr. Froude's own account; seeing

that all the instances he gives are cases either of mischievous proselytism or of open outrage. The statutes against heretics were passed, be it remembered, by a parliament hostile to the Papacy and jealous of the Church, from experience of the politically pernicious tendency of the new doctrines. And certainly the instances given by Mr. Froude fully confirm this opinion, and also attest the truthfulness of Mr. Maitland's view, in entire accordance with it. Take, for example, the case of the sacrilegious outrage upon Dovercourt Church, which Mr. Froude narrates with such complacency. There was a Rood there very much venerated. Four heretics, "their consciences burdened to see the honour of God so blasphemed by such an *idol*," (the image of the Incarnate God Himself!) went one night, like thieves as they were, to the Church, tore down the crucifix, with the tapers kept for the services, and burnt them sacrilegiously. This is Mr. Froude's own expression, but he seems marvellously insensible to the force of it. For he highly approves of the outrage! The act was undoubtedly robbery, and sacrilegious robbery. At this moment the law of England would treat it as such. But Mr. Froude commends it as a "stroke of honest work against the devil." That is to say, if men disapprove of the reverence paid to the crucifix, they are at liberty to break into a church at night and destroy it! Such is Anglican morality! Now for Anglican bigotry. Of course the miscreants met the fate their outrage deserved. Mr. Froude himself says, "Their fate perhaps was inevitable." And then he adds, "Better for them to be bleaching on the gibbets than crawling at the feet of a wooden rood and *believing it to be God!*"

From what has been already seen, our readers will be prepared for, and appreciate, the tone of Mr. Froude as regards the Pope and his conduct in reference to the divorce. He starts by coolly assuming that "if the Pope had been free to judge only of the *merits* of the case, it is impossible to doubt that he could have cut the knot *either* by granting a *dispensation to Henry to marry a second wife*, (the first being formally, though not judicially separated from him,) or in some other way." The Pope, the Supreme Pastor of the Church, to grant a dispensation to have two wives! And this is the argument of an Anglican, who denies the power of the Pope to dispense with even a canonical disability against marrying a de-

ceased brother's wife. For it was on this supposed want of power that the whole argument in favour of the divorce is rested! And when Mr. Froude says that this question is one on which there can be no doubt,—he only exhibits his own recklessness in the cause of his idol Henry; for it does so happen that the House of Lords have been sorely perplexed upon the question, and come to decisions far from decisive upon it, while the House of Commons have distinctly declared itself against the notion, that the marriage with a deceased brother's wife is contrary to the law of God. We appeal to the British Parliament as being the authority most likely to have weight with a sound Protestant—at all events with Mr. Froude. For ourselves, and all good Catholics, it is enough to know that it has always been held that the Holy See had a power of dispensing with the canonical disability in question. The Anglican prelates, who, during the debates in the Lords last Session, stoutly maintained that marriages within such degrees of affinity are contrary to God's law, studiously confounded *consanguinity* with affinity, and took care never to advert to the command in the Mosaic law, "to raise up seed to a deceased brother, by marrying his widow;" a command distinctly brought under the notice of our Lord, and not disavowed by Him. In the face of all this, it is almost unscrupulous in Mr. Froude to pretend that it was *clear* the Pope could not dispense the canonical prohibition of these marriages, and that Clement VII. could have had no doubt that Henry was entitled to dissolve his marriage with Catherine on that ground,—after twenty years cohabitation. It is too much, even from an Anglican. And the Anglican prelates, in appealing solemnly to the ancient *Canons* on the question, which prohibit just as much second marriages, as marriages of cousins, (prohibitions to which several of them have been amenable,) were guilty of as flagrant insincerity as Henry himself, when, after twenty years cohabitation with his wife, he professed a "scruple of conscience" as to his marriage, exactly at the time he fell in love with another woman.

It seems incredible that any gentleman professing the sacred character of a minister of religion, should assert belief in the sincerity of the "scruple," and vindicate the conduct of which it was the pretext;—yet this is what Mr. Froude does. And on the other hand, and obviously this

is his motive and aim, he does his utmost to blacken the character of Clement VII., and fix upon it the charge of tergiversation, insincerity, and falsehood. Will it be accredited that he assumes to do this almost entirely on the testimony of Henry himself, or his servile ministers, instruments and agents? Recalling to our reader's recollection the sage observation of Mr. Froude, in his preface, that "the great difficulty in studying the history of the Reformation, is to determine who are admissible witnesses," we assure them he gets rid of the "difficulty" as regards Henry, very easily, merely by admitting his testimony, or that of his agents, in his own favour, and excluding anything against it. A simple process, but somewhat unscrupulous, and such as to show that Mr. Froude would have made an admirable and acceptable agent for Henry himself, whom, as he avowedly magnifies as a hero, he doubtless would have served with all his soul.

Throughout, he misrepresents and calumniates Clement, by giving us the account, not merely of his conduct, but of his motives, drawn for Henry by his agents, and of course coloured to his taste, and suited to his purposes. Mr. Froude seems to have had a passing suspicion that this might not be considered *quite fair*, for he coolly observes that they could have had no wish to deceive him! As if the instruments of a tyrant, sent abroad to promote his projects, had no interest in inducing him to fancy that their influence was effective for that purpose. And be it observed that the misrepresentations they commit consist in artfully confusing their accounts of what the Pontiff said with what they supposed, or professed to suppose, to be his secret motives and intentions; and so giving to the whole a colour and complexion, calculated to please their master and suit his purposes, while also conveying to his mind an impression of their ingenuity and influence. The accusations against the Pontiff of insincerity and inconsistency, are all based upon these accounts of Henry's agents, and on close inspection, can be traced to their own artful confusion of what they heard with what they supposed,—what they state with what they suggest. This artifice would of course serve Henry's purposes and suit their own.

At the outset let it be observed, that on Henry's application to the Pope for a declaration against the marriage

with Catherine, every influence, humanly speaking, was in his favour; supposing the Pontiff open to any bias, it could not have been against him, for Catherine was the aunt of Charles V., whose troops had just sacked Rome, and then held Clement virtually a prisoner. Ranke states truly, that when Clement, shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, was abandoned by all, Henry found means to send him assistance; from this cause (he adds) the Pope was perhaps more kindly disposed towards Henry, personally, than towards any other sovereign. And he quotes Conzantini, who says, "His Holiness loves the English king, and was at first strictly united to him." Ranke is a writer whom Mr. Froude must have read,—how is it that he does not imitate the candour of the German author, in bringing forward this view, which has a strong bearing upon the accusation he urges against the Pontiff, founded in the first instance upon his profession of readiness to oblige Henry as far as possible, by *opening process* in the suit? This is all that the Pope promises. Less he could hardly concede, in a matter of such importance, urged by a powerful prince, hitherto faithful to the Holy See. This was all that Henry at first could have asked. It was all he did ask. It was what the Pope could not refuse. It was all that the Pontiff promised, viz., to permit a suit to be commenced to ascertain the validity of the marriage with Catherine. For, be it observed, that the application was not, and could not be, for a *divorce*. It was for a judicial declaration that the marriage was void on account of the invalidity of the Papal dispensation. Mr. Froude cites a letter of Knight, the king's agent, stating that the Pope expressed his willingness to grant a commission to commence the suit, so soon as he should be liberated from the presence of the imperial army. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Froude that this was due to the dignity of the Holy See, which could hardly, with propriety, take a step in a matter so deeply interesting to the emperor while the imperial troops occupied the Papal States. However, the commission issued, and the suit was commenced. It was a suit in the Papal court. It was commenced by Henry. It is strange that Mr. Froude does not seem to have observed that this was a distinct admission of the Papal jurisdiction. So far from it he seeks studiously to represent that Henry had never acknowledged it! On the contrary, he invoked it.

At the urgent instance of the king, the Papal Legate, Campeggio, came to this country to hear the cause. Mr. Froude tells us, that in passing through Paris, the Legate let out that his instructions and intentions were merely to evade a determination of it. It is highly probable that a Papal Legate should so commit himself! And the only authority for the statement is a letter of the Duke of Suffolk, who had married Henry's sister. Mr. Froude then states that "Campeggio urged the Queen, or was directed to urge her," (he does not say by whom directed, the authority he cites is an English state paper,) "in the Pope's name, to take the vows and enter a religious house." "The proposal was Wolsey's," says Mr. Froude, and was *adopted* by Campeggio." He says also that Campeggio's instructions were to arrange a compromise. But does he really imagine that the compromise contemplated by the Legate, was that Henry should marry again? He does not venture to state as much, but clearly intends to *hint* it. That the suggestion is as groundless as it is monstrous is obvious. Mr. Froude himself states that Catherine said she was ready to take the vow of chastity *if Henry would do the same*.

This clearly shows *her* understanding of the Legate's compromise. It would have answered the king's pretended scruple of conscience, for what more was necessary to that end than authorized separation from Catherine? But *that* was not at all the kind of compromise Henry wanted. And let us pray the reader's attention to the following, which is equally characteristic of Henry and of his admirer, our author. Mr. Froude states, "That she told the legates her answer appears certain from the following passage," (in the king's instructions to his ambassador at Rome) "sadly indicating the services of policy to which, in this *unhappy* business, *honourable men allowed themselves to be drawn*." Mark the mildness of the language—describing the vile and base 'device' which is then stated.) "For as much as it is likely that the queen shall make marvellous difficulty to enter into religion or take vows of chastity * * * unless the king do the same;—the king's ambassadors shall instruct themselves by their secret council if his grace should *promise* so to enter religion on vows of chastity for his part—only thereby to induce the queen thereunto, whether the Pope's holiness may dispense with the king's highness for the same promise, oath,

or vow." Here we have Mr. Froude's hero, Henry, who afterwards denied the dispensing power of the Pope, desiring to avail himself of it if possible, to get rid, not merely of a promise, but an oath or vow, to enter into a religious state, contracted for the fraudulent purpose of entrapping his wife into the same state; in order that he might be free to marry again! Mr. Froude, who is elaborate and unscrupulous in concocting charges of insincerity against the Pontiff, passes by the iniquitous conduct on the part of Henry without comment, except this unaccountable marginal note—"Wrong provokes wrong." Whose "wrong" provoked the "wrong" thus meditated by Henry? We presume he means that of which he repeatedly complains—the obstinacy of Catherine in not making way for the king's marriage with her rival! As if she had the power of so doing! as if her entering a religious state could allow Henry's committing adultery or polygamy! Such is the Anglican idea of moral theology and matrimonial morality! It was Henry's idea, but not Catherine's; and not the Legate's. And so their compromise came to nothing. And the suit proceeded.

Mr. Froude next accuses the Pontiff of insincerity in recalling the cause to Rome; as if it could make any difference in principle or in result, whether the hearing were in England or in Rome, if the determination was with the Pontiff; or as if there could be any peculiar privilege for a prince who wanted to get rid of his wife to have his case heard in his own dominions. Even if that were decent, it could not be important; ultimately it must be decided at Rome. It would be unimportant unless the case were to be determined by *his own creatures*. And to that he came, at last. Mr. Froude lays great stress on the recal of the cause to Rome, as altering the whole position of the king. "So long as a legate's court sat in London, were men able to conceal from themselves the fact of a foreign jurisdiction." If they were, they could not conceal it from the English lawyers, who, under the statutes of *præmunire* denounced such exercise of papal jurisdiction just as much in London as at Rome: the question being not as to the *locality* but the *forum*. Mr. Froude's distinction has neither law nor logic in it; and when he adds, "If Henry could have stooped to plead at a foreign tribunal, the spirit of the nation would not have permitted him to inflict so great a dishonour on the free majesty of England," he

really writes nonsense ; not only because all the English monarchs had pleaded at the papal court, (even Henry II. at the height of his quarrel with St. Thomas), but because Henry himself had already done so—had invoked the jurisdiction of the court at Rome—had acknowledged it, and had submitted to it. He who has submitted to a court cannot prescribe to it its course ; and the court of any power is most naturally and properly held where that power resides. Let us remind Mr. Froude that Henry himself drew no such distinction as he relies on ; for he had Wolsey cast in the penalties of *præmunire* for exercising the papal jurisdiction in London. Really it will not do for Henry's admirers to defend him on a frivolous distinction which Houbers and his lawyers never allowed. Henry never disputed the papal jurisdiction until he saw that it was to be exercised *against* him. He had been living for some years with Anne Boleyn :—the Pope at the end of 1532 issued a Brief commanding him under pain of excommunication to separate from her. And next year the " Act of Appeals " was passed by Henry's servile parliament ; which, as Mr. Froude states, destroyed the validity of Queen Catherine's appeal to Rome ; and it placed a legal power in the hands of the English judges to proceed to pass sentence of divorce, as Cranmer speedily did. Even Mr. Froude cannot disguise his sense of the iniquity of this statute. " Our instincts tell us that no legislation should be retrospective. And when Catherine had married under a papal dispensation, it was a strange thing to turn upon her and say, not only that the dispensation in the particular instance had been granted unlawfully, but that the Pope had no jurisdiction in the matter, by the laws of the land which she had entered." " Strange," indeed ; and something more than strange ! But not so strange as that Mr. Froude—after writing those lines, so just and true,—should go on to say, " The king and his ministers had always consistently *denied* the validity of Catherine's appeal." How could it be consistently denied, when, as he himself had already stated, " That the Pope had authority, was substantially acknowledged in every application that was made to him ;" the original application having been by Henry himself ! In such a maze of sophistry and inconsistency does Mr. Froude involve himself in attempting to extenuate the arbitrary atrocities of a tyrant ! The most extraordinary inconsistency of all is that which

he betrays in denouncing, on the one hand the papal power of dispensing with the canonical disability in the case of the marriage with Catherine, and on the other hand, in denouncing the Pope for not summarily disposing of that marriage ; whether by dissolution, declaration of invalidity, or divorce, he does not seem quite clear ; but *somehow* he is certain, the thing ought to have been done. Does he not see that if the Pope had power to determine the marriage invalid, he had power to determine it to have been valid ? and that if one Pope could decide upon a dispensation, his predecessor must have had equal power to decide upon it ? And that if no fresh light could be thrown upon the facts, there could be no decency or consistency in reversing a former judgment ? No fresh light was thrown upon the facts, yet Mr. Froude actually treats it throughout as clear and undisputable, that the Pope's duty was to declare the marriage, which a former Pope had allowed, and had been for twenty years recognized by the Church, was invalid ! He speaks of it simply as a question between Henry and the Emperor. He accuses the Pope of leading Henry's agents to believe that he was using his best endeavours to subdue the *emperor's opposition*. Can Mr. Froude really believe that *this* was the only obstacle to the dissolution of the marriage ! If he does, his unacquaintance with the question is astonishing.

Even if it were so, his statement that the Pope did make this representation and imply that he considered Henry's cause just, rests on the accounts given by Henry's agents of their interviews with the Pontiff ; and even those accounts, artfully framed as they are, are far from bearing out the statements. For instance, on one of Bennet's letters he says, "Speaking of the justness of your cause His Holiness said," what ? merely that the lawyers were more favourable to Henry than the divines ; not a fact very strong in his favour. And it will be observed that the words "speaking of the justness of your cause" are the words not of the Pope, but of *Henry's agent*, who thus gives a kind of *colour* to the conversation. The Pontiff's words, as he states them, are merely to the effect that the *lawyers* agreed that the dispensation could not be valid unless upon good and sufficient cause as to which he declared that he had diligently enquired. "And his Holiness promised me" (continues Henry's agent) "that he would herein use all good policy and dexterity to im-

print the same on the emperor's head ;" " which done, he reckoneth many things to be invented that may be pleasant and profitable to your Highness." Such expressions as " policy and dexterity," seems to savour more of the spirit and style of Henry's artful emissaries. *What* it was which (as they represented) the Pope was to " imprint on the emperor's head," is not at all clear, but it is quite consistent with all that is stated that it may have been simply what the Pope had just before been stated to have said, viz., that the question was as to the sufficiency of the cause for the dispensation. And altogether from the tone of these communications of Henry's agents, we suspect that they often " invented things" " pleasant unto his Highness." Can anyone in his senses believe that what Cassalis states is true:—" His Holiness assured me he had laboured to induce the emperor to permit him to satisfy your Majesty," if, as Mr. Froude leaves his readers to suppose, the satisfaction referred to was a dissolution of the marriage? But *was* that what the Pope referred to, in the word " satisfied ;" even supposing that he uttered the word at all? Here we know not whether more to admire the dexterity of Cassalis or of Mr. Froude ; of Henry's agent or Henry's admirer. Both of them manage to leave this impression on the mind. But it is plain it is a false impression. For a few days later Bonner brought, from the Pope the propositions to which he must have referred, whether or not he used the words ascribed to him. What were those propositions? A general council, or the appointment of a legate elsewhere than at Rome to hear the cause. What is there in the conduct of the Pontiff characterized by inconsistency or insincerity? Contrast it with *Henry's*. What was *his* course? He had originally invoked the Papal authority. He had subsequently anticipating a decision against him affected to appeal to a council. That was now offered to him. And he evaded and declined it. What more conclusive evidence could be afforded of his own consciousness of the iniquity of his conduct and the dishonesty of his case?

But we entreat attention to one matter, which illustrates in a striking manner the arts of misrepresentation resorted to by Henry's agent ; and suggests strongly the suspicion of absolute fabrication. Mr. Froude himself admits the practices of corruption resorted to by them in

order to influence the opinions of the Universities. And those who practised bribery would not stick at forgery.

There is a real or pretended letter of Cassalis, (and by Mr. Froude's own account Cassalis was a traitor,) written in 1530, in which he states that the Pope distinctly proposed to him that *Henry should be allowed to have two wives!* We should scarcely notice this seriously but for what follows. It will be observed that here is pretended to have been a distinct proposal by the Pope, which would effectually answer Henry's purpose; and was in fact the very proposal Henry himself had entertained two years before. It is not easy to explain how the Pope should have objected then to what he afterwards proposed; or why Henry should not have eagerly seized what he had two years before suggested. That, supposing the Pope ever made this monstrous proposition, Henry did not accept it is clear, for two years afterwards the negotiations are still continued; the cause is still proceeding. And in 1532 there is another letter (as Mr. Froude supposes, from Cassalis,) in which the Pope is represented to have said, "It would have created less scandal to have granted your Majesty a dispensation to have two wives than to concede what I was then demanding." Assuming that the Pope said this, it is pretty plain that he must have meant it in the reverse sense to that in which Cassalis represents; and that his meaning must have been this: "What you propose is so execrable that even polygamy would cause less scandal to the Church!" The agent, however, affects to fancy the Pontiff to have been making a *proposition* instead of suggesting a *reductio ad absurdum*, but he adds, "I cannot tell how far this suggestion of the Pope would be pleasing to your Majesty. Nor indeed can I feel sure in consequence of what he said about the Emperor, that he actually would grant the dispensation." Now as to what the Pope had "said about the Emperor" there is nothing in the letter of his having said anything about the Emperor. What the agent states is, that the Pope continued to "speak of the two wives, admitting that there were difficulties in the way of such an arrangement!! principally it seemed," (i.e. it seemed to the agent; who just here took care not to state what the Pope said) "because the Emperor would refuse his consent;" his consent to Henry's living in polygamy! As if that could affect the matter one way or the other. And

indeed the agent himself immediately adds, that he does not see how it could! Now when we consider that the agents of Henry here affect to be ignorant how he will like the supposed proposition; although he had instructed them to sound the Court of Rome about it four years before; and when it is also observed that the agents profess in 1532 to be uncertain whether the Pope would really after all grant the dispensation of polygamy, although by their own account he had himself distinctly made the proposal two years before; is it not wonderful that any sensible person should consider, or affect to consider these accounts as credible?

Inconsistency was never more gross and glaring than that which is betrayed by Mr. Froude in his strictures on the character of Clement. In vol. 1 he is described as "a genuine man," "hot tempered," and altogether ill-fitted for tricks of dissimulation. In vol. 2 he is described as of "infinite insincerity," "as reckless of truth," "as false, deceitful, and treacherous." Such is the rancour with which this Anglican minister "reckless of truth" and without even a fair pretext, assails the character of a Pontiff whom Ranke, the German Lutheran, describes as one whose "conduct was remarkable for blameless rectitude." From the first, in this business of Henry's marriage the conduct of Clement was clear and consistent. His character is blackened on the doubtful testimony of Henry's corrupt instruments. But there is not an atom of credible evidence upon which he can be charged with insincerity. And it outrages the plainest dictates of natural justice to condemn anyone on the faith of statements made behind his back, by the partisans of the tools of his enemy! Clement never knew what was represented of his language by the emissaries of Henry. And but for the spirit of bigotry which Mr. Froude betrays, and which we know destroys all sense of justice, charity, or truth, we should be surprised to find even an Anglican clergyman heaping calumny upon a venerated name, on the credit of onesided representations, of which he never was cognizant, and in which we have exposed the grossest contradictions and the most suspicious indications of fabrication. It is pitiable to find a man of Mr. Froude's talent so destitute of generosity, charity, or candour, as to deal thus unjustly with the character of a Pontiff who certainly was ill-fated, cruelly beset with difficulties, and grievously afflicted with oppression,

but who, rather than sacrifice a principle or betray his conscience, endured them all with calm and heroic courage; although they broke his heart and weighed him down to the grave. Such a character as his, however, it is not for men like Mr. Froude to appreciate. He cannot understand the heroism which suffered a martyrdom rather than sacrifice a woman. And he has neutralized his calumny by his own morality. The man who could admire a Henry is not one whose voice can condemn a Clement. The author who can see a hero in a lustful and sanguinary tyrant, will not see the martyr in the oppressed, the afflicted, and the conscientious Pontiff.

ART. III.—1. *The Power of the Pope, during the Middle Ages; or, an Historical Inquiry into the Origin of the Temporal Power of the Holy See, and the Constitutional Laws of the Middle Ages, Relating to the Deposition of Sovereigns.* By M. GOSSELIN, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Translated by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth. (Library of Translations.) 2 vols. London: C. Dolman, 1853.

2. *L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain au IV. Siecle.* Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE, Premiere Partie, Regne de Constantin, 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Ce. 1856.

3. *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes; its Origin; the Vicissitudes through which it has passed, from St. Peter to Pius IX; is it the Life of Rome, the Glory of Italy, the "Magna Charta" of Christendom? Discussed Historically by the Very Rev. Canon Miley, D.D., Rector of the Irish College, Paris.* Author of "Rome under Paganism and the Papacy," "History of the Papal States," &c. In three volumes. *Volume the first.* Dublin: J. Duffy; Paris: Perisse, freres, 1856.

4. *Histoire de Photius, Patriarche de Constantinople, Auteur du Schisme des Grecs.* Par M. L'ABBE JAGER, Chanoine Honoraire de Paris et de Nancy, Professor d'Histoire a la Sorbonne, 2e Edition. Paris: A Vaton, 1845.

5. *History of the Byzantine Empire, from DCCXVI. to MLVII.* By GEORGE FINLAY, Honorary Member of the Society of Literature. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 1853.

6. *The History of the Papacy to the Period of the Reformation.* By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A., Minister of St. Philip and St. James, Leckhampton, 2 vols. London : R. Bentley, 1854.
7. *Cathedra Petri.* A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books i. and ii. From the First to the Close of the Fifth Century. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M.A., Camb. and Durh., F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London : C. J. Stewart, 1856.

“ALL the great heresies which have prevailed in modern times,” writes a recent learned and accomplished author, “began by disregarding the Papacy, or by attempting to deprive the Holy See of the affection due to it, or of some of its prerogatives ; and we ought, whenever we meet with a disposition to restrict the Papal power, whether in favour of the Episcopacy or the Presbytery, the secular authority or the brotherhood, to suspect it of an heretical tendency. Our Lord founded His Church on Peter, and Peter lives in his successor. *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia.*”*

This subject has been at all times variously treated by Catholic and non-Catholic authors. Catholics have endeavoured to show the divine mission of St. Peter, and of his lineal successors, the Popes of Rome, not for the purpose of subserving any temporal ambition, nor the maintenance of any peculiar political views ; whilst anti-Catholics have argued against the Supremacy of St. Peter, and the Sovereignty of the Pope, for the double purpose of justifying schism, and maintaining peculiar political views identified with a successful revolt, or a triumphant heresy. The question is mainly “religious” with Catholics—mainly “political” with anti-Catholics.

In accordance with their mode of regarding this topic, the enemies of the Papacy have contrived to make “the temporal sovereignty of the Pope” one of the prominent political questions of the day. It is as a “political” rather than a “theological” question they insist upon its consideration. In so treating it they pervert it to mischievous purposes. By descending at least for a time to the ground they have chosen to occupy, and grappling with them and their arguments, we believe we shall be able, (aided by the opinions and authority of friends and foes,)

* Brownson's Quarterly Review, (New Series) vol. iii. p. 79, art. “Luther and the Reformation.”

to unveil their hypocrisy, to lay bare their pretences, and to render abortive the evil they would wish to perpetrate.

We must bear in mind that the war now waged against the Papacy, and in which Anglicanism, its state-craft, and its statesmen are taking so prominent a part, is but a phase of the old dispute so long carried on between the Church and the World.

The principles that are at issue are the same now for centuries as the Church is the same—the names and the pretences of the assailants have varied, but the object aimed at has ever been one and identical.

The Church insists upon "the supremacy of God over man, of heaven over earth, and of the soul over the body;" whilst the enemies of the Church insist upon "the subserviency of religion to human institutions," upon "the supremacy of the world over the Church." It was to enforce these principles that Paganism made millions of martyrs, that Cæsarism has been untiring in its persecutions, and that demagogues, imitating the conduct of Pagans, and kings, and nobles, under the pretence of "nationality," or of "liberty," demand that the Church shall become as "a bonds slave to themselves."*

That which the enemies of the Papacy are, beyond all other things, anxious to prove, in the present temper of the times, is that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is incompatible with "liberty," with "nationality," with "the happiness of mankind," with "the good government of states."

To make out these propositions they resort to various expedients.

They maintain, first, that the Pope is *not* the lineal descendant of *St. Peter*, and to show this they have had the hardihood to affirm that "*St. Peter had never been in Rome.*"†

* Brownson's Quarterly Review, (Second Series) vol. ii. pp. 236, 237.

† This was a favourite "no-Popery" fiction, and is still repeated by peripatetics proselytizing in dark corners, and remote localities; but at last, those who would, *if they could*, sustain it, are from very shame, for its reckless and barefaced untruthfulness, compelled to abandon it. For example, it is in these grudging and reluctant terms the indisputable fact is admitted by Anti-Catholic authors:—

"But was *St. Peter* ever in *Rome* at all? Some writers are dis-

Secondly, the enemies of the Papacy assert, that supposing the Popes to be the lineal descendants of St. Peter, as bishops of Rome, still they are not, of right, temporal sovereigns.

*posed to deny the fact ; but, as it appears to others, without sufficient reason. It is the opinion of the learned and candid Dr. Burton, that St. Peter arrived in Rome, in company with St. Mark the Evangelist, at about the time of St. Paul's release ; and he gives his reason for thinking that here, at this time, that Apostle came in collision with Simon Magus, and exposed his imposture in some effectual manner, which was afterwards recorded with the addition of a fabulous adventure. It was also, perhaps, on this occasion that St. Mark wrote his Gospel. After this St. Peter left Rome, and it is not improbable that, according to ancient tradition, he preached the Gospel in Egypt. * * * Not long after this second arrival of St. Paul at Rome, he appears to have been joined by St. Peter ; and there seems to be no reason to call in question the account which represents those apostles having suffered martyrdom at Rome on the same day, after a strict confinement of some duration in the Mamertine prison at the foot of the Capitol. This event probably took place in the year 67, or at the beginning of 68. It is probable that St. Paul, as a Roman citizen, was beheaded, and that St. Peter suffered crucifixion. Origen adds, concerning St. Peter, that he was crucified with his head downwards, in humble token of his sense of unworthiness to suffer in precisely the same manner as his Lord and Master : but it is impossible to say what degree of credit ought to be attached to this statement, and some think that this circumstance bears the appearance of a fictitious or ostentatious humility, little suited to the character of the apostle, or to the grave circumstances in which he was placed (1) In the second century, the tomb of St. Paul was pointed out on the road to Ostia, and that of St. Peter on the hill of the Vatican. The accounts of other circumstances said to have been connected with the death of these apostles, being derived from the spurious Roman Martyrology, or from other doubtful sources, must be here passed over as wholly without foundation."*—*Riddle, History of the Papacy*, vol. i., pp. 8, 11, 12.

"But with regard to the personal presence of St. Peter at Rome, the 'Constitutions' contain a single notice, and that of a very equivocal character. In the forty-sixth chapter of the seventh book, the words following are put into the mouth of the Apostle Peter : 'Now concerning those bishops which have been ordained by us in our lifetime, we make known unto you that they are the following, viz., James of Jerusalem, the brother of the Lord ; and after his death, Simeon, the son of Cleophas, was bishop there ; after him, the third, was Judas, the son of James ; of Cæsarea in Palestine, Zaccheus, the publican, was the first bishop ; after him, Cornelius and the third, Theophilus ; but of Antioch, Evodius was ordained

Thirdly, those enemies of the Papacy maintain, that the independence of the Church, as typified by the sovereignty of the Pope, is incompatible with the independence of the Commonwealth, whatever be its form—an Empire, a Kingdom, an Oligarchy, or a Republic; that no Nation can be great, no People happy, and no Ruler free, where the Church is not an instrument in the hands of the State—a College rather than a Church—and those who preside over

by me, Peter, but Ignatius by Paul. Again, at Alexandria, Arrianus was ordained by Mark the evangelist; and next after him Avilius, by Luke, who was also an evangelist. Of the Roman Church, Linus, the son of Claudia, the first bishop, was ordained by Paul; but the second, after the death of Linus, was ordained by me, Peter, &c. The list closes with the words, 'These are the bishops who were intrusted by us in the Lord to preside over the churches.'

"This passage does not, however, import more than that, in the third and fourth centuries, it was believed, or intended by the writers to be believed, that St. Peter had, by the laying on of his hands, ordained Clement bishop of Rome; and it is improbable that the compilers, or authors, would have ventured upon such a statement if they had not thought the world in some sort prepared to receive it by antecedent tradition." *Thomas Greenwood, Cathedra Petri*, p. 49. This author, (Mr. Greenwood) according to his own account of himself, is but an indifferent collector of facts, for undertaking to write on history, he refers to certain "Chronological tables of Ecclesiastical History," of which he gives this account—

"A work I have seen in MS., and lament I HAD NOT TIME to consult!" See note C. p. 53.

Mr. Greenwood appears to us to be an Anglicanised Bunsen—a writer with a preconceived theory to work out, i.e., with an obstinate prejudice to maintain, which no amount of evidence can shake, impair, nor disturb, like his great prototype, Bunsen, who on one occasion thus expressed himself—

"If," says Chevalier Bunsen in his book "*The Constitution of the Church of the Fathers*," "IF AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN should manifest to me, that by introducing or asserting, or favouring only, the introduction of such an episcopacy into any part of Germany, I should not only make the German nation glorious and powerful over all the nations of the world, nay, combat successfully the unbelief, pantheism, and atheism of the day, I should not do it, so HELP ME GOD!" See review in *Daily News*, July 20, 1847.

As to the fact of St. Peter being in Rome, and his martyrdom there, see the authorities quoted in: *Dr. Miley's Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, pp. 11, 12.

its flocks, and serve at its altars appointed by, or under the direct control of the State.

According to them the claims of the Papacy are "unfounded," and the exercise of its powers, at home and abroad, a downright mischief. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope rests, they say, on no solid basis; the spiritual supremacy of the Pope in all lands, outside the Papal States, is, they affirm, the cause of evils innumerable to those who govern, and those who are governed. Cæsar, according to them, is constituted by God, but the Popedom is a human invention; and hence they would place in the hands of Cæsar the Sceptre and the Keys, whilst as regards the Pope they will yield to him nought but abhorrence, and bestow upon him nothing but abuse, and slander, and vituperation. *Him* they will excommunicate in their conventicles, and if they have the power and the opportunity, they will expel him from his throne. The principles of those No-Popery politico-religionists, were fully developed in the reign of Charles II., when sated with the innocent blood of Catholics, shed in consequence of the Titus Oates, Russell, and Shaftesbury plot, they, through their celebrated University of Oxford, on the 21st of July, 1683, declared,

"That all and singular the readers, tutors, and Catechists should diligently instruct and ground their scholars in *that most necessary Doctrine*, which in a manner is the badge and character of the Church of England, of SUBMITTING TO EVERY ORDINANCE OF MAN for the Lord's sake, teaching that this *submission* and obedience is to be clear, absolute, and WITHOUT EXCEPTION of any state, or order of men."*

* In the *Times* newspaper of October 23rd, 1856, there is published a letter from a person holding, we believe, an official position in connection with the University of Oxford—the same University which sanctioned the slavish doctrine above quoted. The attention of the *Times* newspaper is requested by one of its correspondents to this person—a Professor of Italian in Oxford University—on the ground that "the Professor" is one of those "Italians, schooled for centuries in suffering, educated in a national religion by the patriot teachers, who are now prepared to carry into practice the precepts of that religion."

Two extracts from the letter of the Oxford—Italian—Professor, will give to the reader an insight into what is the character of the Italian "national religion," of which this pious Professor is a member.

We quote the Oxford—Italian—Professor's own words :—

The enemies of the Papacy prefer arguing this as a political question, first, because it is the most popular mode of discussing it in these countries; and, secondly, because

"Let *English* politicians and *English* friends of Italy depend on this—the real, the true Italian question is not one of partial arrangements of homœopathic administration reforms, of forcing the King of Naples, or the POPE to grant and swear to-day what they will FORSWEAR and withdraw to-morrow, as they EVER HAVE DONE, through the connivance and preponderance of Austrian politics in the peninsula."

And, again, we have this fine passage:—

"—— the *subterranean working of the Papal Hierarchy*, foreboding in the emancipation of Italy, a last blow to its *wretched decrepitude*."

These are specimens of the Italian "*national religion*," for the advancement of which there has been formed in England, to buy cannon, and purchase guns, a committee, called "the Committee of the Emancipation of Italy Fund."

The Oxford Italian professor is worthy of the University that has bestowed upon him an office, and of the Anglican gun-and-cannon-Committee which hail him as a *religious patriot*; for this Oxford Italian Professor is no less a personage than Aurelio Saffi, one of the confederates in that Roman triumvirate in 1849, of which the notorious Mazzini was the leader. We know what is the new-fangled "*national religion*" which finds high favour in Oxford University, and with "the Committee of Emancipation of Italy Fund," not merely by Professor Saffi's words, but by his *recorded acts* as a Roman republican triumvir.

On the 29th of March, 1849, Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, became triumvirs at Rome, their accession to power being prepared by atrocious crimes of the republicans, the perpetration of which was admitted by Saffi, as a Minister of the Roman Republic, in a proclamation, published March 5, 1849.

We now give the dates and substance of some of the Decrees of the Roman triumvirate.

6th April, 1849, Decree of Roman triumvir (Saffi, &c.) for the emission of *paper-money* to the amount of 251,595 scudi.

9th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *fining the Canons of the Chapters of the Vatican* 120 scudi each, for having refused to obey the government order as to *religious ceremonies*, commanded by it!

10th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., declaring all non-contributors to the forced loan "*traitors*," and imposing a penalty of 25 per cent on all who did not pay within seven days.

11th April, 1849, Issue of *paper money* of 24 baiocchi each to the amount of 200,000 scudi, ordered by Saffi, &c.

16th April, 1849, a proclamation by Saffi, &c., organizing

for the purpose of upholding the changes effected at the Reformation, they have, through their statesmen, always maintained a *foreign* and a *domestic* No-Popery policy.

History teaches by example; and it is to be regretted that up to this time the lessons, which a true reading of the past events of English history, were calculated to impress upon the minds of Catholics, have been lost for them; because there has been no one who, in recording those events, had placed his hand upon the clue to English state-craft, from the days of Cecil to Palmerston. And yet, look at English history, and it will be at once seen that coincident with the concoction of "the thirty-nine articles" as the basis of "the Church as by law established," Anglicanism has constantly fostered, as a system of government, a *foreign* and a *domestic* Anti-Catholic policy. This double policy may be described in two words: the *foreign* policy has been "Anti-Papal," the *domestic*, "Anti-Social."

For the present we refrain from dilating upon the domestic Anti-Catholic policy, so untiringly pursued by our rulers on this and the other side of the Channel. Sufficient is it to remark that the domestic policy was either barefaced persecution, or pretended conciliation, and the

an army of 50,000 men—an army that never existed but on paper—the only military force in Rome defending the Republic and triumvirate being composed of vagabonds who had been driven out of all other parts of Italy.

27th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *abolishing the observance of religious vows.*

29th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *regulating the payment of clergy.*

30th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *respecting the BLESSED SACRAMENT!*

2nd May, 1849, Requisition of Saffi, &c., for the silver plate of Citizens, as money was sadly wanted to defend the Republic.

10th May, 1849, Appeal of Saffi, &c., to the French troops to revolt, &c.

But we have quoted sufficient to show that Saffi, the Roman triumvir, is a fitting professor of that "*national religion*" which Anglicanism has been seeking to import into Italy—that in the Anti-Papal war he is a worthy envoy of Anglicanism, a suitable lecturer for Oxford University, and the Gun-and-Cannon, Sword-and-Dagger Committee of the Emancipation of Italy fund, in England.

latter so cunningly and malevolently contrived, that it never was yet propounded without effecting the object it had in view, that is, of exciting dissension, creating division, and promoting disunion amongst the Catholic subjects of the English government. At one time it made a quarrel between Seculars and Regulars, when both were enduring martyrdom for the faith in English jails, and on English scaffolds. At other times it created unseemly conflicts between priests and laymen, between English and Irish Catholics. An oath of allegiance—an arrangement respecting bishops, or an Archpriest, or Vicars Apostolic—"Securities"—"a veto"—"pensioning the clergy"—"domestic nomination." The proposal came from the government in the garb of friendship, but always tended to weaken the Catholic body: it was an apple of discord with the words "*detur pulchriori*," to be interpreted "a gift for the *most loyal*;" and never was the direct intention of the gift more candidly disclosed than in the letter of Lord Ormonde, when referring to his dealing with the Irish Catholics, who had been plundered of their estates for defending the cause of the king against his rebellious subjects in England:—

"My aim was to work a division among the Romish clergy, and I believe I had accomplished it to the great security of the government and the Protestants, and against the opposition of the Pope, and his creatures and nuncios."*

With this key to the domestic policy of Anglicanism, a useful, instructive, and practical narrative could be given of the acts and words of sovereigns and statesmen who have influenced the destinies of this empire from the days of Elizabeth to the reign of Victoria.

That, however, with which we have here most to do, is the foreign anti-Catholic policy of Anglicanism. The very subject to the discussion of which we are now forced—an impeachment of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope—is part and parcel of the Anglican anti-Catholic foreign policy; and that policy has been at all times anti-Papal, and upon all occasions aggressively intermeddling with the independence of foreign nations. Frequently has it appeared in arms on the Continent,—constantly has

* Carte, ii. App. 101. See Lingard's History of England, vol. ix., p. 30, note 1. (London, 1855.)

it promoted mischief by pecuniary supplies, and never has it ceased for a day to carry on intrigues for the disturbance of Catholic states, and to shake the stability of Catholic thrones. In accordance with its dictates anti-Catholic rebels were aided in the Netherlands, in Scotland, and in France, in the reign of Elizabeth; in Germany during the reign of James I., in Rochelle under Charles I., and amid the Alps under the blood-stained sway of the Bible-reading idol of modern infidels—Oliver Cromwell.

Now-a-days we see revived under such Anglican "Secretaries for Foreign Affairs," as Palmerston, and Russell, Malmesbury, and Clarendon, all the wickednesses perpetrated under former sovereigns. There has been, for instance, as in the days of Elizabeth, an open interference with arms, for the purpose of accomplishing anti-Catholic revolutions in Spain and Portugal; and there has been the covert policy of James I., pursued in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, whilst the artful sympathies of a Cromwell have been revived in Sardinia and Sicily.

The similarity between the feats of the anti-Catholic Anglican policy in times past and present does not stop there. The same events, and almost the same actors to deliver the same no-Popery speeches come upon the public stage again; and 1851, and 1856, are nothing more but a dull repetition of what had been already said or done in 1678 and 1679. Place the sayings and the doings, the inventions and the contrivances of the undisguised infidel Shaftesbury, the well-known Dr. Titus Oates, and the notorious Lord William Russell, by the side of the sayings and the doings of Exeter-Hall Shaftesbury, the acataleptical-apocalyptic Dr. Cumming, and the Durham-letter-writing Lord John Russell, and it will be seen that the latter are all dry and drivelling, as plagiarists ever prove to be—flat, bald, and miserable imitations, close copyists, and only deserving of remark, because, in their hatred of the Papacy, they have used as their own the same evil words spoken long previously, and resorted to the same vile arts which had already brought shame and infamy upon the memory of their progenitors. It is the anti-Papal tragedy of "*Don Carlos*," borrowed from the original Schiller, and "done into English" by a poor poetaster of the abbey-plundering, convent-garden-possessing tribe of Russell.

The campaign that is now carried on against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, commenced in November, 1850,—it commenced with a Titus Oates declaration from the Prime Minister against the Pontiff, and his Holiness's creation of Catholic bishops in England—it appealed to the passions of the mob by infamous processions through the streets of London; and it sought for sustainment in public opinion by the concoction of petitions, and the invention of fictitious signatures.

And what was all this but a plagiarism from the no-Popery doings in 1678 and 1679? For amongst other things which Titus Oates had been incited to swear was, that “the Pope, by a very recent Bull had already appointed certain individuals, whom he named, to all the bishoprics and dignities in the Church of England, under the persuasion that, by the murder of the king, the Catholic religion would rise to its former ascendancy.”

How were these, and other accusations against the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, sustained?

“Shaftesbury and his associates resolved to keep alive the fears and jealousies of the people, and to harass and intimidate the king. 1. On the 17th of November, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, a most extraordinary pageant, calculated to make a deep impression on the minds of the populace, was exhibited at the expense and under the superintendence of the *Green Ribbon Club*. First, appeared the bell-man, walking with slow and solemn pace, and exclaiming at intervals, ‘Remember Mr. Justice Godfrey!’ next came a man dressed in the habit of a Jesuit, bearing on horse-back the figure of a dead body; then followed representations of nuns, monks, priests, Catholic bishops in copes and mitres, Protestant bishops in lawn sleeves, six cardinals with their caps, and last of all the pope in a litter, accompanied by his arch-counsellor the devil..... Fireworks were exhibited and at a given signal the Pope and his attendance were precipitated into the flames with a tremendous shout, the echo of which, it is observed in the official account published by the party, reached by continued reverberations, to Scotland, and France, and Rome itself, damping them all with dreadful astonishment.”

Another expedient suggested by the fertile brain of Shaftesbury was, to petition. With this view the kingdom was parcelled out into districts, to each of which particular agents were assigned.

“‘From North’s account,’ observes Dr. Lingard, ‘it appears

that the art of getting up petitions arrived at perfection in its very infancy. The agents traversed the districts allotted to them, procuring the signatures of those who could write, and the hieroglyphics of clowns; adding in many cases the names of the absent, or of persons not in existence. When the petition had been returned to the committee in London, the head rolls were cut off; and glued in succession to each other, and the whole collection attached to one form of petition similar to that which had been sent to the country."*

These things happened in England in 1678 and 1679, and they were re-enacted in England in 1850 and 1851.

And so, from age to age the same base arts are resorted to, and the same vile system pursued with regard to the Catholic religion, and its venerable head—the living representative of that great Apostle, for whom the sovereignty of Rome was destined when the Primacy was bestowed upon him by the Divine Founder of Christianity.

As a pagan mob, that would not be Christianized, was incited by emperors, and invoked by senators, and urged on by philosophers to seek out Pontiffs and drag them from their Papal throne, in cell or in catacomb, and crucify them outside the Ostian gate, or have them torn in pieces in the arena; so now, mobs that ought to be Christian, but that have been paganized by Anglicanism at home, or Philosophism abroad, are encouraged to make war against the Pontiff, and to rob him of his principality.

"Christiani tollantur" dictum est duodecies."†

* This war against the Papacy is carried on in a variety of forms and under manifold shapes. It is debated against

* Lingard's History of England, vol. ix. pp. 176, 224, 225. We do not design to carry further the parallel between the doings of the No-Popery faction at two different periods of history; but to those who take an interest in comparing the sentiments expressed by two unprincipled politicians, we recommend a perusal of the impeachment of the five Catholic lords, by Lord William Russell, and the denunciation of the Pope and Catholic sovereigns of Europe, by Lord John Russell. See Lingard, ix. p. 232, and Debate in House of Commons, May, 9th, 1851, Hansard's Parliamentary debates, (third series), vol. cxvi. pp. 826, 827.

† See Miley's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, vol. i, p. 82.

in'parliament, "Decernitur in Senatu persecutio." There is a crusade against it in diplomacy. Mintos, Bulwers, Culling Eardleys, Rodens, Russells, take upon themselves the functions of missionaries, to stir up rebellions against it, whilst grave, erudite, and studious gentlemen lock themselves up in their closets, and there tax their wits, and rack their imaginations, and ransack encyclopædias to show that it is an evil that ought for the sake of "sound political economy," of "good government," of "liberty," and "nationality," and "all that sort of thing," be abated now, *at once* and for ever!

Amongst such grave, erudite, and studious gentlemen, may be classed Mr. George Finlay, a very laborious author, and one of whose works we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers; for in his "*History of the Byzantine Empire*," he has, unintentionally, contributed some useful materials for the due consideration of those who undertake to determine against the advantages to society, arising alike from the temporal sovereignty, and the spiritual supremacy of the Pope.

Mr. Finlay is a "philosophical" historian—he is an avowed "political economist"—he has a theory of perfection in all that relates to the government of human affairs, and his standard in that respect is "the British Constitution in Church and State," as altered and amended by "the glorious Revolution of 1688!" Hence questions of Church discipline, matters affecting forms of faith are with him either of secondary importance or downright puerilities—the happiness of a people is gauged by imports and exports, and the power of a state in its internal administration, is to be tested by the grand fact, has it or has it not, Church and Churchmen under complete control?

With such opinions, and such convictions he has traced out, as he supposes, the first germs of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the administration of Italian affairs by Gregory the Great; and he has given a narrative of the Greek schism, and pronounced judgment upon the conduct of the principal actors on both sides. His work, then has much to do with the subject in hand; and it is of interest, if not of paramount importance, to know what are the views and sentiments of so pure an Anglican, and so unmitigated an utilitarian. The more strictly Mr. Finlay's pains-taking labours are examined,

the more useful will they be found in helping one, of unprejudiced mind, to arrive at a just conclusion ; for Mr. Finlay is so learned, and so generous in dispensing his acquired knowledge to his readers, that he frequently says more than he intended, and supplies facts that are in direct opposition to his arguments. You have only to watch him well, and you will readily perceive that he fairly, fully, frankly, and completely refutes himself. His genius is "of the earth, earthy," but his heart is better than his head, so that whilst he is prepared to hail as a hero every Greek emperor, who has acted on the Anglicanized statesmen's principles in dealing with "the Papacy," and "spiritual supremacy," yet he shows that his "heroes" were "villains ;" and he does not disguise from the public the results of their anti-Papal, and anti-Church policy. Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the schism of Photius, and the separation by schism of the Greek from the Latin Church ; Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the Greek emperors, making the Byzantine patriarchs as much slaves of the state as if they were Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury ; Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the head of the state in Constantinople being the master, depot, or head of the Greek Church, as he approves in England of the Established Church being the bondwoman of the state, and of the prelates being indebted for their mitres, not to any "gifts of the Holy Ghost," but to the favour they have found (no matter how acquired,) in the eyes of successful political partizans.

Having thus introduced Mr. Finlay to our readers, we shall by a few extracts make him still better known to them. Here is his account of the first period of the Byzantine Empire, of the Iconoclast heresy, and the motives in which it originated :—

"The first period (of the Byzantine Empire) commences with the reign of Leo III., in 716, and terminates with that of Michael III. 867. It comprises the whole history of the predominance of the Iconoclasts in the Established Church, and of the reaction which reinstated the orthodox in power. It opens with the efforts by which Leo and the people of the empire saved the Roman law and the Christian religion from the conquering Saracens. It embraces a long and violent struggle between the government and the people, the emperors seeking to increase the central power by annihilating every local franchise, and even the right of private opinion among

their subjects. The contest concerning image-worship, from the prevalence of ecclesiastical ideas, became the expression of this struggle. Its object was *as much to consolidate the supremacy of the imperial authority*, as to purify the practice of the Church. The emperors wished to constitute themselves the fountains of ecclesiastical as completely as of civil legislation." *

It will be observed we are quoting from an anti-Papal, thoroughly Anglicanised author; and yet here is his description of a Pope and an Emperor—the one contending for the Church as founded by Christ, and the other against it. Mark what were the political principles identified with this struggle, in which the combatants were, on the one side Gregory the Second, and, on the other, Leo, the Isaurian.

"The Pope of Rome had long been regarded by orthodox Christians as the head of the Church; even the Greeks admitted his right of inspection over the whole body of the clergy, in virtue of the superior dignity of the Roman See. *From being the heads of the Church, the popes became the defenders of the liberties of the people.* In this character as leaders of a lawful opposition to the tyranny of the imperial administration, they grew up to the possession of immense influence in the state. *This power, having its basis in democratic feelings and energies, alarmed the emperors, and many attempts were made to circumscribe the papal authority.* But the popes themselves did more to diminish their own influence than their enemies, for, instead of remaining the protectors of the people, they aimed at making themselves their masters. Gregory II., who occupied the papal chair at the commencement of the contest with Leo, was a man of sound judgment, as well as an able and zealous priest." †

So far, then, we have the authority of an anti-Papal writer for declaring that the exercise of the spiritual power of the Pope was devoted to the defence of the liberties of the people. But we now come to the exercise of sovereign power by the Pope, as a protector of the municipal institutions of Italy against the aggressions of a foreign despot.

* *Finlay's History of the Byzantine Empire*, p. 10, Book I., c. i. Compare with this *Miley's History of the Papal States*, vol. i. pp. 227, 228, 234, 236, 442, (London, 1850.)

† *Ibid.* Book i. c. i. p. 46. For Mr. Finlay's account of the "Origin of Papal Authority in the Church," see Book i., c. 3, § 3, pp. 211-16.

Mr. Finlay regards this assumption of power as an act of *rebellion!* but still, it will be seen, he is not very severe in its condemnation:—

“Gregory died in 731. Though he excited the Italian cities to resist the imperial power, and approved of the measures they adopted for stopping the remittance of their taxes to Constantinople, he does not appear to have adopted any measures for declaring Rome independent. That he contemplated the possibility of events taking a turn that might ultimately lead him to throw off his allegiance to the Emperor Leo, is nevertheless evident, from one of his letters to that emperor, in which he boasts very significantly that the eyes of the west were fixed on his humility, and that if Leo attempted to injure the Pope, he would find the west ready to defend him, and even to attack Constantinople. The allusion to the protection of the king of the Lombards and Charles Martel, was certainly, in this case, a treasonable threat on the part of the Bishop of Rome to his sovereign. Besides this, Gregory II. excommunicated the exarch Paul, and all the enemies of image-worship who were acting under the orders of the emperor, pretending to avoid the guilt of treason by not expressly naming the Emperor Leo in his anathema. On the other hand, when we consider that Leo was striving to extend the bounds of the imperial authority in an arbitrary manner, and that *his object was to sweep away every barrier against the exercise of despotism in the Church and State*, we must acknowledge that the opposition of Gregory was founded in justice, and that *he was entitled to defend the municipal institutions and local usages of Italy, and the constitution of the Romish Church, even at the price of declaring himself a rebel.*”*

The Pope, Gregory II., was in the estimation of Mr. Finlay, “a rebel;” but still one, for whose treasons some palliation was to be found in the circumstances that forced him to revolt. We now come to one of Mr. Finlay’s “heroes,” whose prudence he admires, and whose policy he lauds, for he portrays principles and characteristics that distinguish the Statesmen of England from the period of “the reformation” to the present day. The Greek Emperor, so praised and so admired by Mr. Finlay was named Nicephorus:—

“He eagerly pursued the centralising policy of his Iconoclast predecessors, and strove to render the civil power supreme over the clergy and the Church. He forbade the patriarch to hold any communications

* Ibid, Book i. c. 1. p. 49.

with the Pope, whom he considered as the patriarch of Charlemagne; and THIS PRUDENT MEASURE has caused much of the virulence with which his memory has been attacked by ecclesiastical and orthodox historians."*

As a proof, how consistent is Mr. Finlay in his views, as an Anglican, upon political and ecclesiastical matters, we cannot refrain from contrasting his account of Nicephorus with that of one of the Saints of the Catholic Church.

"Theodore Studita was one of those who attended the patriarch on this occasion (an interview with the Emperor Leo V., the Armenian) and his steady assertion of ecclesiastical supremacy rendered him worthy, from his bold and uncompromising views, to have occupied the chair of St. Peter. He declared plainly to the Emperor, that he had no authority to interfere with the doctrines of the Church, since his rule only extended over the civil and military government of the empire. The Church had full authority to govern itself. Leo was enraged at this boldness."†

We now, however, come to that portion of Mr. Finlay's work which renders it peculiarly interesting, viz., his reference to the Greek schism which began with the election of the notorious Photius. That schism was sustained by the Greek court; and in the extracts that follow are detailed its consequences to the state, and the people, to the Church and liberty, to the aristocracy, the clergy, and the commonalty.

"The election of Photius, which was evidently illegal, only increased the dissensions already existing in the Church; but they drew off the attention of the people in some degree from the political abuses, and enabled Bardas to constitute the civil power judge in ecclesiastical matters. Ignatius and the leading men of his party were imprisoned and illtreated; but even the clergy of the party of Photius could not escape being insulted and carried before the ordinary tribunals, if they refused to comply with the iniquitous demands of the courtiers, or ventured to oppose the injustice of the government officials."‡

The temporal sovereignty of the Pope was derided—his spiritual supremacy was repudiated. Let us mark the

* Ibid, Book i., c. 2, § 1. p. 112.

† Ibid. Book i. c. 2, sec. 3, p. 141.

‡ Ibid. Book i. c. 3, § 3, p. 209.

consequences to State and Church in Constantinople, of their independence of Rome :—

“ The legislative views of Basil I. were modelled in conformity to the policy impressed on the Byzantine empire by Leo III. They were directed to vest all legislative power in the hands of the emperor, and to constitute the person of the sovereign the centre of law as much as of financial authority and military power. The senate had continued to act as a legislative council from time to time during the Iconoclast period, and the emperor had often invited it to discuss important laws, in order to give extraordinary solemnity to their sanction. Such a practice suggested the question whether the senate and the people did not still possess a right to share in the legislation of the empire, which opportunity might constitute into a permanent control over the imperial authority in this branch of government. The absolute centralization of the legislative authority in the person of the emperor, was the only point which prevented the government of the Byzantine empire from being theoretically an absolute despotism, when Basil I. ascended the throne, (867) and he completed that centralization.....The privileges formerly possessed by the provincial proprietors, the remains of the Roman curiæ, or of the more recently formed municipalities that had grown up to replace them, were swept away as offensive to the despotic power.....The bishops now lost their position of defenders of the people, for as they were chosen by the sovereign, the dignitaries of the Byzantine Church were remarkable for their servility to the civil power.

“ The promulgation of the Basilica may be considered as marking the complete union of all legislative, executive, judicial, financial, and administrative power in the person of the emperor. The Church had already been reduced to complete submission to the imperial authority. Basil, therefore, may claim to be the emperor who established arbitrary despotism as the constitution of the Roman empire. The divine right of the sovereign to rule as God might be pleased to enlighten his understanding and soften his heart, was henceforth the recognised organic law of the Byzantine empire.”†

A COURTLY CLERGY. “ The attachment of the people had once rendered the patriarch almost equal to the emperor in dignity, but the clergy of the capital were now more closely connected with the court than the people. The power of the emperor to depose as well as to appoint the patriarch was hardly questioned, and of course the head of the Eastern Church, occupied a very inferior position to the Pope of Rome. The Church of Constantinople, filled with courtly priests, lost its political influence, and both religion and

† Ibid. Book ii., c. 1, § 1, pp. 281, 282, 283.

civilisation suffered by this additional centralization of power in the imperial cabinet. From this period we may date the decline of the Greek Church.*

NICEPHORUS II. "The Emperor prohibited the foundation of any new monasteries and hospitals, enacting that only those already in existence should be maintained; and he declared all testamentary donations of landed property in favour of the Church, void. He also excited the anger of the clergy, by forbidding any ecclesiastical election to be made until the candidate had received the imperial approbation. He was in the habit of leaving the wealthiest sees vacant, and either retained the revenues or compelled the new bishop to pay a large portion of his receipts annually into the imperial treasury."†

In page 386, the author (Mr. Finlay) gives the following character to the man whose acts he thus describes:—

"His conduct was moral, and he was sincerely religious; but he was too enlightened to confound the pretensions of the Church with the truth of Christianity, and, consequently, in spite of his real piety, he was calumniated by the clergy as a hypocrite."

In pages 388-389, these facts are stated by Mr. Finlay.

"The worst act of his reign, and one for which the Byzantine historians have justly branded him with merited odium, was his violation of the public faith, and the honour of the eastern empire, by adulterating the coin, and issuing a debased coin, called the tetartiron. This debased money he employed to pay the debts of the state, while the taxes continued to be exacted in the old and pure coin of the empire."

And yet Mr. Finlay says of the man who so acted, that he was "sincerely religious," and had "real piety," and was not "a hypocrite!"

And in page 397, "one of the most virtuous men and conscientious sovereigns, that ever occupied the throne of Constantinople!"

Mr. Finlay tells his readers in p. 397, that "the Court of Constantinople was so utterly corrupt, that it was relieved from all sense of responsibility," whilst its aristocracy "knew no law but fear and private interest," and the people, it is said in p. 427, were "careless of honour and truth."

* Ibid. Book ii., c. 1, § 4, pp. 355, 356.

† Ibid. Book ii., c. 2, § 1, p. 390.

And all these evils, it is admitted by a most intolerant and even furiously bigoted no-Popery historian,* are consequent upon the successful conflict waged against the Pope as a temporal Sovereign, and as the supreme head of the Christian Church.

"Videbat quippe haec universa civitas, et patiebatur: videbant iudices et acquiescebant: populus videbat et applaudebat: ac sic diffuso per totam urbem dedecoris, scelerisque consortio!"†

By the quotations from Mr. Finlay's book we conceive that we have shewn, first, the low and mundane view he has taken of this great question; and, next, that we have made plain, by quotations from his own pages, how completely he exposes the mischief of the principles he maintains, and how their enforcement led to the degradation of the Greek Empire—of its Church, its clergy, its nobility and its people.

In a different—it may be said, in a far different spirit is such a subject approached by Catholic authors, like to the Abbé Jager in his "*Histoire de Photius*," and the Prince de Broglie in his book "*L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain*," even though, (like Mr. Finlay,) they do not touch but a small portion of the temporal sovereignty of

* A few references to Mr. Finlay's opinion of other authors, will demonstrate that we do no injustice in the terms we apply to him. Of Artaud's valuable work, "*Historie des Souverains Pontifes Romain*," he says that it is "more remarkable for popish bigotry than for historical accuracy," (p. 49, note 1). The Abbe Jager's truly admirable work, "*Histoire de Photius* is declared to be a prejudiced and not very accurate work," (p. 209, note 7). And again it is described as being violent in its opinions and inaccurate in its facts," (p. 278, book ii., c. 1, § 1.) Of the Lives of the Saints, collected in the greatest work that was ever published, the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, Mr. Finlay's opinion is that they are "the dull legends of saints," (p. 178, note 1), and again, "fables that have been preserved or neglected from their unnatural stupidity," (p. 147, see also note 1, same page, and p. 206, note 1.) And these are the terms which he applies to the illustrious saints.

"The fanatic," (Athanasius) thought that he "(Nicephorus)," should have preferred the idle life of a cell to the active duties of a palace," Book ii., c. 1, sec. 1, p. 387.

† Salvianus Gallus, *De vero Judicio et Providentia Dei*, Lib. vii. p. 200, (Venice, 1696.)

the Popes. In dealing with the portion that each has selected for himself, it can be said of them, what cannot be affirmed on behalf of Mr. Finlay, viz., that there is no inconsistency between their opinions and their statements, and that, maintaining as they do the supremacy of the Pontiff, they appeal with confidence to all the events of history, and all the evidence supplied by indisputable facts to sustain their judgment and corroborate their views.

With respect to these authors (Jager and De Broglie) it may be mentioned that the work of Abbé Jager has already deservedly reached the second edition; whilst that of the Prince de Broglie is not many weeks published. In regretting that we cannot afford the space, in this article, to give an analysis of either, we strongly recommend both to our English Catholic booksellers, as well worthy of being translated. It is but due to the first to state, that we have not found one word in *Photius* which we would desire to see cancelled; but as to the second, we are reluctantly compelled to say that its illustrious and well-intentioned author, in his desire to conciliate the carping French philosophers with the Church, has made concessions which the Church will not tolerate. To more than one passage the objection of the reverend and erudite Guéranger is well-founded:—

“Malgré les intentions pleinement orthodoxes de l'auteur, on regrette d' y rencontre plus d' une trace de cet esprit philosophique.”*

We regard such, however, but as the defects of a young author educated in the midst of Parisian society where such writers as Guizot, Thierry, Cousin, and Thiers have shone as stars. Reflection, further reading, a more profound study of original ecclesiastical authorities, combined with a generous, docile, Catholic spirit, will serve to correct such failings.

It would not be candid either as regards the author or the public to conceal that there *are* defects in the book of M. de Broglie; but at the same time it is only an act of common justice to him to declare that his book is a most valuable contribution to the history of a period (greatly disfigured by the infidel Gibbon) in which the ways of Provi-

* See *Univers*, October 12th, 19th, November 4th. 16th 30th, 1856.

dence were made manifest by the marvellous triumph of the Christian religion, and developement of the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. If fault, defect, or failure can be shewn in any part of such an undertaking, the Prince de Broglie has the assured consolation which cheered on his countryman, Raoul de Caen, when he commenced his "*Gesta Tancredi Principis*."

"— Me quidem in hac parte sentio infirmum : sed de ejus, id est Christi firmitate totus pendeo, cujus vexilliferum, et triumphos describere intendo."*

Catholic France may, with justice, boast of its nobility, when it can count amongst them so gifted an author as the Count de Montalembert, and amongst its young literateurs so earnest a student, and so ripe a scholar as the Prince de Broglie. Would that *we*—in these countries—could point to one titled author fitted to take rank with either. *There was one* preparing himself for such tasks, a diligent reader, a devout Catholic; but *he*, the last of his race, has fallen into a premature grave!—and, so far as this world is concerned, his aspirations for literary distinction must remain unknown, and a century hence his name will be forgotten! Such has been the will of Providence, which orders events, not in accordance with man's wishes; but for his ultimate and never-ending happiness.

We have referred to books, of recent date, which deal with this subject in a fragmentary form; but there are others, in which it is treated of in its entirety. There is first, the work of M. Gosselin, for an admirable translation of which we are indebted to the Rev. M. Kelly, one of the Professors of Maynooth,—the first of a series of volumes, ("*Library of Foreign Translations*") that has not yet received that amount of patronage from the Catholic community to which its spirited publisher, Mr. Dolman, is entitled.† Next, there is the interesting work of Dr. Miley, the first volume of which has just been issued from the press, and the value of which can be better appreciated

* *Gesta Tancredi Principis*, auct. Radulp. Cadomens. Præfat, in Muratori, Rer. Ital. Script. Vol. v. p. 286. (Milan, 1724.)

† The work of M. Gosselin has been already noticed by us, and at some length.

by extracts than by any praises in our power to bestow upon it.

The question of "The temporal sovereignty of the Popes" is pre-eminently the question of the day. It presses for attention in Parliament, and for discussion in all classes of society. The enemies of the Papacy in these countries are many, and of those who ought to be its supporters, some are inert, some are indifferent, some are ignorant, and numbers are mis-informed. Prejudice, ignorance, apathy, bigotry, malevolence, and "the Prince of this world" are the enemies against which the defenders of Rome must contend.

It is well that at such a time, and under such circumstances a prominent part in defence of "the temporal sovereignty," that which, in fact, includes "the spiritual supremacy" of the Pope, should be assumed by an Irish Catholic priest, the child of a country, which no persecution, however flagrant, and no artifices, however cunningly contrived, could ever shake in its allegiance to the Papal See,—the priest of a people who lost lands, money, life itself, every thing but their honour and their faith, rather than abjure the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, or permit the independence of their Church to be compromised, by the interposition of the smallest barrier between the Chair of St. Peter, and the island-diocese of St. Patrick.

The "nationality" of Irishmen is embodied in the "Catholicity" that came to them from Rome; and hence Rome, its Pontiffs and its shrines of Saints, are regarded as the home, and the heart's resting-place, not less of the Irish priest than of the Irish patriot. To Rome its relics, its present and its past sacerdotal sovereign lords, fealty and love, loyalty and veneration are due; and hence the sentiments of the apologist of the papacy in 1856 are identical with those of Saint Furseus in 650:—

"O Roma triumphis Apostolorum superexaltata, Martyrum rosis decorata, Confessorum liliis candidata, Virginum palmis dulcorata, meritis eorum roborata, quæ tot et tanta continet sancta Sanctorum corpora, esto Salutata, ut nunquam succumbat auctoritas tua, sanctorum Patrum dignitate et sapientia hactenus roborata; qua corpus Christi videlicet beata mater Ecclesia viget solidata."*

* *Act. Sanct.* (Januar.) Vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

Our readers need not be informed that the question of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes is not new to Dr. Miléy. It is now thirteen years since we noticed in this Journal his first contribution to this important subject. The detailed History of the Papal States, which he published in the year 1850, attests the industry and zeal with which during this long interval he has devoted himself to the same engrossing study.

The immediate occasion of the present work we shall best explain in the author's own language.

"Although laboriously and deliberately prepared beforehand, as to its matter, this work may nevertheless, in a certain sense, be said to be what is termed, by the French, an *ouvrage d'actualité et de circonstance*; for, certainly, it never would have appeared in its actual shape, had not the want of popular works of the kind become but too painfully manifest on a recent occasion, when Press and Parliament were resounding with the outcry got up by the Anglo-Sardinian conspiracy against the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.

"While on the side of the most unprovoked and unjust aggression, and of outrage the most revolting to every sense of right and propriety, not to speak of reverence, gratitude, or religion, a thousand voices—some purchased by gold plundered from sanctuary and cloister, others instigated by bigotry and unprincipled lust of office, were clamouring fiercely, but without even a pretence of argument, for the subversion of a throne the most ancient and august, the most popular as well as the most legitimate in the world; how feeble, hesitating, deprecatory; how utterly bereft of power to abash or repel the assault, were the voices—insignificant, even in number—that were raised in defence.

"Yet what would have been the effect, if some orator, like the great O'Connell, possessed with full knowledge of the cause and with faith in its sacredness, had risen in Parliament, not, indeed, to deprecate, or to plead extenuating circumstances, but with eloquent indignation to scathe the hypocritical traducers of a dynasty which is, and has been, for 1500 years, the life of Rome—the salvation, the hope, the glory of Italy; of a dynasty to which European civilization owes its existence, and on which, by divine ordination of the Redeemer, his Church depends for her liberty and efficiency in working out the ends for which he poured out his most adorable blood!

"The Popes not only saved the inhabitants of the Pagan city often, and founded Christian Rome, and frequently restored it when ruined; they rescued Italy over and over again, from age to age—from Vandals, Goths, Greeks, Lombards, Saracens, to speak only of ancient times. Theirs, also, was the miracle by which the atrocious

barbarian hordes, rushing in on the West, from the fourth to the tenth century, have been regenerated; won to Christianity; transformed into civilized Europe.

"Oh, what an inspiring theme to vindicate the transcendent merit, the dazzling glory of such a dynasty—merit and glory which could ring from foes like the 'infidel Gibbon' such testimonies as these; 'Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of Rome might have been erased from the earth, if the city had not been animated by a vital principle—the dynasty of the Popes—which again restored her to honour and dominion.'* And again in another place, ch. xlix. of the same History, he says of the Popes:—'The public and private indigence (of the Romans) was relieved by their ample revenue'; and the weakness or neglect of the Greek emperors compelled them to consult, both in peace and war, the temporal safety of the city. The same character was adopted by the Italian, the Greek, or the Syrian who ascended the chair of St. Peter, and *after the loss of her legions and provinces, the genius and fortunes of the Popes again restored the supremacy of Rome.*'

"To St. Gregory the Great, he says, the title of Saviour of Italy and 'Father of his Country' must be assigned, and that in the gratitude of the nation rescued by him from destruction, '*he found the best right of a sovereign.*'

"And again, when the 'Golden age' of order, peace, happiness, thus secured by St. Gregory and the succeeding Pontiffs, was subverted by a second and more terrific series of invasions, and that chaotic barbarism and brutal feuds and tyranny replace the Carolingian Empire (that wonderful creation of the Papacy), to whom is the glory of once more rescuing Europe from '*hopeless slavery*' assigned by a writer not less erudite or less hostile to the Papacy, and far more eloquent, than the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? 'To the Popes,' says Sir James Stephen, 'to the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the world into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory VII. were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of the high vocation.'†

"The projectors and organizers of the Crusades—the high political wisdom of which, as well as the benefits incalculable they conferred, the world has been at length taught to appreciate as they deserved—the life and soul of the war in defence of European civilization waged for ages against the 'Crescent,' the pontiffs, whose legates were viceroys of Syria; who fostered the military orders; who per-

* History of the Decline and Fall, &c.

† Edinburgh Review, April 1845. Art. "Hildebrand," p. 327.

suaded feudal Europe to abandon rapine, violence, ravaging homesteads and harvests by fire and sword, to 'take the cross;' who organized the victories of Toledo de las Navas, of Lepanto: and of whom such heroes as Scanderbeg and Jean Sobieski were proud to be the marshals—they have established well their claim to rank in fame, as in the same succession, with the great tiara-crowned heads who rise before us surrounded by the Lombard, the Tuscan League, humbling Barbarossa, rooting out such monsters as Eccellino and the Hohenstauffens, defending, pacifying, preserving the republics of mediæval Italy. What was said of the Roman Senate applies with still greater force to the Papal dynasty: 'It was great, not once but always.'

"As for Rome during the absence of the Pontiffs, it declined—fell into such a state of decay, misery, and barbarism, that 'it no longer presented the appearance of a city—*Ut nulla civitatis facies in ea videretur*;' and its few inhabitants, abject, boorish, looked like the veriest dregs of the earth.—'Dixisses,' says a contemporary writer, '*omnes cives aut inquilinos esse, aut ex extremâ omnium hominum fece eo migrasse*.'"

"The Popes return.—A new and remarkable epoch is dated from the accession of Nicholas the Fifth. The modern City of Rome, as we now behold it, is founded amongst the ruins of the primitive and mediæval cities of the Popes; the 'States' acquire a unity of organization, in which they continue to progress, rising *pâri passu* with the new and wonderful city, their capital, and privileged to a singular degree with the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, during a succession of three hundred and forty years, that is, until the captivity of Pius VI.

"In thinking of the abuse, the outrages of which this dynasty has been recently made the object by a Press and a Parliament, set on by prompters and Prime Ministers, worthy to rank with those who led the debates in the Sanhedrim of Caiphas, and gave the *mot d'ordre* before the 'Lithostrotos' of Pilate, who, with a soul to appreciate such memories as attach to the Papacy, but must be fired with an impetus like that which made the first Frank king cry out, on hearing St. Remi describe the outrages of Calvary: 'Oh, why was I not there with my warriors?'

"With that passage before him, who but must avow that to save the Papacy from being damaged by feeble, hesitating, discrediting attempts at defence, and challenge for it not immunity from outrage but unbounded admiration, it is only necessary its fasti should be made easily accessible."†

* Platina in Vit. Martini V.

† MILEY's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, Preface, pp. v. to xiii.

The volume now published is divided into three epochs. The first being from the Pontificate of the Prince of the Apostles to the transfer of the seat of Empire to Byzantium under Constantine; the second, from the, as it might be deemed, Abdication of Constantine, in favour of the successor of St. Peter, to the annihilation of Pagan Rome by the Barbarians; third, from the foundation of Papal Rome to the establishment of "a New Italy," under the auspices of the Pontiffs.

Our extracts, with one exception, shall be confined to the first of these periods. The entire subject is thus strikingly introduced,

"The roots of this dominion," (the temporal sovereignty of the Popes,) "strike deep into the Catacombs, and the ruins to which the Pagan Empire of Rome was reduced by the barbarians; they attach themselves to the shattered throne of the Cæsars, as well as to the tombs of the Apostles, and derive the sap of power from both.

"In the law that governs its growth, and never fails to repair its reverses, this realm of the Pontiffs is like no other realm. Rising up out of utter insignificance and obscurity, so that the learned are at a loss to know how or when or where it begins; never ceasing, during the phases of its rise, to develope itself with uniformity that knows neither irregularity nor interruption; and, when once constituted, re-established by means of the most singular as often as it is damaged or overthrown—this Sovereignty of the Successors of a 'Fisherman' impresses us, at the first glance, as something involving a mystery; we are forced to ask ourselves, can such a dynasty be the work of purely human agencies?

"When the precise date of its origin, and the particular events from which it took rise, are to be determined, antiquarians of the greatest learning are at fault—perplexed hopelessly. The discrepancies between them are not as to days, or months, or years; it amounts to several centuries—in one instance to eight, in another to seven; for while, on the one hand, such writers as Nicholas Alamanni, Grævius, Thomassin, De Maistre, Orsi, Giannone, Cenni, with several others, will have it, that the origin of this sovereignty is to be discovered in the commotions excited by the Iconoclast heresy, commencing A.D. 726, it is, on the other hand, insinuated by Gibbon, that the Popes were not possessed of the kingly prerogative (strictly speaking) until the time of Martin V., A.D. 1417-1431; and by Ranke, when treating of the Papal States, it is asserted that Julius II., A.D. 1503-1513, 'must be regarded as their founder;' we have a host of the highest names, such as Bossuet, De Marca, Natalis Alexander, Lebeau, Bernardi, Velly, Magnin, in favour of the view that the sovereign power of the Popes is to be

traced to the liberality of Charlemagne and Pepin. This is denied by Muratori, who contends that their only valid title is to be found in the prescription of ages. Obviously by none of these theories is the difficulty removed.

"Not by the theory of the 'Donations,' because before ever the Frank kings set foot in Italy, previously to their acts called 'donations,' but more properly speaking only 'restitutions,' the 'Patrimony of St. Peter,'—the Papal States—exist. The 'Rights of St. Peter,' the 'Confines of St. Peter,' the 'Plenary Rights of St. Peter,'—'Justitias Plenarias Beati Petri,'—'his Patrimony,'—such are the titles under which their 'restitution' is demanded from the Lombard usurpers by Pope Stephen II., and then by Gregory III., so early as the times of Charles Martel, and long before the Franks are induced to cross the Alps.

"Far from pretending to any right over Rome, it is after formally asking and being granted permission by the reigning Pontiff, Hadrian I., that Charlemagne enters its gates for the first time; not as a dictator, but as a devout pilgrim, and guest of the Pope; and it is clear from the collection of letters in the Codex Carolinus, that what has been proved regarding Rome applies equally to the rest of the States.*

"The genuine meaning of the acts of the two hero kings, champions and adjutants of the Apostolic See, is well brought out in the following passage from a French writer who has made this subject his peculiar study.

"'Before the expedition of Pepin into Italy,' he says, 'the Holy See possessed there a true sovereignty, founded on the legitimate will of the peoples, who, in the extremity to which they were reduced, had freely confided to the Popes their temporal interests; from whence we ought to conclude, that Pepin and Charlemagne were not, properly speaking, the founders, but only the protectors and supporters of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, and that the result of their expeditions into Italy was not precisely to establish there this sovereignty, but to protect, to consolidate it; to render it definitively independent of the Byzantine Emperors.'

"Therefore, it is not in the 'Donations' this sovereignty takes its rise.

"If we ascend higher still, we everywhere find that St. Peter is the object of 'restitutions' by the Lombards, 'gifts' by the Franks, 'submissions' of the peoples.

"It is to St. Peter the inhabitants of the States, in the midst of

* "Expleta vero eadem oratione [at the tomb of St. Peter] obnixo deprecatus est isdem Francorum rex antedictum almificum Pontificem, illi licentiam tribui ingrediendi ad sua orationum vota, per diversas Dei ecclesias persolvenda."—*Anast. Bibli. in vita Hadr.*

their abandonment and sufferings, have recourse for help, and vow eternal fealty. 'They sought refuge with St. Peter,' says a contemporary writer, 'and yielding themselves up to the Pope, made oath of allegiance and fealty to the Prince of the Apostles, and to the said Pope, his vicar.' Again, speaking of other populations who were anxious to follow the same course, it is said: 'They longed most anxiously to yield themselves subjects of St. Peter, and of the Holy Roman Church.'

"For love of St. Peter, the valiant Pepin draws his victorious sword; he affirms with the solemnity of an oath that for no other motive had he encountered the risks of battle on many a hard-fought field; and that for all the treasures on earth, he would not take back what he had once made oblation of to St. Peter.

"When Charlemagne visits Rome, it is on his knees he mounts the steps leading to the portals of St. Peter's, devoutly impressing a kiss on each step as he ascends—'omnes gradus, sigillatim ejusdem sacratissimæ Beati Petri ecclesiæ deosculatus est.* When he renews the acts of his sire, King Pepin, it is still to the 'Blessed Peter' the same cities and territories are conceded.†

"Thus it is, that history, when thoughtfully searched, ever leads us to the right path; in this instance, as I set out with saying, it conducts us to the catacombs, and before the judgment seat of Nero, where St. Peter stands doomed to martyrdom, as the true fountain-head of this mysterious Sovereignty.

"Startling as it may appear at first, this assertion—that temporal independence, exemption from earthly control, the right to have no power above him but that of his Divine Lord and Master—this assertion, at first sight so anomalous, when the nature of St. Peter's charge is considered, becomes a self-evident verity. Nothing easier than to test this; one solitary argument will be enough to place the subject in the clearest light. The argument is this:

"That Christ conferred the supremacy of His Church on St. Peter—a supremacy not alone of honour but of jurisdiction; made him the viceroy of His kingdom on earth; invested him with his own authority to decide all controversies, judge all causes regarding truth and error, right and wrong, vice and virtue; to reward and punish, bind and loose, with an authority identical with His own. This can no more be doubted, than that the words of the Gospel, in which all these prerogatives are solemnly conferred on St. Peter, are truly the words of Christ.‡

* *Anast. in Vita Hadr.*

† "Christianissimus Carolus Francorum rex, ascribi jussit per Etherium religiosum ac prudentissimum capellanum et notarium suum, ubi concessit easdem civitates et territoria Beato Petro."—*Anast. ib.*

‡ *Matt. xvi. 13-20; John, xxi. 16-19, &c.*

"Therefore, it must have been the will and design of the Redeemer that a sphere wherein such a supremacy could be exercised should be prepared and sequestered from all human control, wherever the See of St. Peter was to be established finally. Otherwise, the prerogatives would be nugatory; and, as reason and piety forbid such a thought, it follows that the temporal sovereignty over a realm 'ample enough for liberty, too limited for domination,' essentially and *jure divino* attaches to the spiritual supremacy which from St. Peter has devolved on the Popes.

"What more derisive than the idea of a supremacy such as that of St. Peter 'entrusted' to a 'domestic slave,' Gibbon's synonyme for a Patriarch of Constantinople; and in Rome, under the dictatorship, whether of an emperor or king, a republic, senate, parliament, or cabal—even if decorated with the title of 'constitutional ministry' or 'responsible cabinet'—would not the Popes be as degraded, as trammelled in the exercise of their *supremacy* (not to speak of the abuses of their election), as where the tiara'd slaves and creatures, too often sycophants, of the Byzantine court?"*—*Ibid.* First Epoch, ch. i. pp. 1—6.

In addition to the authorities here quoted, to show the necessity of maintaining the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, as the head of the Catholic Church, we may refer to an opinion expressed by a writer, who is as little disposed to favour the Pope, or Catholicity, as the author of "the Byzantine Empire:—" "How is the Pope to exist without Rome? The fact is, that the plans which have been proposed at different times for the separation of the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope have been conceived by those who are ignorant of the complicated nature of his authority, or by those who desire to undermine it as a step to its final overthrow. * * * * Could the Pope fix his throne in the mid-heavens the scheme might be feasible; but, as he must remain in a city made with hands, he must occupy in it the place either of a prince or a subject. It was a favourite project of Buonaparte to establish the Pope at Paris, and, through the Ecclesiastical puppet, to sway the conscience of Europe by Nuncios, as effectively as he domineered over its policy by Generals and Diplo-

* "While the Patriarch of Constantinople was a domestic slave under the eye of his master, a distant and dangerous station, amidst the barbarians of the West, excited the spirit and freedom of the Popes."—*Gibbon, Decl. and Fall, &c.*, ch. xlix.

matists. His scheme would have failed—he would have only created a schism, and lost all by grasping at too much. A bishop with patriarchal powers would have arisen in every country of any consequence, ruling the national church under the dictation of the crown, or less invidiously by means of a synod.”*

Perhaps we should apologize for the length of the following extract, but we are unwilling to curtail it, because it is calculated to arouse the timid, and inspire faith into the hearts of the doubting. We commend it to the earnest perusal of every Catholic who hitherto has looked upon “the temporal sovereignty of the Pope” as a question involving considerations rather of human policy than of religious convictions.

“It is true, as we have seen, and as we heard St. Leo proclaim, that the Prince of the Apostles entered Rome as a conqueror. It is true that, by divine appointment, his mission was to attack, overthrow, and trample in the dust all that the ‘seven-hilled city’ most gloried in, cherished, was determined to defend with resistless fury; and on the ruins of all this, and on the high place of her pride, the sanctuary of her gods, the ‘hill of all her triumphs.’—Oh, horror for the haughty race—to plant the execrated symbol of the Crucified! Neyertheless, St. Peter taught those, whom his preaching and miracles made the first Christians of Rome, that there was to be no revolt, no disobedience or evasion of the laws; that all social duties were to be religiously fulfilled; that Nero was to be obeyed and even honoured! ‘Be ye subject, therefore, to every creature for God’s sake; whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors as sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good; for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; as free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice—but as the servants of God. Honour all men; love the brethren; fear God; honour the king.’† And that this phrase *τον βασιλέα τιμάτε* refers to Nero can hardly be doubted; for *βασιλεὺς* with the Greeks has the same force as ‘imperator’ with the Romans.

“And when St. Paul comes at length to join the prince of the apostles in labouring to perfect the Roman Church, of which the faith had already become ‘renowned through the whole world,’

* *Quarterly Review*, (December, 1851,) p. 231, art. “Farini’s History of the Roman States.”

† St. Peter, 1 Epist. ii. 13, 17.

what he teaches, on this head, only re-echoes the words of St. Peter.*

"Unlike the high-flown, pretentious systems of the philosophers of Greece and Rome, what St. Peter taught was no sterile theory. The heart of the Christian, as formed by St. Peter, was a living source of charity, incessantly prompting to self-sacrifice for the love of the neighbour; his all-absorbing study was, practically and every day to live in imitation of him 'who went about doing good,' *qui circuit benefaciendo*.

"Hence, wherever he was found, in the senate, in the public baths, in the forum, or on the tented field (he kept aloof from the circus and theatres as from so many temples of heathenism), at the loom, the anvil, the quern, or in whatsoever station he had been fixed by Providence, the Christian became conspicuous for the integrity of his morals, and wrung, even from his persecutors, the confession that his life corresponded with the arduous code which he professed.

"In the religion of St. Peter there was nothing antisocial or tending to encourage or authorize revolt; Christianity, such as he and his successors have ever taught it, warred with nothing that was not a curse to humanity. There was nothing bright, honourable, pure, or beneficent with which it would not have coalesced; or rather, it had affinities to attract and harmonize around itself whatever was capable of being sanctified, or turned to good. Music, architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, all the arts, in short, that help to humanize, to soothe, or elevate the anguished or lethargic spirit, as was proved by the after history of the popes, it would have fostered. It would have shamed the Muses into self-respect, by leading them from whence they drew only the inebriety of the passions, to purer fountains of inspiration. As for man, it would have elevated him, from being a serf of Satan, to fill the throne from which that once bright spirit fell. Even as a citizen, it would have ameliorated his condition, by establishing an imperishable reciprocity of truth, equity, and good offices between man and man, and by hallowing all his social ties; by inculcating obedience for conscience sake upon those who are subject, warning those that are high that there is One still higher; and, in season and out of season, by commending charity to all. Woman it would have exalted to an eminence so august, as to render her influence the corrective of the brutality of which heretofore she had been the instigation and the slave. By hallowing the connubial state, and maintaining its indissolubility, Christianity would have made the domestic circle a miniature of the Church, a preparatory school for heaven; it would have taught mankind no longer to regard their own offspring as they did those of unclean animals, but to reverence, nay, to regard

* Romans, xiii. 1-7.

them with awe, as being clients of the angels. It had a solace for every affliction, an expiation for every trespass ; it took even from death its sting ; and had it met from the world the reception it merited, although it would not have led the banished race back again to Eden, for that was not its object, it would have done better still, by exalting mortals, even here, above the power of adversity ; and by preparing them for an immortality crowned with bliss and glory, such as 'eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to picture.'

"But the hatred with which the world pursued its Redeemer, nailing Him to the cross, was to be the inheritance of His disciples, and pre-eminently of him whom He elected and constituted Prince of the Apostles, supreme head of His divine spouse, the Church.

"Why then did Rome reject St. Peter ? For the self-same reason that Jerusalem rejected His divine Lord, the 'Immortal King of Ages.' The same satanic hatred which had doomed the Redeemer to the gibbet, thirsted for the blood of His disciples, especially of St. Peter (as we see by the act of Herod), and pursued them even 'unto foreign cities.' The Sanhedrim concocted a scheme to render them odious over the whole world. 'With this view,' says St. Justin Martyr, 'their emissaries were sent into all countries with rescripts, or letters, setting forth that the Nazarenes were an execrable sect, who adored as God one who had been put to death as a criminal, pretending that He had arisen on the third day, whereas His dead body had been stolen away by themselves while the Roman guards were asleep ; and that they were wont in their mysteries to immolate a new-born infant, sprinkled over with flour, and to feed upon its flesh and blood previous to their indulging in the most unnatural excesses.'

"Throughout the entire pagan world these atrocious slanders met with ready credence, and were nowhere received with greater avidity than at Rome ; hence in the mock trial, when the Christians and their prince were dragged before Nero, and accused of having set fire to the city, it was not for that crime (for it was too notorious that Nero himself was its author, but as being 'enemies of the human race,' they were condemned. Tacitus, in his Annals, relates the matter thus :—

"'But when neither by state-craft, nor bribing the multitude, nor the display of sacrifices and lustrations, as if to appease the gods, he could remove the infamy of having ordered the city to be set on fire, Nero substituted criminals, and punished with tortures the most exquisite—*quesitissimis*—certain wretches detested for their enormities, and whom the populace called Christians. Christus, the founder of the name, was put to death in the reign of Tiberius, by the procurator of Judæa, Pontius Pilate ; but, repressed (by this means) only for a moment, the pestilent superstition broke out again, not alone through Judæa, the cradle of the mischief, but in Rome itself, become the sink into which flow the abominations of

the whole world, to be there nurtured, enshrined and worshipped—*quæ cuncta undique atrocita aut pudenda confluent celebranturque.*

“ ‘Accordingly,’ continues Tacitus, ‘some having been arrested who readily confessed they were Christians, next, from what they said, a vast multitude—*multitudo ingens*—were found guilty, not, indeed, of burning Rome, but of being the enemies of the human race. And in their deaths they were also made to contribute to the public amusement, some being covered with the hides of wild beasts, to be hunted and torn to pieces by dogs, some being nailed on crosses, and others being set on fire, having been smeared over with combustible matter, that their flaming bodies might, when night came on, shed light upon the festival of which the gardens of Nero, who had them thrown open for that purpose, were the scene.’

“ Behold at length discovered the true source from which the temporal sovereignty of the Popes takes its rise. By the act of Nero, which doomed the prince of the apostles to the cross, and the Christian name to extermination, a new sovereignty arose, per force, in the very heart of Pagan Rome. While the Cæsars reigned on the ‘Seven Hills,’ St. Peter and his successors were compelled to reign in the Catacombs over ‘SUBTERRANEAN ROME,’ inhabited by a people outlawed as ‘enemies of the human race’—*odio humani generis convicti*—and thus obliged to form a separate state. From this hour forth, the ‘Seven Hilled City’ becomes the theatre of internecine war between two hostile dynasties—the one that of the Cæsars, haughtily erect on the highest eminence of human grandeur, and armed with all the forces of the world; the other, that of a Jewish fisherman, self-humiliated, meek, endeavouring, but in vain, to shelter itself in sandy-crypts and caverns, amongst the relics of the dead. What more manifest than that St. Peter and the popes of the martyr epoch, thus *forced* to reign over ‘Christian Rome,’ while struggling to conquer, that is, to convert, the ‘Harlot City,’ were as strictly speaking kings—were as clearly invested with sovereignty as in all that concerned the exercise of the supremacy as Hadrian the First, Innocent the Third, Sixtus the Fifth—in a word, as any of the Pontiffs who wielded the temporal sceptre of the papacy in any of its palmiest days? During close on three centuries, this dynasty, though crushed by the repeated strokes of persecution dealt down on its undefended head, is seen to graduate in power, serenely and uninterruptedly, until it is beheld enthroned in the palace of the Roman emperors—venerated, feared, implicitly obeyed, looked up to with child-like docility and love by those atrocious, brutalized, and indomitable barbarians who have utterly subverted the empire of the ‘Seven Hilled City,’ and overwhelmed the ‘Roman World’ in social chaos, apparently irremediable, until, under the auspices of this same dynasty, especially by that stroke of inspiration of the third St. Leo, it started into CHRISTENDOM,

with Charlemagne, the Crowned of God, the champion and defender of the See of St. Peter, at its head."*

To this theory of the providential ordination of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, a natural objection presents itself.

"If Providence had occupied itself, so much as it pretended, about the establishment of the Papal States, would it have failed to occupy itself equally with their defence? Would it not have discomfited, from age to age, and by means the most unforeseen and extraordinary, all the efforts of earth and hell to divert that realm from its sacred to a secular destiny?

"Such is the objection. What is the answer to it? It is this:—if history be interrogated, it will tell us that what the objection insists on as congruous on the part of Providence, is precisely that which has happened. In fact, what else is it that imparts to the history of Christendom, during more than a thousand years, its unity and most absorbing interest, but the marvellous interventions by which have been defeated so many and such formidable efforts to 'secularize' the Papal States?

"From the day that Constantine, to make way for the throne of the Pontiffs, removed to the remote shores of the Euxine the throne of the CÆSARS, during now more than fifteen hundred years, what efforts, how multifarious, how apparently irresistible, to make Rome a 'secular capital!' How inevitably most of them seemed destined to succeed! How utterly, and by what startling, unthought-of ways, have they not been one and all defeated!

"After the transfer of the empire by Constantine, his sons, and the sons of Theodosius, return to reign in Italy; but a hand, the same that menaced Attila, seems to beckon them off from Rome; Rome is interdicted them, and Milan and Ravenna become the capitals of the West! Then appear the barbarians; they are driven on as if by preternatural fury to possess themselves of Rome. Alaric the Goth, Genserik the Vandal, take it in turn; but it is as if the same invisible power that terrified the Hun from approaching it, will not suffer either Goth or Vandal to tarry there. After a brief halt, and without any visible cause to disturb them in their conquest, they seem in haste to depart, like executioners after accomplishing their appointed task. Further on, Herulians and Ostrogoths endeavour to found a kingdom in Italy. Rome is taken and retaken; they can capture, pillage, reduce it to solitude, but there none of them can reign. The capital of Odoacer, of Theodoric, Vitiges, Totila, is at Ravenna—it is anywhere but at Rome. The

* Miley's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, First Epoch, ch. iii., pp. 16-22.

Byzantine Romans arrive under Belisarius and Narses, but it is only to prevent the Ostrogoths from taking root in, from 'secularising' the predestinated patrimony of St. Peter. They, too, are warned off from Rome. The Byzantine capital of Italy is not Rome; it is still Ravenna.

"The Greeks, in their turn, are driven out by the Lombards. These, of all the invaders, have most set their hearts on making Rome their own. 'No language can convey an adequate idea,' says St. Gregory the Great, 'of what we (Romans) have had to suffer, daily and without intermission, from the Lombard incursions, during the last five and thirty years!' This was in A.D. 604, and their assaults on Rome are to be renewed during the hundred and seventy years which follow; but as if by miracle all miscarry, are utterly baffled, though one can hardly tell how; and at one time it is Milan, for a much longer period it is Pavia, but never Rome, even for a moment, that is the Lombard capital.

"The kings of this race of people seem to be instigated by some evil spirit, goading them to attack, and ravage, and usurp what is called, in the muniments of the times, the rights—'justitias'—the patrimony of St. Peter, the *finis Sti. Petri*—'confines of St. Peter'—and that in defiance of the most solemn oaths, in the face of treaties, and despite the supplications of the Pontiffs, who had uniformly treated them with the most paternal forbearance, and even loaded them with favours!

"And signal was the judgment by which, in righteous punishment of their rapacity and perfidy, they were overtaken! Their dynasty was ignominiously extinguished, while victory was attached for ever to the banners of the Franks by whom the chastisement was inflicted, and who as religiously respected the rights of St. Peter, as they had chivalrously defended them.

"The Saraceni or Agareni, sons of Hagar, as they were called in those days, were the next to renew the effort to 'secularise' the Papal States. The wisdom and constancy of the Pontiffs defeated them, even forced them, as war captives, to help to build up new bulwarks and walls of defence round about the city of St. Peter.*

"Amidst the anarchy in which Christendom was plunged by the Norman, Saracen, and Hungarian invasions, overwhelming it on all sides at once, an effort—oh, what a hideous one!—was made by the feudal chiefs, the Counts of Tusculum, the Cenci, the Roman Barons, to make spoil of the patrimony of the Apostles. This brought the Teutonic kings from beyond the mountains. As many of the dynasties of the latter—Othos, Henries, Frederics, Saxons, Hohenstauffens, Swabians—as coveted the capital and states of the Popes, became anathema and withered! On the other hand, we behold how it fares with the line of Hapsburg—substituted by the

* Anast. Bib. in Vit. S. Leon IV.

Tenth Gregory in the pride of place from which the impious Swabian was hurled down—and which never wore the glorious title 'Apostolic' with greater lustre than in the person of Francis Joseph, at the present day.

"How account for a defence into which all nations and dynasties are pressed by turns, unless we recognize in it the work of Him who gave to CHRIST the 'nations for his inheritance;' Who holds in his hand the world of peoples and of princes; and Who, in the visions of His Prophets, foreshowed how this sovereignty, set up amidst the ruins of Pagan Empires, was never to pass to any other dynasty or nation? Ostrogoths, Greeks, Lombards, by turns defend the Patrimony which they had each endeavoured to usurp; by turns, they resist the rescinding of the decree establishing over Rome and Central Italy the divine right of the Popes. For the Franks, this championship is an heirloom of glory. To be false, or even indifferent, in this case would be to abjure the brightest pages in their history, and their right, by prescription, to rank first among Christian nations and form the vanguard of the army of the Cross. The feudal usurpers of the rights of St. Peter are punished by Teutonic kings. They, when they prevaricate and invade the same rights, are chased by the gallant Normans of Southern Italy. When a degenerate few conspire with the Swabian persecutors, as do the Mazzinis and Cavour with English statesmen of the Minto-Palmerston school at present, the true hearted Italians rallied with the Popes to resist the scheme to 'secularise,' and to the cry of 'San Pietro!' achieved such victories as throw into the shade those the Pagan Romans were proudest of.

"To come to our own times—the vicissitudes in which the Papacy has been tried, do they not not read like a chapter of the ancient Testament, wherein we are permitted to behold the action of Providence, unveiled and in all its divine magnificence?

... ..
 "As yet we are too much dazzled by its lustre, perhaps to be able to discern aright, the last, the grandest stroke which on a sudden, and after the double shipwreck of his fortunes, transports the heir of the Napoleon-dynasty, from a fortress-prison to the platform of the imperial throne!

"In the person of his successor, St. Peter is again 'in chains;' his patrimony is usurped, his city is become the stronghold of the wicked, his tomb and sanctuary are profaned! The hour for the great *amende*, for a reparation worthy to be ranked with that made by Constantine, has come! Penance has long since expiated the hero's fault, and the great and good work which it had spoiled (that of the restoration of Religion in France) revives with all its merit, in the sight of that Being who 'bestoweth and taketh away realms,' rewarding an hundred fold, as in the case of the ancient Romans,

even the least perfect good work.* The rights of St. Peter are vindicated with a devoted heroism worthy the hosts of Charlemagne: the hand of Pius IX. is lifted to bless his 'deliverer;' and then, *but not till then*, Napoleon III. ascends the throne!

"To deny the immediate agency of heaven in this series of wonders—connecting Napoleon III. with Charlemagne and Constantine—what else is it but to deny that there exists a Providence at all?"†

It will be seen from the above extracts that, so far, Dr. Miley, in explaining the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff, has taken ground entirely different from that ordinarily selected by its apologists and historians. Independently of the historical explanation assigned by Orsi, and admirably developed by M. Gosselin in his excellent treatise, Dr. Miley endeavours to discover its germ in the primitive constitution of the Church, or at least in the providentially arranged circumstances even of its very earliest history. As the basis of an argument of the fitness and congruity of such a power in the Head of Christ's Church, we fully sympathize with this endeavour, and recognize the zeal and industry with which evidence is brought from all sides to bear upon its illustration; but it would be wrong to regard it as a conclusive proof, or even to rely upon any inference from it as certain or decisive. To suppose that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is in any way an essential part of the idea of his Headship of the Church, would, of course, be at variance with the facts of history; and although the argument drawn from the history of the Church in the days of persecution, and from the relations which she bore to the State under Constantine and his successors, is so far valuable as exhibiting the order of events by which the world was prepared, for what was destined after the disruption of the empire, to be the great central and conservative power for the maintenance of civilization and even of society itself, it must not be extended beyond this, which is its just and legitimate application.

In the succeeding volumes the purely historical argument will come more directly under consideration—an argument from which even Napoleon himself could not

* Vide St. Augustin, *De Civ. Dei*.

† *Ibid.* Second Epoch, ch. x. pp. 227-230, 233.

honestly escape. Nor do we fear that with all the jubilation of English Statesmen and English scribes, the history of our times is destined to witness any departure from that long and unbroken series of events by which, in the midst of internal revolution and domestic anarchy, God's providence has ever maintained the paternal rule of the chief Pastor of His Church. Perchance it may come to pass that English Statesmen, even in our day, shall find enough to occupy them in their own domestic Church affairs. The throne and chair of St. Peter will remain; but the doom of Anglicanism is pronounced; it stands self-condemned in its "Gorham Controversy" on baptism, in its "Denison Decree" against the Eucharist, and in the scandalously demoralised condition of its population. Let its adherents—its clergy and its bishops, look to themselves. This age has been pregnant with great events, and even now, they know not the day nor the hour when another Boniface may, to the joy and consolation of prince and people, be sent from Rome, and bringing with him a commission from the representative of the chief of the Apostles, may be urged on to the great work of a real, searching, thorough and sweeping Reformation, in the words of the Pontiff Gregory III.—

*"Nec enim habebis licentiam frater pro incepti laboris utilitate in uno morari loco, sed confirmatis cordibus fratrum et omnium Fidelium, qui rarecant in illis Hesperia partibus, ut tibi Dominus aperuerit viam salutis, prædicare non desistas, et ubi locum inveneris, secundum canonicam traditionem eos tenere edoce: ex hoc enim magnum mercedis præmium tibi preparabis; quoniam omnipotenti Deo nostro facies plebem perfectam."**

* Baronius a. 739. sec. 4. Vol. ix. p. 139.

ART. IV.—*Dr. Lingard's History of England*. Sixth edition, vols. vii.-viii. London: Dolman.

WE have shown that the Reformation was the consummation of royal tyranny. We will now show that the Rebellion was its result and its retribution, and resulted in a tyranny not less odious even than that of royalty. It was not merely the result of a re-action from the tyranny of royalty, it was the substitution of another system of tyranny. Its earlier triumph was the tyranny of an aristocracy. Its later development was the more vulgar form of the tyranny of plebeian bigotry. It was in either case merely a change of tyranny. It is not less a fallacy to regard the Rebellion as the victory of liberty, than to regard the Reformation as its rise. On the contrary, the Reformation was rather the triumph of tyranny in one form, and the Rebellion its triumph in another, as the Revolution was its triumph in yet another. In each of the two later eras we had simply a shifting of the seat of power, a change in the kind of tyranny.

Mr. Carlyle, in his hero-worship, admits that Protestantism, which he calls a revolt against spiritual sovereignty (a strange instance of confusion of ideas, since it was rather the submission to spiritual sovereignty,—the spiritual authority of a royal tyrant,) was in the form of puritanism, a revolt against earthly sovereignty. This he terms the second act, while he terms the French revolution the third. We think this is the truth, but then, as usual with Protestant writers, it is only part of the truth. The rest of it in this instance is, that puritanism was the most hateful form of tyranny that had ever been endured in a Christian country. We propose to illustrate the one part of the view, and to demonstrate the other.

Nor is the interest of the question purely historical, nor relating merely to the past. It has a present and a painful interest. For what was the Rebellion but the triumph of an anti-Catholic faction? and what is the most lamentable feature of the present aspect of domestic affairs but the revival of this faction, and the resuscitation of all its long latent bigotry? We have within the last few years actually had a clamour for a retrograde policy as regards

religion,—nay, even a cry, or yell of frantic bigotry has occasionally been heard for a repeal of emancipation, and a recurrence to the hateful system of persecution and exclusion, which cursed this country at the era of the Rebellion. At such a crisis, what more interesting and instructive than to see how England and Ireland fared under the domination of that vile anti-Catholic faction, whose savage fanaticism found its triumph in the subversion of our liberties under the most odious thralldom?

The subject has all the more interest on account of the endeavours always made to associate the ascendancy of this faction with liberty, and especially liberty of conscience! Let us see the results of an anti-Catholic policy, pursued to its full extent, as shown in the fearful tragedy of the Rebellion, and all its odious and oppressive tyranny. The *Quarterly* has pronounced for an anti-papal policy. Let us look at its ultimate results at a period when the no-papery fanaticism had fully satiated its savage spirit. Let us trace the origin of the revolutionary spirit, and the elements out of which it arose.

No doubt it was, as regards the body of the people, a reaction from the tyranny of royalty as established by the Royal Supremacy. This reached its climax of absurdity in the person of James I., as it had attained its highest pitch of sanguinary atrocity under Henry and Elizabeth. Under the Tudors this tyranny of the soul was horrible; under James it was, at least as regards the Protestant part of the community, rather ludicrous. It is true that even in the reign of James sectarians were burnt, but this system soon provoked murmurs, which prevented its continuance, and as regards Protestants the tyranny soon dwindled down from atrocity to absurdity. It is true that, with the inconsistency of bigotry, the sectarians could not see the atrocity of a system of persecution directed against the Catholics, which they revolted at when put in force against themselves. The Puritans had an objection to be burnt themselves, and had not faith enough for the fiery trial; but they very vehemently desired to burn the Papists, and all along were persevering in their clamours for burnings. But, as regards themselves, they saw in its full force the absurdity, the blasphemy of the claim to the Royal Supremacy, and there wanted nothing to enhance its absurdity. Coke, in his *Essay on the Ecclesiastical Power of the Crown*, raised

it to a pitch of extravagance, as monstrous as his own degrading servility. And the Hampton Court controversy with the Puritans brought out the farcical aspect of the Royal Supremacy, and the disgraceful servility which was alike its root and its result, in the most ludicrous manner. "The Bishops," said the king, "spake by the power of inspiration (!)" "I wist not what they mean," says a quaint writer, "and the spirit was rather foul-mouthed." Not that James wanted shrewdness; he could plainly see the connexion between royalty and episcopacy, and he certainly "spake with the spirit of prophecy," when he said that puritanism would lead to a revolution. "Then Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council, and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up and say, It must be this. Then Dick shall reply, Nay, but we will have it thus." A prediction thoroughly verified when the puritans had gained the sway, and "Praise-God-Barebones," and his fellow tinkers and cobblers thrust the yoke of their vulgar tyranny upon the country. But it must have roused Englishmen to the keenest sense of contempt, when obsequious Anglican prelates declared that "his majesty spoke by the special assistance of God's Spirit," and "that their hearts melted within them, to hear a king, the like of whom had not been seen since the time of Christ." Those who desire to see a more striking specimen of the degrading servility and shocking blasphemy, of which the Anglican prelates were guilty, in their adulation of royalty, may see one in the preface to the "authorized version of the Scriptures."

That all this produced its natural result in the popular mind, and tended to render royalty ridiculous and odious, can scarcely be doubted. Look, for example, at the early history of the younger Vane: "He was always," says his friend, Sikes, "against the exercise of coercive magisterial power in religion and worship. How grossly absurd must it appear, even to the common reason of mankind, that such as take upon them to be rulers, should give the rule to others' consciences in point of religion, when they many times have no religion at all in themselves, nor any other conscience but a dead or seared one, hardened in the most brutish vileness that the basest of men can be guilty of. But if the ruler do plausibly pretend to something of religion, what a changeable thing will religion be

at this rate! as fickle as the magistrate's judgment, at least as his person; for the next ruler may be of another persuasion, as this nation hath experienced off and on between popery and the Protestant profession, in Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the two queens, Mary and Elizabeth. Such were the sentiments no doubt of many more vulgar minds than Vane's, and it does not at all militate against the argument that this reaction from the ridiculous tyranny of the royal supremacy was one main cause of the popular tendency towards the rebellion, that there was a manifest inconsistency in the puritans resenting the absurdity of the royal supremacy on the grounds of its introducing uncertainty as to religion, when they themselves made religious uncertainty a principle, by making religious variety a necessity; and they showed a worse inconsistency when they were in power, by establishing a still more stringent religious tyranny themselves. Inconsistency is not always an evidence of insincerity, but in this instance it is no part of our case to deny, but rather to contend, that puritanism was characterized by glaring hypocrisy.

As regards the mass of the people, however, they were deceived before they became deceivers, and their fanaticism arose rather from ignorance than insincerity. It was not among *them* that the rebellion found its origin; it was not *they* who originally or ever *voluntarily* adopted the heresy of the reformers. On the contrary we have seen that not only under Henry but all through the earlier part of the long reign of Elizabeth they were disaffected to the change of religion, and required coercion into submission. Towards the end of her reign, indeed, the infection of that puritanism which she and her predecessors hardly tolerated, and alike detested and despised, had been diffused through the great body of the nation, favoured chiefly by the ineffable absurdity of the royal supremacy; and at the same time inspired towards Catholicism with a bitter hatred, the result of prejudice caused by calumny working on ignorance. But as the affection to the Catholic religion did not cease among the ranks of the people, so neither did the spirit of rebellion originate among them. The reformation and the rebellion were equally the evil work of the aristocracy. An appetite for Church lands was the chief cause of their achievement of the religious revolution, a fear of losing them the main motive of their adoption of the civil revolution which succeeded.

But the English aristocracy had learnt something far worse during a century of Protestantism, than an appetite for spoliation; they had become habituated to insidious devices and treacherous intrigues. For half a century, under the fell domination of Elizabeth, there had existed a hideous and revolting system of espionage and trickery by which men were involved in the meshes of pretended conspiracies and concocted plots; that they might be made more easily the victims of royal vengeance. We need not do more than mention the names of Northumberland and Norfolk; need we recall the name of Mary? The very mention of the name brings back upon the mind with painful force the dark and diabolical plots, by which Puritanism in England, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, sought to sacrifice the fair queen, who had drawn upon herself the deadly hatred of all who hated the Catholic Church. But for this anti-Catholic fanaticism Elizabeth never could have dared so to satiate her malice as she did; it was to this that she again and again appealed with fatal success. She kept the English people in a continual fever of alarm by rumours of Popish conspiracies for her assassination; and she was in close alliance with the miscreant Murray, and that band of bold bad men, who were playing, in league with her, the same foul part in Scotland. Who needs now to be reminded of the casket of forged letters, by which that vilest of all miscreants—he—the “good Lord Murray,” whom Calvinism honours as the patron of its apostle—furnished the pretext for taking the life of his sister and his sovereign, and then basely sold her to her murderer? Or who need be told again the tale, which Tytler told so powerfully, of the dark schemes of assassination in which the Presbyterian noblemen engaged, in union with Knox, and those other preaching wretches, who planted the new religion, and who, to ruin the reputation of their lovely Catholic queen, first made her young husband jealous of her, then incited him to join in a savage murder in her very presence,—next had him blown up into the air, with crafty and deadly machination, in order to cast the guilt of his death upon her; then surrendered her person to the embraces of a brutal ruffian,—and lastly, now that she was despoiled, dishonoured, and deserted, and deprived of the sympathy of her people, drove her into the power of the

malignant woman, who had all along been the secret mover of these dark designs?

Her successor, James, had profited by his experience, and followed the example of his predecessor. He soon showed his taste for anti-Popery plots. He was poor, and he was rapacious; and although arbitrary in disposition, was too cowardly to plunder his Protestant subjects, at least as much as he would fain have done. So he thought to make the *Catholics* a prey. And he did so by means of the Gunpowder Plot, which was obviously an imitation of the Presbyterian Gunpowder Plot, by which poor Mary had been ruined with such truly fiend-like artifice. To the day of his death the mean-spirited tyrant was wont to call it "Cecil's plot;" and whether or not one or two desperate wretches had been got to join in a powder plot, this is plain enough, that the whole affair was the contrivance of the government. And we call attention to this, not only because it has never yet been put in its true aspect, but because it bears so strongly on the moral of our history, when compared with what had followed, and with what succeeded it. It is a remarkable thing, that tendency to dark and diabolical plotting, which resulted from the establishment of Protestantism. Begun by the sanguinary policy of royal tyranny, it became at last implanted in the nature of the aristocracy, who had at first suffered under it, and learnt at last the foul arts by which they had been enslaved, and practised them on others. And by degrees it became a kind of habit of mind in the nation at large, which has never been entirely uprooted. A passion for plots seemed at length to take possession of the English national mind. The reason is plain; the history of Protestantism is a history of plots. The old religion was rooted up only by a century of infernal plotting and unscrupulous villainy. There was plotting under Elizabeth—plotting under James—plotting all through the Rebellion—plotting at the Restoration—plotting at the Revolution. There is a wonderful consistency in spirit and in purpose, all through the successive developements and results of Protestantism. Dark chimeras of crime are conjured up to throw a shade of horror on the vision of Catholicism, and distort it, and deform it to the popular mind, and thus keep up and preserve what Dr. Newman has called the Protestant traditions. Hence the policy of Protestantism from the outset has been a policy of calumny, and

its course that of the father of lies, "who was a murderer from the beginning." This was made manifest in the plots devised under Elizabeth by the wily Burleigh, and it is the true organ of the pretended powder plot which the crafty spirit of Cecil contrived for the sordid purposes of the Scottish tyrant; whose mind from his infancy was imbued with an evil inclination for intrigue, and whose mean nature ravened after spoil.

We do not believe in the Powder Plot in any other view than as a plot of the government; and we repeat, this has never to our satisfaction been put in its true light, at least in any Catholic work. Yet the elements for such a view of it are to be found in the candid and acute essay of Jardine. It is plain *he* did not believe in it. But it is a Protestant tradition, and must be kept up. Let us impress one great fact upon our readers. *We have no account of the Plot except that which James and his minions chose to furnish.* Mr. Jardine says: "The Relation printed and carefully circulated by authority soon after the trial occurred, *is imperfect and garbled.* Even the speeches are not reports of what was *actually said.* There are anachronisms observable, which obviously point to a date for their composition *later than that of the trial.* In fact, this Relation, like the other tracts printed with it," (the king's speech, and the discourse of the manner of discovering the plot,) "was published, not for the purpose of conveying accurate information, but of *suppressing and colouring the truth, and circulating such a version of the story as suited the objects of the government.*" What those objects were is plain from the use to which the conspiracy was actually turned by Cecil—the extortion of money from the Catholics.

"The most laborious examinations were principally directed," (says Jardine,) "to ascertain the extent to which the *Catholic nobility* and the Jesuit priests were concerned in the conspiracy. With respect to the former no positive evidence was obtained, and no threats, promises, or *torture*, could draw from the principal conspirators the slightest inculcation of the Jesuits. At last Catesby's servant yielded to the *means* which had been employed on the other conspirators without effect," (which included *torture*.) "and revealed certain facts, which were *supposed* to be sufficient to involve Garnet and Greenway as accomplices." What Jardine thought of this is pretty clear from what he adds,

"Whether believed or not by the government, the statement appears to have answered the object they had in view." That the government did not believe in the plot, so far as any persons of repute, and especially the priests, were concerned, is clear from this, that the first procedure adopted was by *bill of attainder*, the effect of which was, (says Jardine,) "to declare the lives of several persons to be forfeited, who had been arraigned or heard in their own defence: a proposition more unjust and illegal had never been made to parliament since the odious bills of attainder in the reign of Henry VIII." Let our readers mark this, and remember that our object is to illustrate the results of the Reformation, and to show that it was the triumph of tyranny, and that the Rebellion was its retribution. The atrocious course first conceived was too scandalous, and seems to have been disapproved of in the Lords. The government then resorted to means more secret but more horrible. Men were tortured in prison (until their agonies drove them, in some cases, to suicide,) in order to force them to confess crimes of which they were not guilty, and afford proofs of the pretended "plot." Had it really existed, there could have been no need of such horrid expedients to procure proofs, for there were full a hundred persons in custody, many of whom had been actually taken in arms. But the truth is, they had been driven to desperation by suspicions of treachery. They were rather the victims of a plot than its contrivers. The treachery of Tresham is palpable, and his death in the Tower only one of the dark deeds which that place witnessed under the tyranny of Protestantism. It was either a murder or a suicide, and if the latter, caused by torture or remorse. Jardine freely admits that Owen may be said to have died under torture, or to have sought refuge in self-murder, in order to escape its agonies. He also admits that Oldcorne's "confession" was "probably given under torture." Who can doubt it? Who can seriously doubt that *all* the prisoners were tortured? Who can believe that any pretended "confessions" were genuine? For ourselves, we do not believe in any one of them, not even that of Fawkes. Jardine remarks the suspicious circumstance that the first of his pretended examinations, giving a full account of the "plot," *does not appear to have been signed by Fawkes*, though endorsed by Coke. Was it a forgery, or, if genuine, was it extorted by agonies of torture, so fearful as to deprive the wretched man of the

power of writing his name? There are inconsistencies in the government story which even Jardine has not observed. That examination is dated the 8th November, and gives a full account of the plot, yet on the 9th, Wood, the Governor, writes to Cecil, "I have prevailed so much at the length with my prisoner, plying him with the *best persuasions*," (persuasions! the horrible persuasions of the rack!) "I could use, as that he has promised me to discover to your lordship all the secrets of his heart, only not to be set down in writing." Why, if the examination of the 8th November is genuine, he had *already confessed everything*. But it was not genuine. It was a fabrication. Jardine points out gross instances of garbling of the papers by Coke. And it is really impossible to say that there is any valid proof that there was any powder plot at all, except as concocted by Cecil. For all we can be certain of is, that Fawkes was found in a cellar under the parliament house, with a great many barrels of gunpowder, and a bundle of faggots; for the rest,—who put them there—who got him there—or what was the real origin of the affair—we know nothing except the tale the Government told: and what with the treachery of Tresham, the trickery of Cecil, the torturings, the forgings, and the garblings, of which the government were guilty, no one can discover credible evidence of anything except this, which is plain and palpable enough; that the King and Cecil wished to make out a plot against the Catholic gentry and the Catholic clergy, as a pretext for persecution and spoliation.

Such were the auspices under which the men were born and bred, who played their parts in the grim tragedy of the Rebellion. Brought up in a dark atmosphere of pretended plots and anti-Catholic conspiracies, their minds were inured to trickery and intrigue, and they were ready to practise for their selfish purposes the vile arts, of which they had acquired such long experience, and with which they had now become so fatally familiar. The aristocracy of England were fully imbued with the spirit of plotting, and the system of exciting popular fanaticism, by pretended plots of the Papists, which had been devised by royal tyranny, was now to be pursued by an artful oligarchy, who by this means prostrated the monarchy, and inflicted upon the son of James a dreadful retribution for all the innocent blood which had been shed during the reigns of the tyrants who established Protestantism. The nobles turned against

the monarchy its own evil weapons, and as they had been the eager agents of the Reformation, they were now become the instigators of the Rebellion. And they effected the one revolution as they had effected the other, mainly by means of working on an anti-Catholic fanaticism, by practising the lesson which royal tyranny had taught.

We have seen the crime, now let us look at the retribution. Nothing is more certain than that the Rebellion, in its origin, was the conspiracy of the aristocracy, and that the chief weapons were appeals to anti-Catholic bigotry.

Every one must remember how the gloomy puritans were perpetually pressing the king to put in force the penal laws: and how artfully they endeavoured to produce the impression that their sovereign was friendly to Catholicism. Here again we are reminded by a recent indecent ebullition of bigotry, that though writing of the past we are also writing of the present; for, not long since, the son of Mr. Perceval wrote in the public papers, that if our gracious sovereign were to embrace Popery, she would lose her throne. The spirit of bigotry is still the same. It was by pandering to this spirit in the people that "the proud stern puritanical aristocracy destroyed the monarchy. And under the auspices of the aristocracy the same fanatic spirit is being at this very time appealed to, by the "Protestant Alliance," as the basis of a new conservative party!

Nothing can be clearer than that the original promoters of the rebellion were among the ranks of the aristocracy. Who was Pym but a profligate aristocrat, whose treasonable intrigues were facilitated by means of his amours with noble ladies? Who was Elliot, the ancestor of the earls of St. German? (their very title derived from a confiscated abbey, suggesting at once the origin of the family, and a reason for their inclination to the rebellion,)—who was Elliot, we ask, but an aristocrat? Who was Rich, the ancestor of the house of Holland? Who were Essex and Waller, and Vane, but aristocrats? as were Bedford and Pembroke, the descendants of the Russells and Herberts, who had been the ready minions of the tyranny of Henry, and, having greedily shared the spoils of his rapacity, had hereditary reasons for hating "Papacy" and promoting that cry against it which proved the most potent instrument of the rebellion. The very families who had most profited by the spoils of the reformation were the earliest

agents in the rebellion. It was the retribution upon the monarchy inflicted by the aristocracy. When they had inflicted it, they had in their turn to endure it. They who had subverted the throne were supplanted themselves, and a viler and more vulgar herd set their heels upon the necks of the English nobles, who having first plundered the Church had then destroyed the Crown.

In the earlier stages of the movement towards rebellion, every one is aware how heartily the House of Lords co-operated. The judicial murder of Strafford (the first of a long series of such legislative assassinations which ended with the sacrifice of Lord Stafford to the same savage sport of puritanism, restored to temporary vigour by the horrid frenzy of the "Plot,") could not have been effected without their assent. And so of Laud. These were the first victims in the dread tragedy of the rebellion; the taste of whose blood stimulated the tiger-thirst for blood, which once aroused could scarcely be appeased. They were victims, be it observed, not of popular, but of aristocratic, vengeance. It was a conspiracy of aristocratic rivals, who had set their hearts upon having the head of Strafford. They roused the people to clamour for it, but they formed the conspiracy in aid of which they stimulated the cry. It was the vengeance of Pym, not of the people, which was slaked in Strafford's blood. And this was the first stage in the history of the rebellion. So of the second. They were no vulgar traitors who actually commenced it by the overt act of shutting the gates of Hull against their sovereign. The Hothams belonged to the aristocracy as much as the haughty Lords and Commons, who stimulated them to this audacious act, and who afterwards punished their returning loyalty by their summary execution. Such were the sanguinary acts which inaugurated the rebellion, and they were the acts of the aristocracy.

There can be no doubt that they were the authors of the rebellion, and that they were its authors for their own ends and aims. That their motives were their own aggrandizement is abundantly plain. In the first place, the far-celebrated "Resolutions," passed by the commons in 1628, contained nothing that was not clearly intended for the benefit of the aristocracy, and to assist them in their impending struggle with the Crown, a struggle of which their earlier claims were but the pretext.

The first three relating to personal liberty, and the writ

of *habeas corpus*, which really concerned only the aristocracy and gentry, although nominally claimed for the whole community ; for at that period the parties disaffected towards the crown were only of the aristocratic class ; and that their apprehensions were rather for themselves than for others, is indicated by the language of the second article, which asserts that the writ of *habeas corpus* ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, "*though it be at the command of the king or of the privy council.*" The plain truth is, that it was only the aristocratic instigators of rebellion who were at all likely to be imprisoned by the command of the king or privy council, as Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Elliot, and others, were at that very time apprehending they would be. And it is obvious that the protection of the writ of *habeas corpus* could only be required to be enforced in such cases, for in all others the writ, lying as it did at common law, had never been disputed, added to which, in common cases after all, the writ was, could be, and is at this moment of no practical use except in the rare case of magistrates exceeding their jurisdiction, for in cases in which they act within their jurisdiction in committing any common person, provided they simply show that they have so acted, the cause of committal cannot be controverted, however monstrous may have been the injustice, even although, as it was put in a modern case, the magistrate has determined anything so absurd as that a man-of-war is a bum-boat ! Such is the slender protection given by the law of England to the personal liberty of the *common* people, even under this boasted writ of *habeas corpus* ; and those who are acquainted with the operation of our magisterial jurisdiction, are aware that it involves constantly the most heinous and odious oppression, which, save in rare cases of excess of jurisdiction, is wholly without redress. It was not, then, for *themselves* that the aristocratic instigators of rebellion were anxious when they claimed that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be granted to every man imprisoned, even at the command of the king or council. For well they knew that by the law of England regarding magisterial jurisdiction, the writ could afford no practical redress in the great bulk of common cases, never, where the charge was within the cognizance of a magistrate, as it would be in any *common* case. It would *not* be so in uncommon cases of committal for acts of incipient rebellion, which

might not amount to treason, but might be of so dangerous a tendency that the sovereign's only remedy might be in a power of summary arrest. Nor is there anything more "unconstitutional" in such a power in cases of peril to the government, than of danger to the public peace, nor any greater violation of liberty in issuing a warrant for the apprehension of a person on suspicion of treason than of any vulgar felony. It was not for the common people that these aristocrats struggled, but for themselves, and to win security and gain weapons for the prosecution of their dark designs.

So of the last article, as to tonnage and poundage, which none but the wealthy would be called upon to pay, and which was not complained of by the people, but disputed by a country gentleman of good property. In the "patriotism" of Hampden there was as much hypocrisy as in that of Sydney at a later period. What cared either of them for the people? The people were little, if at all, affected by the measures of the crown, which only touched the rich, and whether they were arbitrary or not, rather spared the masses. Hampden, the conscientious patriot, so zealous for liberty when his pocket was touched, cared not a straw for the sacred rights of conscience, or the principle of liberty, when cruelly outraged in the persons of the Catholics, just as modern liberals, true descendants of these political purists, have proved themselves ready to impose fetters upon others while prating of freedom for themselves. The fact was, that Hampden was engaged with Elliot and Pym in a conspiracy, along with others, aristocrats like themselves, to destroy the throne, and erect a tyranny worse than that of royalty, the tyranny of an oligarchy. And they thought they found in the case of ship money a good occasion for popular excitement. They improved it to the utmost, and *created* an excitement which but for them would never have existed.

Whether the crown was right or not is immaterial to our argument, which is, that the instigators of the rebellion were playing a deep game for their own purposes, and cared not a jot for popular rights.

In the Petition of Right they did their best to engraft into it popular claims, or complaints, but could scarcely find any. The first article, about forced loans, obviously only related to the wealthier classes. So of the second, as to persons committed by command of the king. With

respect to the other two articles—billetting soldiers in private houses, and punishment of soldiers by martial law—it may suffice to show the insincerity of these pretended patriots, that in both these respects the law always has remained the same, and it is so at this moment!

A far truer idea of the real motives and objects of these men may be gained by attending to one or two simple facts, bearing upon their continual clamour against Popery. They were men the fortunes of whose families had been made in most instances by grants of Church lands. And the crown had shown a disposition to resume these grants. In Scotland this had been begun by James, and even by his predecessors, and continued by Charles; and there are some traces of similar measures in England, combined with certain steps for the recovery of divers royal demesnes, restoration of the bounds of forests, &c. All these were matters concerning only the wealthy, and amply account for the activity of the aristocracy in instigating rebellion, and the comparative quiescence of the mass of the people until its later stages, when they had been long practised upon by the arts of the leaders in the movement. Moreover, it may serve to elucidate the real motives of these traitors, to observe that they were eager to impoverish and ruin the Papists, by enforcing the fines for "recusancy," because the result of their ruin was, that the wealthier neighbours easily seized their lands, or got possession of them at very low rates. Dr. Lingard mentions Rushworth himself as an instance of this. Not only, then, had the aristocracy hereditary reasons for dreading the restoration of the Catholic religion, but very powerful motives for pressing the prosecution of the Catholics. A third object was attained by this course, that it afforded a means of practising on the credulity and arousing the bigotry of the body of the people. And at the same time it presented a ready pretext for their own insidious advances upon the sovereign power. That this was their secret object from the first is plain from this, that the Earl of Bedford wished to barter the blood of Strafford for the power of appointment to all the chief offices of state. What a striking instance of retribution is it to find the descendant of the ruffian Russell, who was Henry's ready agent in butchering abbots, that their lands might become the royal prey, now bargaining with his sovereign about the blood of his favourite minister!

Nor is it less instructive to remark that the power of exercising this insolent tyranny on the sovereign had been gained by practising upon the popular passions by prejudices against the Catholic religion, and that it was a set of No-Popery conspirators who were already sharpening the axe for the slaughter of their sovereign!

That it was a no-Popery conspiracy, and of the aristocracy, there are many proofs. Not the least striking is this fact stated by Whitelock. One Saltmarshe, a puritan minister, so lately as 1643, published a pamphlet in which he urged among other things, "that all means should be used to keep the king and his people from a union; that the war ought to be cherished under the notion of popery, as the surest means to engage the people; and that if the king would not grant their demands, then to root him out and the royal line, and to collate the crown upon somebody else." Precisely what was done at the *second* Revolution, the continuation of consummation of the Rebellion, and equally the result of the conspiracy of a no-Popery faction, and the "conspiracy of an oligarchy."

That the object of the conspiracy from the first was, the subversion of the monarchy, and the establishment of an oligarchical tyranny, is manifest from many facts and traits recorded of the conspirators. The principal of them were Pym, Vane, and Marten; and of the latter, Clarendon tells us, that he very early in the history of these events avowed himself adverse to kingly government, and declared that "*one* man was not wise enough to rule."

That these men were not for a republic, in any democratical sense, but for an oligarchy, is apparent from the simple fact that the Government they desired to, and at first *did*, establish, was substantially that which was afterwards in reality established at the Revolution by an oligarchy; the administration of affairs by a council of the leading men among themselves. They themselves were mostly of the aristocratic class. Their aversion to the house of Lords was not the result of any hostility to an *aristocracy*, but only to a chamber of the legislature which tended to clog their own action. Some of the most prominent of the leaders of the rebellion were themselves Peers, and it is impossible to consider as other than aristocrats, men such as Vane, who lived in the lordly hall of Raby.

Not less certain is it that the conspirators were profligate and unprincipled men, than that they were haters of Popery, and that they belonged to the aristocracy. Mr. D'Israeli has displayed the profligacy of Pym ; and as to Marten, he was quite of a congenial character so far as libertinism was concerned. Aubrey describes him as "a great lover of pretty girls;" he was separated from his wife, as Milton was; and later in his history, even after the commencement of the melancholy tragedy in which he played so mischievous a part, we find his embarrassments attributed to his profligacy. These men, too, were as rapacious as they were profligate; and Marten came into collision with the Lords because they were not so forward in passing ordinances for seizing the estates of delinquents, as the commons, or rather the leaders of the rebellion, desired; for what reason it is hardly necessary to say, the estates of recusants or delinquents were equally likely to be appropriated on very easy terms (as the instance already referred to of Rushworth illustrates), by the conspirators, or their satellites.

Never, surely, was there a conspiracy in the name of liberty, organized by a band of men for baser ends, or by vile means. The two leading conspirators, Pym and Vane, were equally execrable, for their malignancy, if not for personal profligacy; and their enmity to Strafford led them both to descend to the lowest depth of perfidy and meanness, in order to satiate their vengeance on their victim.

In all history there is no more detestable deed recorded than that by which these conspirators plotted away the life of Strafford; and it is only in the acts of the no-popery faction that we can find any parallel for conduct, the black baseness of which, looked at in any light, or any point of view, is not to be palliated.

The impeachment of Strafford had been concocted by the conspirators with the utmost care; and it was about to fail. The case so carefully concocted and so ably conducted broke down. At the latest hour, Pym, (who had sworn to have Strafford's head), came forward with the story, vouched by Vane, that some months before the meeting of the parliament, Vane had told him that he had, on perusal of his father's papers (the elder Vane being Secretary of State) accidentally met with a paper containing the result of the cabinet council on the dissolution of the

last parliament; and showed him a little paper in his father's hand-writing, containing notes of what had been said; and among other things this: that Strafford had recommended the king to bring over an Irish army to coerce his English subjects. Nothing could have been conceived more calculated to inflame to the utmost the passions of the commons and of the people. Well had the crafty conspirators forged their bolt, and with deadly aim they directed it. The house was instantly in a flame. Vane rose and confirmed Pym's statement, and his account (according to Clarendon) was, that his father had sent him to his cabinet for a deed, and that he from curiosity had looked at other secret papers, and had thus discovered the memorandum in question, and had shown it to Pym, and given him a copy, replacing the original in the cabinet. We need scarcely state the sequel. That little piece of paper murdered Strafford. And looking at Vane's own account of the matter it is abundantly clear that, supposing it to have been *genuine*, he was guilty of the greatest baseness to his father and to his sovereign (to say nothing of Strafford), in purloining secret papers from the cabinet of one minister of state, and using it for the purpose of slaughtering another. That paper, assuming it to have been genuine, was the record of what had passed at a cabinet council, in the secrecy of which his father's honour and his own were surely equally concerned. What would be thought of Lord Stanley stealing from the desk of the Earl of Derby a secret paper, the minute of a cabinet council assembled when his father was in office, and sending it to a newspaper, or reading it in a speech, in order to blast the character of one of his father's colleagues! Yet that would be nothing compared to what Vane committed, even assuming the paper to have been genuine, for he used it for the purpose of an extra-judicial, arbitrary, and ruthless legislative *murder*.

But the paper was *not* genuine. It was *forged* by Pym and Vane. That it must have been so will appear in a moment. Their own account was that it had been discovered months before the meeting of parliament, long before the impeachment. The articles had been prepared with great care and the most cruel craft, but not a word had been said of the charge of bringing over the Irish. Pym pretended that the reason was a reluctance to compromise the character of Vane's father. But the elder

Vane sat by during the disclosure, and, according to Clarendon, "the scene was well acted between the father and son," the father affecting to be extremely wroth with the son for his breach of confidence. Of course on the supposition that the paper was forged, the father must have been privy to the forgery. And what reason can be assigned for his having in good faith made and kept such a mischievous minute, once more assuming it to have been genuine? Why should it have been preserved? What useful purpose could it have answered? The alleged recommendation had not been carried out. It must have been, if it had ever been made, a mere suggestion in the course of discussion. It cannot be supposed to have been made at the council board, in the presence of Strafford. Why should it have been made afterwards? When was it made afterwards? Even assuming it to have been made by the elder Vane before it was found by his son, it could have been made for no imaginable purpose unless a malignant and a mischievous one. The minute was *used* for a malignant and a mischievous purpose. It was placed in the cabinet by the younger Vane. Its production was under suspicious circumstances. There were evidences of collusion between father and son. There was no rational explanation for the honest and innocent existence of the paper at all; still less of its pretended discovery; less still of its long delayed production. One thing is clear, that it answered a deadly end; it enabled Pym and Vane to satiate their long-rankling enmity on Strafford. And our own belief is, that it was their fabrication in concert with the elder Vane. What an infamy, in *any* view of the matter, clings to this incident in the conspiracy of the oligarchy! Well might Clarendon speak of the "foul acts they" (the conspirators) "could give themselves leave to use to compass anything they proposed to do; as, in truth, their method was first to consider what was necessary to be done for some public end, and what might reasonably be wished for that public end, and then to make no scruple of doing anything which might probably bring the other to pass, let it be of what nature it would, and never so much concern the honour or interest of any person who they thought did not or would not favour their design." Well might Dr. Lingard add, "This assertion seems to be fully supported by the facts."

That the ends of the conspirators were simply power,

wealth, office, and influence for themselves, is plain from the eagerness with which they grasped at these attractions. We have already mentioned how the Earl of Bedford offered to barter the blood of Strafford for the control of all the great offices of state. Soon after the king was forced to confer the chief offices on the Earls of Hertford, Essex, and Leicester, and Lord Say and Sele. The Earl of Holland was already in command of the forces in the north. And ere long the leaders of the rebellion betrayed their real design, the virtual usurpation of sovereign power.

No sooner was the king deprived of the able assistance of Strafford, than they began to encroach on the royal prerogatives, and actually assumed, of their own authority, to make "ordinances." This was in itself a rebellion and a subversion of the constitution. The pretext under which it was done was that which the puritan preachers so strenuously upheld—a zeal against Popery. The Commons affected to believe that more than a hundred members were marked out for assassination! and then, amply verifying that fable of the wolf and the lamb, which has so often, alas! been illustrated by the persecuting character of Protestant puritanism; they denounced seventy Catholic noblemen and gentlemen as "dangerous," and deserving to be kept in close custody. The real reason for these being deemed "dangerous" was their known loyalty, which led the Catholic gentry everywhere to adhere to their sovereign, even although he had dealt with them hardly and treacherously. For of Catholic loyalty it may be truly said, that it is

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

And good reason had these vile conspirators to dread the loyalty of Catholic chivalry.

Having taken these precautionary measures to guard themselves against it, the conspirators now resolved to usurp the command of the army, and so render themselves absolute masters. They appointed a council of war, and passed an ordinance, authorizing the Earl of Leicester to raise men for the service in Ireland, i.e., for the persecution of the Catholics in that country. They had previously passed a resolution, in concert with the upper house,

"never to consent to the toleration of the Catholic worship in Ireland, or in any part of the king's dominions." Thus they artfully appealed to the bigotry of the No-Popery faction, and sought to make intolerance the basis of rebellion. They at the same time entered into treasonable intrigues with Scottish presbyterians, and sought to seduce the English army from their allegiance; and altogether the facts fully confirm the accusation which their sovereign made against them, that they were seeking to stimulate a war of religion as a cover for their rebellion; that they had conspired to alienate from him the affections of his people, to excite disobedience in the army, and subvert the due authority of parliament, extorting assent to their decrees by mobs and terror; and that they had invited the Scottish army into England, and actually levied war against their sovereign. All this was before the memorable attempt to seize the five "members," (who certainly were undoubted traitors,) and immediately afterwards the leaders of the conspiracy absolutely seized the Tower, and the two important garrison forces of Portsmouth and Hull. All this was before the lapse of a year after the murder of Strafford, and before any conduct on the part of the king at all excusing such overt acts of treason and rebellion. He was, in fact, forced from the metropolis by the combinations of the conspirators, and obliged to withdraw into the northern counties, and there the feeling of the people was so strongly in his favour that the gentry voluntarily formed him a body-guard. Most truly does Dr. Lingard say, that in the appeals now made by the king and parliament to the people, he had plainly the advantage, claiming nothing more than the admitted rights of a constitutional sovereign; while they, shrinking from the open avowal of their real objects, sought to justify themselves by maintaining that there existed a design to bring in Popery, that the sovereign was governed by a Popish council, and that the papists were about to rise in England as their brethren had done in Ireland—allegations calculated indeed to operate on the minds of the ignorant and unprejudiced, but which, from the frequency of repetition, without the semblance of truth, began to be looked upon by thinking men as false and chimerical. Secretary Nicholas writes thus to the king, (as Dr. Lingard cites,) "Ye alarme of popishe plots amuse and fright the people here more than anything, and therefore that is ye

drum that is so frequently beaten upon all occasions." We need not remind our readers of Butler's description of

"The pulpit, drum ecclesiastic!
Beat with fist, instead of a stick."

The puritan preachers, and the puritan pamphlets, were then as they were after the Restoration, in the days of Titus Oates, or again at the era of the Revolution, the main agencies employed by the no-papery faction to affright and inflame the people into a co-operation with rebellion. The design of a "massacre" by the "papists" was the bugbear held up before the popular mind to excite horror and alarm. And all history attests the fatal truth that no passion is so ferocious as *fear*. By the constant *dread* of massacre the English people were habituated to the idea of massacre, and degraded to the lowest depths of cruel bigotry.

The pretext most successfully used by the conspirators for the promotion of their ends, was the insurrection in Ireland. We happen to have at hand a decisive confirmation (if any were needed) of the authority of Lingard on this head. In Taylor's Protestant "History of the Civil wars in Ireland," it is stated most truly,—“While they affected the most ardent zeal for the cause of the Irish Protestants, and sent them promises of assistance, they kept the supplies which they had collected, and the army which they had assembled, *to overawe their sovereign in England.*”

And for what reason? On what grounds? Simply that the leaders of the conspiracy might usurp the sovereignty. Already they had seized two of the chief forts; they now claimed to have *all* the forts placed in their hands. They had already organized a militia under their own control; they now demanded the army and navy. They voted a levy of 16,000 men in opposition to the king; gave Warwick the fleet and Essex the army. They were, in fact, at war with their sovereign, and, we repeat, for no other purpose than to usurp sovereign authority, which in truth they had already assumed. When the king, who had not yet taken any hostile steps, pressed for their demands, he with difficulty obtained any answer; and the "articles" they at length put forward contain not a solitary claim which could be of the least practical benefit to the country, while, on

the contrary, containing much that could conduce only to its oppression. They demanded that the great officers of state should be chosen with the approbation of parliament, (i.e., be given to their own faction, they having quite the control of parliament,) that the militia should be under their command, that the Church should be changed, (that is, more puritanized,) and that the Catholics should be persecuted. It was actually demanded that the children of Catholics should be brought up as Protestants. Such was puritan tyranny. Such was the malignity of that no-popery faction which originated the rebellion.

When Dr. Lingard says that these men, so eager in the pursuit of civil, were the fiercest enemies of religious freedom, we readily assent to the latter but utterly deny the former part of the observation. They were not engaged in the pursuit of freedom at all. They were intent on establishing, not liberty, but slavery. They aimed at destroying the monarchy and enslaving the nation. And they succeeded. They had commenced the combat with the Crown by protesting against forced loans; and now they themselves inflicted a forced loan upon the country, and levied contributions under terror of confiscation. The war was now begun into which they had wickedly dragged the country, and its first fruit was the hateful excise which to this day we retain—the most obnoxious species of impost, and a characteristic legacy of those pretended patriots who brought about the rebellion and the revolution. Pretending to have been scandalized by the loans of ship-money which affected only the wealthy, they now, by their own arbitrary authority, imposed the odious excise duties, which have ever since pressed heavily on industry and inflicts annoyance on the great body of the people. The hypocrisy of puritanical patriotism is palpable and revolting. They plunged the nation into civil war under cover of religious bigotry, in order that they might usurp and abuse the power of sovereignty and enslave their country under the tyranny of an oligarchy.

The first stage in the history of the rebellion closes with the life of Pym. He left Vane and Marten, the master minds, to rule; Cromwell was still only the minister of the will of the now triumphant oligarchy. The administration of affairs was practically in the hands of half-a-dozen leading men, of whom these two were the most influential. The second stage in the history of the tragedy

comprises the period from the death of Pym to the retirement of Vane, shortly before the murder of the king. This period comprises the disastrous civil war, into the horror of which the conspirators had wickedly plunged England for the sake of their own selfish ambition. The "self-denying ordinance" was the first great movement upwards of those viler and more vulgar elements of the rebellion, which were destined soon to displace the more generous spirits who had been gradually and reluctantly drawn into it. With cunning art this "ordinance" required the surrender, by members of parliament, of all military commands conferred by the authority of parliament. This removed Essex, Manchester, and Waller, but retained Cromwell, who was now appointed second in command under Fairfax. The craftier schemer was rising. And this was his first great movement. His next was the expulsion (no doubt at his secret instigation) of the Presbyterian majority of the Commons, who still clung to monarchy. Then came the slaughter of the sovereign, and then Cromwell's assumption of power in concert with Vane and Marten, and one or two others of less consequence. Then swiftly followed the last stage in the eventful history—Cromwell swallowing up his associates in the conspiracy and seizing the sole rule of England.

This was the consummation. The substitution of one tyrant for another, (even at the best), the only difference being that he was usurper as well as tyrant. This is assuming the king to have been a tyrant, which as regards the Protestant portion of his subjects we can scarcely admit. Most certainly when the conspirators began the rebellion, it was they, not he, who laboured to subvert the constitution and establish tyranny. And the sequel showed it to be so.

Dr. Lingard truly states that during all this period the government established in England was an oligarchy. "A few individuals," he says, "under the cover of a nominal parliament, ruled the kingdom with the power of the sword." At last this power centred in one person, and England was ruled by parliament embodied in Cromwell. When the usurper entered London in triumph the servile recorder told him in an address of congratulation, that he was destined "to bind kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron." He certainly bound the *nation* in these chains and fetters. Truly does Dr. Lingard say that the oligarchy, whose tyranny he had

absorbed, had exercised a power far more arbitrary than had ever been claimed by the king; they punished summarily on mere suspicion, and by their committees they established in every county a knot of petty tyrants who disposed at will of the liberty and property of the inhabitants. Lilburn was condemned to a fine of £7,000 and banished for life, merely for accusing Haslerig and other "commissioners" of imposture and iniquity. Nay, persons—even civilians—were put to death by sentence of court martial without any legal trial; and after the civil war had closed, merely on a vague charge of conspiring the destruction of the form of government established by law; as if there was any law at all in the tyranny of the parliament oligarchy, who thus dared to take men's lives for disputing their usurpation.

Of course Cromwell did not prove less tyrannical; Lilburn, who had returned from banishment, was arraigned and tried for his life, and was only rescued by a jury. And while republicans (whom he dared not murder) were imprisoned, royalists were hung without mercy. Risings took place all over the country, showing how hateful was his rule; and they were everywhere repressed by the sword and cruelly avenged by the hangman. Scotland and Ireland likewise were subdued by the sword; and we need not do more than remind our readers of the horrors of Drogheda and Dundee.

It was in Ireland, however, that the fell tyranny of puritanism was most horribly displayed. It had been distinctly stipulated by treaty that the Irish should have liberty of religion, and that no Irish recusant should be compelled to assist at any form of service contrary to his conscience. When the treaty, however (wrote Lingard), was presented for ratification, this concession shocked and scandalized the piety of the saints. The first part was instantly negatived, and the second was only carried, with a proviso, that it should not give any encouragement, allowance, countenance, or toleration, to the exercise of the Catholic worship. Cromwell formed the design not only of suppressing the Catholic religion, but of extirpating the Catholic population. Under pretence of an enquiry into the alleged "massacres" of Protestants, an arbitrary tribunal was appointed to proceed, in a manner the most summary, against any Catholic who had killed a Protestant out of battle for ten years past, and two hundred Catholic

gentlemen were put to death under this commission—no enquiry being made as to the murders of Catholics by Protestants. That only two hundred Catholics should have been put to death by this tribunal in an enquiry extending back more than ten years, is sufficient disproof of the monstrous stories of “massacres” which had so long served the puritans as bugbears to affright and inflame the people of England. We may be sure that such a tribunal was not very scrupulous, and, as Lingard says, its procedure was far too summary to allow of any sufficient enquiry, or to amount to any thing like a trial.

The common people were dealt with in a manner barbarous and brutal beyond all parallel in any Christian nation. The men were slaughtered or driven to find safety in exile, their wives and families were seized and sent as slaves to the West Indies! Sir W. Petty estimates, that not less than six thousand boys and women were thus sent, and Lingard says, they were sold for slaves. Another author cited by Lingard estimates the number by myriads, and this must be far nearer the truth, for besides the men slaughtered, forty or fifty thousand were forced into exile, and the families thus left in destitution were mostly disposed of in the inhuman manner described!

After the conquest of Jamaica the Protector, to people it, sent two thousand young Irish boys and girls! And Dr. Lingard cites a document, which was in his possession, to show that whole ship loads of them were exported to Barbadoes and the dangerous plantations. Henry Cromwell, in proposing to send a cargo, wrote thus to Thurlow: “Who knows but it may be a means to make them English—I mean *rather Christian?*” These inhuman men while displaying all the barbarity of the bigotry which brutalized their minds, were so blinded by pride as to fancy themselves saints, and their victims as heathens! Such is the ordinary character of puritanism.

The constitution of England, as settled on the fashion of puritanism, prosecuted not only “papists” but “prelatists;” and in Evelyn we read of a Protestant episcopal assembly dispersed by the civil power. In Scotland, presbyterianism was as much suppressed as “popery” in Ireland, or prelacy in England. The religious intolerance of puritanism was exhibited in all its inconsistency, and iniquity; denying to others the liberty of conscience they

claimed for themselves, and showing that their zeal for conscience was only a pretext for tyranny.

The rule of Cromwell was one of such odious oppression that it goaded men, not only into insurrection, but repeated attempts at assassination, which kept him in such a state of apprehension, that at last, from the very cruelty of fear, he became an assassin himself. Not only were extrajudicial murders committed by the High Court of Justice, but suspected persons were secretly assassinated in prison. More than one instance of this is mentioned by Lingard, and he cites a contemporary statement expressly significant, "that several persons were taken out of their beds and carried none knew whither." It was of common occurrence that freemen were arrested and imprisoned without cause. The reign of puritanism was tyranny, whether under the form of an oligarchy or of despotism. It was a tyranny infinitely more arbitrary and sanguinary than England had ever suffered before.

Nor was it, as it is usually supposed, compensated by successful administration of affairs abroad. It is a strangely mistaken impression that it was so. On the contrary, England never sustained such humiliation as she endured when the Dutch fleet triumphed in the channel, and if her honour was ultimately and hardily upheld, it was never decisively avenged; nor is any thing due to the Commonwealth for the vigour and bravery of Blake. The treaty with the Dutch, as Dr. Lingard shows, was nothing for the Protector to be proud of; nor was any thing gained from France, except the gratification of his personal ambition by her abandonment of the Stuart cause. The attempt on Hispaniola was a disgraceful failure, and no advantage was attained from the war with Spain, which was carried on in so piratical a spirit. It has always seemed to us one of the strongest instances of the deluding influence of prejudice that the rule of Cromwell, merely because he was an unscrupulous impersonation of the spirit of no popery fanaticism, should be always represented as so "liberal" and enlightened at home, and so able, so vigorous, and successful abroad. It is difficult to say which portion of the representation is most false. He was but a vulgar tyrant after all, and a very poor ruler. Had he been a *royal* tyrant, he would have been represented as equally incompetent, and sanguinary. His bigotry has atoned for all. He was a "good hater" of Popery, and that has

served to elevate, if not to canonize, him. He had not a spark of the spirit of charity to throw even an apparent charm over the dull and leaden yoke of his tyranny. He was but a successful schemer, and an unscrupulous ruler. He was made hateful and cruel through fear; he had men slain in prison, and walked about with pistols in his pocket, trembling at the idea of the vengeance his cruelty had provoked; wan and haggard with the haunting horrors which pursued him. If he believed the degrading cants he poured forth, what must we think of his intellect? If he did not, what of his hypocrisy? Such was the man whom Carlyle ranks among his *heroes*! and whom England has delighted to honour. Heaven help the nation which has such an ideal of heroism! The truth is, the secret of the sympathy between the modern English mind and the character of Cromwell is simply in its bigotry. He was an embodiment of the blind hatred of Rome, which is at this moment as bitter in this country as ever. The spirit of the Puritans survives among us still; and all that unscrupulous policy has been practised in our own times, by which, in the days of the rebellion, they stimulated the bigotry of the ignorant.

We have seen within the last few years a "Papal Bull" *forged* in order to excite the pious horror of Exeter Hall fanatics; and more recently still the credulity of English bigotry has been roused to the highest pitch of excitement by a stupid story about a Papist massacre in Ireland! Our readers may almost have forgotten the wicked fabrication which for a few weeks served the purpose of the "father of lies," the narrative of a railway "massacre," which turned out to be but a railway blunder after all! How thoroughly identical was the spirit of this foul invention of the No-Popery faction with the spirit shown by them at the time of the Rebellion, by continually harping upon rumours of Irish massacre! It has ever been their characteristic to act upon the maxim they so falsely impute to the Church, that the end sanctifies the means. There is even now before us the Report of the "Irish Church Missions Society," of which the shameless mendacity is absolutely astounding. It reveals a marvellous insensibility to shame, or a wonderful confidence in the ignorance and credulity of their readers, that such monstrous falsifications should be put forward by a Society which numbers amongst its members all the leading "evan-

gelical" noblemen and gentlemen of the three countries! That the Catholic prelates have just been induced to "make an apparent concession to the demands of the people, by authorizing the publication of the Scriptures in English," is one of the statements! And we learn from the same Report that the Society sells the Douay Bible, on the fly leaf of which appears the sanction of the Catholic Hierarchy, and even a quarter of a century ago, to the *improved* translation, and recommending its perusal by the faithful with right dispositions! The pious men who prepared the Report had this sanction before them (referring to the former translations, two or three hundred years old,) when they put forth the audacious falsehood we have quoted. What can be thought of *modern* puritan morality? It has not improved much since the evil era of their triumph at the Rebellion. But, what must be thought of the intellectual degradation of the puritans, as a body, when we find them swallowing such statements as these—(which we assure our readers are taken from the last Report,) that a priest applied to a magistrate for permission to have a procession of "the Virgin," who was to have been mounted on an ass, that had actually been consecrated for the purpose! Nay, this is nothing to what follows. "Strange as it may appear, we have it also on a host of evidence that we cannot doubt, that Mr. ——" (prudent blank!) "having announced his purpose of casting out the devil, in his chapel, there appeared, and passed rapidly across the chapel, a figure, *suitably got up, and breathing out fiery smoke.*" We find that the Society spends about £40,000 a year, derived from the "enlightened" Protestant people, who swallow these absurdities, and that most of their money is represented to be spent in sending out "readers," who furnish these statements, and circulating "tracts" which publish them. It is not surprising to hear that the emissaries of the Society have in various places been rudely treated, and "covered with filth." No physical filth could be foul enough fitly to distinguish the mercenary wretches who can fabricate and circulate such atrocious falsehoods,—creatures with only brains enough for blasphemy, and who, with ludicrous impiety, affect to pity the "benighted Irish Papists." What we are surprised at is, that noblemen and gentlemen of character, should, by their names, sanction such execrable inventions, and that

a people so sensible as the English and Scotch should credit them. But there is no blindness like that of bigotry, and no bigotry like that of the no-popery fanaticism. It seems to degrade the intellect—to deaden the feelings—to lower the whole moral nature. No parallel can be found to its modern manifestations, except in its exhibition at the era of the Rebellion. There is a perfect accordance between its spirit at the present time, and that which led the Puritan leaders at that period to speak of the Irish as not Christians. The no-popery faction is always and everywhere the same in its spirit and its temper, which are as alien to truth and charity, as to faith and morality. No atrocity is too shocking, no absurdity too glaring, when Catholics are to be affected or attacked. Any artifices are lawful which may lend an impulse to bigotry. All sense of shame is stifled under the cloak of a spurious piety. No stretch of mendacity is too gross to be covered by the cloak of hypocrisy. Such was the vile faction which brought about the Rebellion, and now would fain recur to Persecution.

ART. V.—*Poésies et Nouvelles* de MADAME D'ARBOUVILLE. (Se vend au profit de deux Œuvres de Charité.) Paris Libraire D'Amiot Editeur ; 8, Rue de la Paix. 1855.

"IN this world in which we live a few years, in which we are happy a few hours, if there are a few days in which we do not weep, it is when, after having uttered the first cry of a new sorrow in the midst of an indifferent crowd, we restrain our tears and groans, we hide our grief from every eye, we make of it a hidden idol in the sanctuary of our hearts." Such is the promising commencement of the most cheerful of Madame D'Arbouville's Tales, and such is the lively and happy tone of feeling which she maintains throughout her works. They are one monotonous but not unmusical lament over the vanity and mournfulness of life.

Madame D'Arbouville is the most sentimental of

authors. Of all writers who have selected the maudlin style of literature, she appears about the best. She has a fatal facility for the pathetic, an inexhaustible inventive faculty in calamities and miseries. Her works are, we think, the most utterly lugubrious productions we have chanced to encounter. Sterne's most sentimental passages are cheerful, and the "Man of Feeling" is jocular in comparison. The sorrows of Werther are merely pleasant excitements, compared with sorrows of the happiest of Madame D'Arbouville's protégés. In most other tales, novels, or dramas, however pathetic, the sun breaks through at times, the reader is relieved by occasional gleams of wit or joyfulness, or is at least deluded into some faint hope of a happy denouement. But Madame D'Arbouville's works are covered with one unbroken gloom. All her art is employed to deepen and darken their sombre tint, the landscape is barren, the day is cloudy, the season is a perpetual winter. The unrelenting calamities thicken and accumulate page by page. The grief she depicts is wholly depressing; its only effect, as described by her, is to render the organization still more delicate and sensitive to every breath of misfortune. There is little in her works of that grief which strengthens while it purifies; which, while it confers experience and sympathy, develops a manliness and endurance formerly latent. Her persons are lifeless, hopeless, unresisting. They feel nothing of that excitement of the battle of life which grows more intense as difficulties increase.

Life, such is the moral Madame D'Arbouville appears to teach, is at best to be borne, not enjoyed. To a person of sensibility, every day brings its burden of wounded feeling and irretrievable loss. The present is full of discomfort. The past furnishes matter only for unavailing remorse and regret. The contemplation of the future inspires not hope but anxiety, and a foretaste of inevitable calamity. Life is not so much a scene of trial as of suffering. You cannot disregard its miseries, unless indeed you become void of sensibility (in which case you are out of the pale of Madame D'Arbouville's sympathy altogether). Its sorrows are innumerable and its anxieties inevitable. It is impossible by resignation, or by any system of quiescence to cease to feel them. The sorrows of life must be accepted and borne, a certain joyless calm and quietism will succeed at length, and Chris-

tianity will confer some consolation, by pointing to a speedy release, and revealing a future repose.

Such is a fair unexaggerated account of the tone of feeling and sort of incident, which, as the reader will find, pervades Madame D'Arbouville's works. Weak, effeminate and morbid, as we are accustomed to consider such lamentations, and as they often undoubtedly are; altogether unnatural, and in some views contemptible, as is her account of life and of man, yet her works are by no means to be dismissed with a light contempt. If they deserved to be so, we should not, of course, have thought fit to bring them under the special notice of our readers. On the contrary they possess very high merit. They take rank with the very best of the sentimental school, and have in a very high degree the excellencies which are often found in conjunction with the faults we have mentioned; they abound in passages of very great poetical feeling and beauty, in descriptions which prove no slight understanding and observation of nature, in touches of exquisite, womanly sensibility, sometimes true to our deepest feelings,—genuine touches of nature, “which make the whole world kin,” but oftener it is true somewhat morbid and diseased,—yet, like feeble flowers, possessing a bloom all the more delicate and brilliant, because unhealthy and forced. Her pathetic power is of the most effective kind, but its influence on the reader is more remarkable than agreeable. Whichever of her tales he may select for first perusal, he will find in the highest degree affecting, and he may enjoy in reading it the luxury of a pleasing imaginative melancholy in full perfection; but the next tale and the next are merely monotonous repetitions of the same depressing dose; the most gloomy reflections are accumulated and reiterated; the most painful descriptions are elaborated with a certain unswerving determination, and with unfailing skill and power, till the unhappy reader, thoroughly bewildered at the discovery that he has been living all along in a world of such unmitigated misery, closes the book in a state of general despondency and complete collapse.

It will be evident to our readers, from the foregoing remarks, that Madame D'Arbouville's writings are in direct and remarkable opposition to, and protest from, our present prevailing tastes, their defects are such as we abhor, their merits such as we cannot appreciate. Had

they been written in English now, her admirers would have been few and exceptional, perhaps select, and yet it appears to us equally clear that had they been published in England some forty years ago, they would have caused no little sensation, and would have been hailed with general applause. But our taste in such matters has undergone a striking revolution. The sentimental school, properly so called, is nearly defunct with us, at least, with one or two important exceptions, only the dregs of it remain, only gross and absurd caricatures—which pander to the weakest tastes—of a style of literature which, although never unobjectionable, was yet by no means devoid of genius and nobleness. Our popular taste requires now for its literary food something at once more palpable and coarser. A “spasmodic poem,” breathing only gross passion and blasphemy, is received with avidity; but refinement of sentiment and exquisite sensibility we regard as tokens of weakness, and despise them accordingly, after our fashion of despising everything not our own. Our better novelists, on the other hand, prefer to describe a lively and active life, or, if they paint misfortunes and difficulties and miseries, they are chiefly those of poverty, or disease, or disappointed ambition, or of some other of those palpable misfortunes which are within the apprehension of all, and, indeed, the experience of most; and such misfortunes they love to paint not as overcoming the sufferer, but as themselves overcome, or at all events borne with cheerfulness and manliness. Rightly or wrongly we are too self-satisfied to appreciate pictures of despair, or to sympathize with examples of meek and suffering resignation. We depend for our happiness chiefly on solid, tangible material comforts, and hardly at all on the exercise of the finer sensibilities and sympathies, or at least we seem to have given up in despair the attempt to obtain any satisfaction from them. With a good dinner, a sound digestion, and quiescent creditors, a British subject is happy and will “face the devil,” and any grief unconnected with appetite, stomach or purse is sentimental, romantic and dyspeptic, and the patient is in need of nothing but proper medical treatment. If a man have to go to the infirmary, the poor-house, or through the *Gazette*, he gets pity enough, (not much assistance, it is true), but if any man or woman should, like Madame D'Arbouville's personages, break his or her heart for

love, it is a case either of affectation or silliness, and in either view to be despised.

From this turn of thinking it has resulted that our imaginative literature partakes too little of the sentimental, and is altogether too gay and hard, too formally realistic, to represent human life either worthily or truly, and we venture the assertion that some infusion in our works of fiction of Madame D'Arbouville's exquisite and yet deep-toned sensibility, would be a manifest improvement both as regards the poetical conception and the truthful delineation of human life. Without this poetical intensity and subtlety of feeling, we miss alike the truth, and the nobility of man.

For in our anxiety to confine ourselves to painting rigorously after nature, we are liable to fall into a very considerable error, and are apt to take into account, and treat as the whole of life, only that part of it which is obvious, and open to every day observation and inspection, and to disregard as the dreams of poets, and as having no corresponding reality in nature, those finer emotions which are felt more than they are expressed; which are paraded the less, the more certainly they are experienced; and which, therefore, are not discoverable by the ordinary observer at all, however careful and faithful, but are learned rather by self-reflection, and by the experience of genius.

Many again think that the palpable and obvious calamities of life are so great, that more fanciful griefs are but child's play in comparison, that with so many wanting bread before our eyes, with criminality, fraud, and wretchedness on every side, it is both absurd and wrong to concern ourselves with sentimental and, as they think, imaginary sorrows. This feeling also, however just within certain limits, is not without its injurious effects, both in literature and in life. For in our regard for others, we are too apt to neglect the more difficult duty of looking after ourselves; in our care for the lower wants of the masses, the higher intuitions of our own being are forgotten: those vague and quenchless longings, which were wont to be regarded as the very crown of thorns of our humanity, cease to be felt; our feelings lose in force and intensity as they gain in diffusion, and the single-hearted and infinite love and friendship and devotion of former times, are apt in our own time to be dissipated in a loquacious and conceited general philanthropy.

Thinking, then, that this absence or barrenness of sentiment is one of the most notable defects in the literature and the life of the day, we think it may not be altogether useless to direct the notice of our readers to Madame D'Arbouville's works, which are certainly as sentimental as the most sensitive genius could require—and considerably more so.

This lady was not, as the tone of her works may seem to indicate, an unfortunate or unhappy woman; on the contrary, few can boast of lives half so pleasant, and few, it appears, could have enjoyed life with greater cheerfulness and satisfaction; so that her dolorous strains do not express any sad experience of life of her own, but are rather the offspring of a certain bent to reverie and imaginative melancholy. Neither was Madame D'Arbouville a "femme de lettres," strictly so called. She wrote principally to please herself, and a few of her tales were printed for private circulation. She possessed, however, an exquisite taste and a highly-cultivated mind, and her course of life was excellently adapted for the cultivation of literature and poetry. Her mother, Eliza de Houdetot, afterwards Madame de Bazancourt, and her more famous grandmother, Madame de Houdetot, a heroine of Rousseau, were both ladies of very remarkable attainments and of great refinement. She herself, Sophie de Bazancourt, married, in 1832, M. D'Arbouville, an officer in the French army. At first Madame D'Arbouville lived with her husband in various garrisons in France, during which time we may believe she acquired that susceptibility to natural scenery which ornaments her writings; and afterwards, when her husband was ordered to Algiers, and when her health did not permit her to accompany him, she returned to Paris, where she resided, generally admired and loved, for the rest of her life.

"She did not," writes M. de Barante, the author of a biographical notice prefixed to her works, "seek for fame by her Poetry or her Tales. On the contrary, she communicated them to few, and did not speak of them at all. She loved to please by the charm of her conversation, by the sweetness of her character, by sympathizing kindness. To assume the position of Authoress and 'femme de Lettres,' would have appeared to her a disturbance of family comfort, and an infidelity to the privacy of intimate social life. She obtained, to the height of her wish, the sort of success she desired. ... She had gained the position which she had dreamed of

and hoped for when young. She formed the centre of a distinguished society. She gathered around her men of wit and of lettres, or important from their position, and women amiable without frivolity.^b

So in a happy and not ungraceful manner passed Madame D'Arbouville's life. For some time previous to its close she suffered considerably from illness, but never lost her perpetual cheerfulness and amiability. She died in March, 1850. Certain of her tales, which had been printed for private circulation had been more extensively published without her sanction, and some of her other works, in a more or less imperfect form, had somehow crept into public life. It was on this account resolved to publish at length Madame D'Arbouville's *Poems and Tales*, which, we are bound to say, stood in no need whatever of any such apology for their publication.

Madame D'Arbouville's *Tales* here published are six in number—*Marie Madeleine*, *Une Histoire Hollondaise*, *Le Medecin du Village*, *Une vie heureuse*, *Luiggina* and *Resignation*. Of these *Une Histoire Hollondaise* is without doubt the best; we know of nothing at once more poetical and affecting. The descriptive skill displayed in it is admirable, and a halo of most poetical fancy surrounds all its scenes and characters. The motionless Dutch river, with its reeds and willows, the dull flat landscape, the sombre sky, the lonely house of M. Van Amberg, with the silent, repressed, and stern life of its inmates, powerfully impress the imagination and haunt the memory. They contrast admirably with the animated life and young love of the heroine, Christine, and convince the reader beforehand that in such a climate, material and spiritual, her youth was too bright to last. The effect of the convent life on Christine is painted with power. The liveliness, animation, and affection of the young girl are replaced by a serene and passionless quietism, expressed by Madame D'Arbouville with wonderful skill. But upon this tale, and upon *Le Medecin de Village*, we cannot afford now to dwell, because, as many of our readers may recollect, translations of them were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years ago, how obtained we are not aware. We were then greatly impressed with their very exquisite beauty and pathos, and we have no doubt they yet dwell in the recollection of many of our readers. Therefore

driven to make a selection, we omit further notice of Tales which we suppose to be already more widely known than the others.

Luiggina is the most ambitious of Madame D'Arbouville's Tales, but not the most successful. The reader will find the characters ably drawn, and he will remark numerous passages of surpassing interest, introduced and worked up with a degree of skill and ingenuity which we very seldom see equalled in English novels. But by attempting a more elaborate plot, and introducing more variety of character than usual, Madame D'Arbouville has, we think, gone somewhat out of the sphere in which she has no superior, out of that range of character and sympathy which her feelings enable her to comprehend so completely, and to express so well; and consequently we do not think Luiggina a favourable example of her writings. The works in which Madame D'Arbouville excels resemble cabinet pictures, in which one admires the finish of the painting, the purity of the colouring, and the admirable expression of that pathetic sentiment in the delineation of which she is unrivalled. But Luiggina is a larger and more crowded canvass, in which her excellencies do not so imperatively compel attention, while in various parts she attempts a style for which she is but slightly qualified. Luiggina, besides, is too long a story to admit of any satisfactory notice in our pages.

"Resignation" we do no more than notice; though by no means devoid of beauties, it is by far the most feeble production amongst Madame D'Arbouville's published works.

We therefore select for more detailed remark "*Marie Madeleine*," and "*Une vie heureuse*," tales, which although not equal to the "*Histoire Hollondaise*," yet afford unquestionable proof of Madame D'Arbouville's fine genius, and are completely characteristic of her style.

"*Marie Madeleine*" commences with the lugubrious passage with which we began our review, and proceeds for some pages in the same hopeful strain. The scene of the tale, so to speak, is so characteristic of Madame D'Arbouville, so obviously designed to intensify the gloom of the story, and so well calculated for that end, that we ought not to omit it. It is just the kind of "circumstance" with which she loves to clothe her works.

"It was a cold morning in February. The snow, whirled about by the gusts of wind, did not fall to the ground till for a long time it had wavered uncertainly in the air. The sky was grey, and appeared to stoop as though to wrap the earth in a humid shroud. The ground was covered with a thick layer of snow; no bird was on the wing, no insect was visible. All nature was dead. There is a sweet sadness in contemplating these seasons of the grief of things that are lifeless. We feel the better that we have not paid for intelligence by the faculty of suffering, and that thought is a privilege and not a compensation. Yes, on that day the trees, the grass, the ants, hid under the frozen earth, everything suffered as we, everything lamented and appeared to weep.

"I walked slowly towards Belleville—towards these few houses which are too near Paris to be a village, and too far from the city to be a faubourg. I went to seek, after ten years absence, a friend, for it is the fashion to accord that name to any one who has been at college with you, and addresses you familiarly by your christian name; a friend then, whom I could not refrain from informing of my return. I proposed to myself to take him by surprise at Belleville, whither, as I had chanced to learn, he had retired.

"I had left Paul D'Ercourt devoting himself to the study of medicine, and decided, notwithstanding the repugnance of his family, to become a doctor. I did not well understand how that could have induced him to live at Belleville, where there was every possible obstacle to the exercise of his profession;—but in sad hearts, nothing excites curiosity very vividly; it is of little use to attempt to explain the world we live in.

"After having wearily climbed the hill at the entrance of Belleville, I left on the right the inhabited streets, and followed the course of the walls, which, running very near one another, formed narrow lanes. My feet sank deep in the snow, the sky was charged with clouds, all around me was a desert. At some distance a few stones had fallen out of the wall, and I could see through the cleft a wide horizon gloomy and cloudy. A plain, devoid of every vestige of verdure, stretched as far as the eye could reach. At the end of the most solitary of these narrow streets was a small house, bare, sad, gloomy, like all around it. I pushed the first gate I saw. It opened back on a mass of snow, in which lay some dead branches. In the spring there may here have been a little garden, enclosed by walls, but then the space only added to the deserted air of this melancholy dwelling.

"I approached the house, it was open, but no one replied to my repeated knockings. I ascended the stair, and opening at chance a third door, I entered the study of Paul D'Ercourt.

"I stood immoveable before the spectacle which met my eyes. The room was small, lighted by a single window, which looked out on the immense plain of snow which I had already seen. Upon the side-table were arranged in order heads of all sorts of animals,

from the smallest bird to the skulls of wild beasts. All these skulls were shining, thoroughly cleaned and scoured, mounted with copper, and placed under glasses. On the table in the middle were heaped together heads of men, some of them entire, others cut in two. The gloomy light piercing the narrow window, fell faintly on that mass of bones; these hideous heads, with their hollow eyes, turned to me, showing death in all its disenchanting horror, speaking only of the skeleton which the earth reclaims, without recalling the soul which heaven awaits. There was something so unexpected in the room that I shut the door, and turned away. I saw before me another chamber, towards which I went. This time I was better prepared for the sight which awaited me, yet I felt an equal horror and disgust. Round the room there were rows of shelves of black wood, one above the other. Upon these shelves were placed heads of the dead. On one side of the room one might read these words, 'Heads of Criminals.' The opposite side bore the inscription, 'Heads of Idiots,' and a little apart from it was written, 'Heads of great men.'"

Paul D'Ercourt, who in this cheerful manner pursues his studies in Phrenology, is the narrator of the story of Marie Madeleine. She appears on the stage suddenly and mysteriously enough. Paul D'Ercourt's old and silent housekeeper, the only person he could prevail on to live in his desolate chamber of horrors, one morning is more silent than usual, and is discovered in bed in articulo mortis. Marie Madeleine opportunely appears to supply her place.

"One cold morning in January," says Paul, "at a time when the last of the poor had retired to shelter, I heard some one knock timidly at the door of my study. I resignedly laid down my pen and bade him enter.

"There entered a young girl whose appearance struck me with surprise. I wish I could give any idea of the lovely form which stood before me. She was tall, feeble, slender. She wore a black woollen dress, and her two hands, white and delicate, slightly trembling, held across her breast a shawl black as her robe, which hung upon her shoulders. She was white and pale as I did not believe any living being could have been. Under her small mousseline bonnet her hair was bound up with a ribbon. Smooth, and without curl, it bent lightly over her forehead. Her deep blue eyes were barely visible through her long eyelashes.—They were drooping and full of tears. Her lips, without any colour, trembled like all her feeble body. I have never seen so much appearance of suffering in one so young. There was life, no more. There was not yet death. It was a dream, and my eyes seemed to have

deceived me. Astonished and agitated, I rose quickly. 'What do you wish,' said I, 'Madame?'

"She stretched her hand to a sofa which was beside her, as if to support herself. Her head fell back, and I thought she was about to faint. But she made a strong effort, and with eyes bent on the ground she murmured—'Pardon, Sir, I suffer. I have come from a distance, the cold has made me ill; it is nothing.'

"I had gone towards the sofa. She had sunk upon it, her head falling on her breast, her white hands clasped and resting on her knees. In a few seconds she slowly raised her head; for the first time her eyes were directed to me. This movement, without doubt, exhausted the strength still left her, and she fainted.

"I remained immovable by the lifeless body of this fair young girl. I looked at her in silence. If her whole appearance was delicate and refined, her dress was poor and coarse. That black robe bore witness to a long continued grief; the dress had been worn out long before the grief.

"Little by little animation returned; she opened her eyes, and I waited anxiously while she spoke.

"'Sir,' she said, with more calmness than she had hitherto shown, 'I trust this appearance of weakness will not terrify you, it will not return, and I am stronger than you would believe. Excuse, I entreat you, the unusual manner of my visit, and let it not make you refuse my request.'

"'How can I serve you, Mademoiselle?'

"'I know, Sir, that you seek one to replace your old housekeeper, who has been dead for a month. I have come to offer you my services.'"

In vain Paul D'Ercourt pleads her evident weakness; the roughness of the work he requires, the solitude of his life, and the impropriety of a young girl living with him alone,—Marie remains firm. Paul is compelled to yield, and Marie is installed as his housekeeper. Day after day Paul sits in his study, enthusiastically pursuing his grim investigations on the heads of criminals, idiots, and great men, and Marie Madeleine is seated at her spinning wheel, silent and motionless,—first in the room below, and then, when winter becomes more severe, in his study beside him. Sometimes Paul detects her looking at him with a strange, wistful expression, and when he speaks, she listens as if entranced; yet her answers are wholly apart from his questions, as if she did not hear, or could not understand them. She begins decidedly to interfere with his hitherto undivided affection for his skulls. He concludes for certain that she has fallen in love with him, and he, for his part, has become

enthralled by the continual presence of her sweet and lovely form, lighting up and adorning his stern and melancholy hermitage. We pass over, as not immediately connected with the main story, Paul's account of his love for Madeleine, whom he desires to marry. To his astonishment, she earnestly entreats him to forbear to speak on the subject, as on the one hand she cannot be his wife, and on the other, she passionately desires to remain in his house. Mystified completely, Paul sets down her refusal to diffidence and modesty, and presses his suit. "Madeleine," he says, "we must part for ever, or be united for life. Reflect, choose, decide my fate." "Let us separate for ever," she murmured, and she leaves the house, after having assured him that she knew of a shelter to which to betake herself. The next morning, on opening his door, he finds that Madeleine had fainted at the threshold, and had lain there throughout the whole winter night.

"One might see that she had knelt down to pray, for her hands remained clasped.

"I took her in my arms—I carried her to the parlour—I lighted the fire—I brushed away the snow, which covered her. On my knees beside her I watched for the first symptoms she should give of returning life. Little by little the warmth revisited her frozen limbs,—her lips moved—her eyelids opened.

"*'Madeleine, my much loved Madeleine,'* cried I with palpitating heart.

"She looked at me, then, throwing herself in my arms, and clasping hers round my neck;

"*'O my God!'* she murmured, *'am I then in heaven?'*

"But soon Madeleine's arms were removed from me; she raised her head, looked around her, passed her hand across her forehead, as if to collect her confused ideas.

"*'Alas! alas!'* she said, bursting into tears.

"*'Madeleine,'* said I, warmly, *'you return not again to quit me; is it not so? You have suffered too much for us to be separated! You feel as I do, that it is impossible!'*

"*'Ah! Monsieur Paul,'* said Madeleine, *'I knew well when quitting you, that I could not live without you! When I told you that I would find a friend who expected me,—that friend—it was the Good God! I went away to die, since I could remain no longer here! Only, last night I wished once more to see you. I knew not whether God would permit me to meet you again in heaven, and I wished to engrave your form well in my memory, that your image might be before me throughout eternity.'*

"'Dear Madeleine,' I cried, pressing her to my heart, 'I will find you again in heaven; but our two lives must be one on the earth.'

"She repelled me gently.

"'Alas! Sir,' she said, 'you do not know what makes me speak thus, and I do not wish to tell you. Nothing of our future is changed. The cold seized me as I knelt on that stone, and I fainted; but I did not return again to take my place in this house; I will not remain longer than to-morrow! Leave me to my fate!'

"'But, Madeleine, you are mad!'

"'It is possible,' she said, gently, 'I have been so they tell me, or at least I have been very ill; and it is a great misfortune that I did not die of my illness.'"

The next morning Paul himself leaves the house, entrusting Marie to the care of an old occasional servant. He is shortly recalled by the news of her death. She has left an account of her life, which solves the mystery of her conduct, and which is itself the main story.

Near Brest, by the sea shore, Marie Madeleine had lived with her father, Pierre Dormer, an old sailor; a quiet and lonely life, spent in tending her flowers, in reading the few books she could find, and in passing long hours musing dreamily on the rocks beside the sea.

One day an officer came to their house,—he had been wounded,—has been ordered by his physician to the sea side, and in short is in search of a lodging. Weak and wearied, he is welcomed by Pierre Dormer and his daughter.

"Thus," wrote Marie, after relating her meeting with the stranger, "passed my first interview with.....Charles D'Ercourt—with your brother. Thus arose the cloud which contained the thunderbolt destined to ruin my life."

Meanwhile, the old and sweetly mellowed story need not be told, that the health of Charles D'Ercourt is re-established, and that he and Madeleine plunge into all the romance of a first love. Her father watches their affection with pleasure, and Charles and Madeleine are affianced. One day, however, Charles appears pale and sad; he has just been informed that he must take a long voyage, and his ship, the "*Gustave Adolphe*," is about to sail.

Charles away—Marie falls into a state of half sad, half

pleasing reverie. Her steps instinctively wander to the sea. Perhaps fancifully, yet very beautifully, Madame D'Arbouville writes:

"It was with a feeling of pleasure that I allowed the waves to bathe my feet; some of them had borne Charles's ship. I said to myself, they have passed near to my beloved.

"As the lamb leaves some of its wool on each thorn-bush, our love had left some recollection on every shrub on the plain, on every rock by the sea. As I looked around, everything I saw appeared to have a voice, and to say to me, 'he was here.'"

A year passes, day after day, from morning to night, Marie watches for the return of her betrothed. At last, one evening, the "Gustave Adolphe" is recognized off Brest.

"I went to my chamber," writes Marie, "I sat beside the open window, and plunged in an ecstasy of happiness. I awaited the day.

"O who could tell the blessedness of that night of hope, of that night of waiting for a happiness so near and so sure, that it was happiness itself. How fair did nature seem during that festival of the heart! Heaven showed all its stars; the pure azure seemed filled with angels, who that night regretted the earth! The flowers exhaled their sweetest odours, the waves did not break on the shore, but came slowly there to play and to caress it,—the breeze stealing over the surface of the waves, seemed no more to moan, but to sing—the leaves were not shaken by it, but trembled with joy; the trees bent as though to salute the waking of the beautiful morning,—and I, my heart beat within me, as though it would burst its feeble covering.

"For some hours I had mused thus, as immoveable with joy, as I have ever been with sorrow, when suddenly a flash lighted up the night. I looked out—my God! had I then been a long time there, having ceased to see what I looked at—to hear what was passing around me? I had turned my thoughts from the world without, to fix them within me, on the celestial joy which shone through my heart! What a change met my eyes! The stars had fled, my beautiful heaven had disappeared, and the storm announced itself everywhere.

"I hastened out of my room, and ran down to my father.

"'Father! father!' cried I, 'do you hear the tempest?'

"'Very well, my child,' said Pierre Dormer, trying to seem calm, 'it will pass.....and to-morrow the day will be calm for the entry into port of the Gustave Adolphe.'

"'My father,' cried I, in despair, 'the ship is near the banks, and the wind blows towards the land.'

"'Reassure yourself, Marie Madeleine. The Gustave Adolphe

will have foreseen the storm, and it will have had time to gain the open sea. I have been in worse storms than this, and come safely out of them, my child.'

"My father, were you ever anywhere so bristling with reefs?"

"The cottage seemed every moment about to yield to the force of the storm. The branches of trees groaned and broke. The brilliant lightning made the night brighter than day. O Monsieur Paul, have you ever heard the great voice of the tempest and the squalls of the hurricane, and said to yourself, that the life of one you loved was in their hands? How weak and little do we feel in the presence of the elements, and know that God has made mightier creatures than man."

Meantime the vessel labours in the storm. Guns of distress are heard at intervals. Marie and her father have run to the harbour of Brest, where the sailors are manning their boats to go to the aid of the wrecking vessel. The last signal of distress is heard. The ship has struck on the reefs.

"It sways once or twice, the prow and the stern alternately touching the sea, then a horrible cry pierces heaven, louder than the thunder, louder than the storm,—the Gustave Adolphe had disappeared, and the waves rolled smoothly over the engulfed ship. But immediately, The long boat! the long boat! cried every one. The long boat is launched into the sea. The crew are saved.

"In fact, long boat towed by the vessel of the pilot, made for port. But as it approached the shore, we saw with affright that it contained only five or six men. The whole crew had not had time to get into it.

"O my God, who are those who are saved?"

"On my knees I hid my face in my hands: I could look no longer.

"I will remain thus,' said I, 'prostrate on the ground. If Charles descends from that boat he will see me, and in his arms I will return to life—if not—here I must die.

"I have no idea of the time which passed.

"A moment came, when I felt the hand of my father placed on my shoulder,—and I heard his voice, sad and grave, say to me—

"Rise, my child! God has received his soul.....and He will have pity on us."

"I look around. The heaven was serene,—the sea hardly ruffled by a few waves, without foam; the stars re-appeared between the clouds,—the dawn brightened one of the sides of the horizon, and my father and I were alone on the beach."

We think no one will deny that this whole passage in

power, interest, and beauty, is hardly to be surpassed, and of itself justifies all the encomiums we have lavished on our authoress.

For a long time Marie is deprived at first of consciousness altogether, and then of reason : on awaking from her trance she finds herself waited on by her old nurse alone. Her father also is dead.

Partially recovered Marie desires to continue by the sea shore, and brood on the recollections of her love, but an additional cause of suffering troubles her : she finds she can no wise recall to mind the image of Charles. He appears distinctly enough in her dreams, but when she awakes, nothing but a vague and uncertain recollection remains. This we think many will recognise as finely conceived and true to nature. Suddenly she remembers that Charles had told her of his brother, born on the same day, and resembling him in every particular. The nurse, too, tells her that this brother had come from Paris to see after her comfort, and that in form, and voice, and heart, the brothers were the same. Here, then, Marie imagines that she may find some relief from her grief. Gazing on and listening to Charles's brother, she may yet again seem to see and to hear her betrothed. Hence her visit to Paris, where, learning the death of Paul D'Ercourt's housekeeper, she adopts the design of offering herself in her place ; hence too her desire not to quit his house, her hanging on the tones of his voice, without much regarding what he said ; hence, too, when she awoke from her trance, and found herself in his arms, she thought for the moment she had died, and was in heaven, locked in her lover's embrace ; hence, too, when Paul D'Ercourt left, the source of her life was gone, and she died.

Such is the story of Marie Madeleine. We have endeavoured to present the reader with a faithful outline, translating such passages as appeared fittest for quotation, that he might be able to judge for himself of Madame D'Arbouville's style. We have not of course been able as we could have wished, to convey the beauty of tone which marks it throughout, but which isolated quotations fail to preserve. The verdict of our readers will not, we dare say, be one wholly of approval. The power and beauty of some of the descriptions may be admitted, but the plot will be pronounced unnatural, extravagant, improbable, the subject morbid, and the treatment sentiment-

tal. The justice of these censures we know not well how to deny or palliate, except by suggesting what nobody (except Kingsley, by his example,) seems now-a-days inclined to admit, that, let a story be ever so improbable, nay, let its incidents be as impossible as you please, if it show fine and poetical feeling, and abound in true passion, emotion, and thought, any want of probability, or of possibility, in its structure and plot, may be passed over as of minor, and even of insignificant importance.

We must glance much more cursorily at "*Une vie heureuse*," as Madame D'Arbouville's *Poems* remain behind, and cannot be dismissed unnoticed. "*Une vie heureuse*" is, notwithstanding its title, the most gloomy and melancholy of Madame D'Arbouville's works, carrying in that very title an insinuation of the only conditions under which life can be happy, the full bitterness of which will be apparent immediately.

The narrator is an old lady, going in the *Tale* under the name of Jeanne; she is telling to her children a story of her youth.

On the death of the mother of Jeanne, her aunt, La Marquise D'Evigny, a gentle lady, but grave and sad, conveys her to her chateau. At the door, Helen, daughter of the Marquise, and the enjoyer of the *vie heureuse*, receives them.

"We had not opened the door, when a voice, young and tender, cried, 'my mother, my dear mother.' Then a young girl, leaping on the footboard of the carriage, which was just let down, knelt and kissed with ardour the hands of my aunt. In a moment she raised her head and looked at her mother.....O my children, how can I paint Helen, my friend, my sister! Helen, as I saw her for the first time! Her large black eyes glanced with delight. Her hair, brown and silken, was thrown back, and revealed a forehead white and pure, in which one could have counted every vein; her figure slender and light, was bent gracefully. She smiled and wept at once; her hands trembled in pressing those of my aunt; her bosom heaved with her agitated breathing,—in truth, the soul shook the body, till one would have thought it would have been crushed under the weight of the emotion."

Helen appears too happy a companion for the young girl, so newly an orphan. Everything enchants her; her happiness appears inexhaustible. They go together into the garden.

" 'What a lovely day,' said Helen, 'how the sun shines, and how beautiful are the flowers.'

" 'I looked around,—the weather appeared to me dull and cold—I thought the sun broke through nowhere, and I did not see a single flower.'

" 'Dear Cousin,' said I, smiling, 'you are a poet indeed—you see the sun where there is nothing but a cloud, and the flowers where I see nothing but withered grass.'

" 'Tis I who see better, and farther than you,' replied Helen.

" 'Dear Sister,' said I, 'while we are alone, let us converse a little—tell me—does your mother suffer? why is she so sad?'

" 'Sad, I have never seen her sad.'

" 'But, her eyes are continually filled with tears.'

" 'I—I see her always smiling.'

" 'I looked at Helen almost with terror.'

Gerard, Helen's brother, a soldier, comes to the chateau, but must leave the following day. All the time he remains, Helen says he will not go, and when he has left, she says he will return immediately. Shortly, however, the Marquise is informed that her son Gerard has fallen in battle. Jeanne finds her in her bed-chamber, weeping silently over the fatal letter.

" 'And poor Helen!' said I, 'what will she do when she learns of this calamity?'

" 'My Aunt grasped my arm quickly:

" 'She must not know of it,' cried she, 'she must never know of it!'

" 'I stood confounded.

" 'How, not know of her brother's death?'

" 'Yes! yes!' said my aunt eagerly, 'do you wish that I should lose my daughter too? Be silent Jeanne, for the love of heaven be silent.'

" 'But my Aunt, it will be impossible.'

" 'Impossible...It must be—I desire it.—Do you not see that Helen's life hangs by a thread? Do you not know that the Physician has told me that the first shock will kill her? Jeanne, since you have been here, and seen me suffer like a martyr, and weep night and day, have you discovered nothing? Do you not see that Helen is...'

" 'Finish, Aunt, for mercy! finish.'

" 'That Helen is mad!' said the Marquise D'Erigny, sinking back on the couch.

" 'I stood without motion, without tears, without words before that unhappy mother, as she wept.'

The history of Helen had been a tale of disappointed

love. The young man whom she loved, and to whom she was betrothed, had, as she suddenly learned, married another. A brain fever, a long period of unconsciousness followed, and when Helen awakes from her stupor it is with a smile. She had sunk into a sweet and happy madness, had forgotten the desertion of her lover, and expected every moment to see him return.

"One might say," writes Madame D'Arbouville in her graceful fanciful way, "that in depriving her of reason, God had sent her the Angel of Hope, to remain seated by her side, and to hide from her by the covering of his wings the world through which she passed."

The physician warns her mother that she must be allowed to remain under her delusion, and that the least shock would cause her death.

By the death of Gerard, the estate passes to the heir male, and the Marquise, Helen, and Jeanne must quit the Chateau. Helen smiling and saying, "Weep not my mother, we will soon return."

We pass over the remainder of the story rapidly. In an inn they meet by chance with Raymond, Helen's former lover. She receives him with enchantment, but the shock of delight is too great for her feeble frame.

"Helen was dying," so the story closes, "but without a struggle, without suffering. White as one is never who is to remain on earth. She was stretched languidly on the bed, her pale face leaning on her mother's hand, which she kissed from time to time, whilst her eyes, already dim but full of love, remained fixed on Raymond, she spoke, and amongst broken accents, we heard these words:—

"'I am happy—yes very happy! I love, I am loved—My friend has been far away. He has remembered me—He has returned to call me his wife, to spend all his life with me. My mother has blessed him—Gerard will return—Jeanne will marry him—We will return to our beautiful Chateau, we will live, we will die together—O I am happy! thanks, my God!'

"And her soul fled, leaving her motionless and still smiling in the midst of us. Yes she died smiling. And Raymond had forgotten her, Raymond was married. Gerard was dead—the Chateau was sold, she died at twenty—but all this was concealed from her, and she expired saying, 'I am happy.'.....

"O my God! my God! to be happy on the earth which Thou hast made, is it necessary to know nothing, to be ignorant of our own lot? Must we believe in the love of those who have forgotten us, of the return of those who will never return, of the existence

of that which is no more? Should the truth always crush our hearts, can we live only when deceived? Is the world only an immense abyss of desolation, of which our shallow faculties cannot sound the depth? All things in life a blank, and then death...is this the whole, my God?"

Such is Madame D'Arbouville's account of a happy life, and such apparently is the only condition under which she imagines a happy life is possible. It is some consolation to know that her own experience contradicted in the most decisive manner, her sentimental theory.

Madame D'Arbouville's Poems form the first of the three volumes which contain her works. There is not here enough to raise Madame D'Arbouville to the rank of a true Poetess, but there is a capacity for Poetry, and many of the gifts which go to making of the Poet. Much of what she has written is excellent, and all is good enough to inspire the wish that she had written more. Almost all her Poems are musical and abound in tenderness and graceful fancy. Some of them are of higher merit. She possesses feeling, taste, fancy, sometimes imagination, or what seems like it, and ability to give expression to each of her gifts, but her imaginative flights, although not unsuccessful, are laboured and difficult, and consequently, when she exerts her imagination, she ceases to feel, the imagination on the stretch, the other powers are kept in abeyance. She is destitute of passion, and of all earnestness of thought, when she is in earnest it is in the expression of a tender, womanly vein of sentiment, and that is sensibility rather than earnestness. She has nothing that can be called poetic enthusiasm or inspiration of any sort, either in love of the beautiful, or of the good, or of the true; nor yet that abounding rejoicing in action which is the life of some poets. She has no Muse. She is neither a realist nor an idealist but a sentimentalist. Taste and tenderness, a love of reverie and harmonious verse are the chief charms of her poetry. She has great merit as an idyllic and pathetic poetess, but is seldom successful in more ambitious flights. Her Poems consist chiefly of a series of Lyrics and sentimental pieces under the general title of "*Le Manuscrit de ma Grande Tante*," a romance called "*Stella*," and a short comedy—"Mefiance n'est pas la Sagesse."

Those classed under the title of *Le Manuscrit* do not

appear to have any connection or unity, or attempt at it, unless a prevailing tone of melancholy and reverie, suited to the character of the supposititious authoress 'ma grande tante,' can be said to constitute a sort of unity.

We pass over the narrative of the discovery of *Le Manuscrit*, excellent as it is, having already illustrated Madame D'Arbouville's prose style. We should have wished to present our readers with translations of some of the Poems, but found it impossible to render the plaintive melodiousness which is so charming in the original; we therefore quote in French.

We think "*La Fille de L'Hôtesse*" exceedingly graceful.

"Du vin ! Nous sommes trois ; du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

"Entrez, seigneurs, entrez, le vent est froid, la nuit,
Ma vigne donne un vin qui brûle et réjouit
Le soleil a mûri les raisins qu'elle porte
Mon vin est clair et bon-buvez !...Ma fille est morte !

"Morte ?—Depuis un jour—Morte, la belle enfant !
Laisse nous la revoir. Plus de vin, plus de chant !
Que ta lampe un instant éclaire son visage
Chapeau bas, nous dirons la prière d'usage.

"Et les passants criaient 'Du vin, allons du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

"Le premier voyageur s'inclina près du lit
Ecartant les rideaux, à demi-voix il dit
Belle enfant, maintenant glacée, inanimée
Pourquoi mourir sitôt-et moi, je t'aurais aimée.

"Et l'on disait en bas. 'Du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.'

"Le second voyageur s'inclina près du lit
Et fermant les rideaux, à demi voix il dit
'Moi je t'aimais enfant ; j'aurais été fidèle
Adieu donc pour toujours, à toi qui fus si belle.

" Et l'on disait en bas : ' Du vin, allons, du vin !
 Hotesse ! nous voulous chanter jusqu' au matin
 As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
 L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

" Le dernier voyageur s'inclina près du lit
 Baisant sa front de marbre, à demi voix il dit
 ' Je t'aimais et je t'aime, enfant si tôt enfuie
 Je n'aimerais que toi jusqu 'au soir de ma vie.'

" Et l'on disait en bas, ' Du vin allons du vin !
 Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusq 'au matin
 As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
 L'Amour, le vin, voila les seuls biens de la vie.'

" Et la mère a genoux disait, mais sans pleurer
 ' Un cœur pur en ces lieux ne pouvait demeurer
 Un bon ange veillait sur ma fille innocente
 Elle pleurait ici, dans les ciel elle chant !'

" Et l'on disait en bas : ' Du vin, allons, du vin !
 Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
 As-tu toujours ta vigne, et ta fille jolie ?
 L'Amour, le vin, voila les seuls biens de la vie.

" Entrez, Seigneurs, entrez ! le vent est froid, la nuit
 Ma vigne donne un vin qui brûle et réjouit
 Le soleil a mûri les raisins qu'elle porte
 Mon vin est clair et bon ; buvez!...Ma fille est morte!"

" Une course" is in a higher mood, and is a noble poem, but we have not space to quote it. The course is the race of life, the future, which is hoped for, expected, and aimed at—appears first to be life, at a later stage it is death, and finally it is heaven, " the sacred glory with which the consoling hand of God shall crown our brows." The following serenade is very beautiful:—

" Mère quel doux chant me réveille ?
 Miniut ! C'est l'heure ou l'on sommeille
 Qui peut pour moi venir si tard
 Veiller et chanter a l'écart ?

" Dors, mon enfant, dors ! c'est un rêve
 En silence la nuit s'achève
 Mon front repose auprès de tien
 Je t' embrasse et je n'entends rien
 Nul ne donne de sérénade
 A toi, ma pauvre enfant malade.

"O mère ! ils descendent des cieux
Ces sons, ces chants harmonieux
Nulle voix d'homme n'est si belle
Et c'est un ange qui m'appelle !
Le soleil brille, il m'éblouit
Adieu, ma mère, bonne nuit !

"Le lendemain, quand vint l'aurore
La blanche enfant dormait encore
Sa mère l'appelle en pleurant
Nul baiser l'éveille l'enfant
Son ame s'était envolée
Quand les chants l'avait appelée."

We give the following "Pétition d'une fleur—a une dame chatelaine pour la construction d'une serre," as an example of a fanciful and somewhat graceful style not unusual with our authoress.

"Pauvre fleur, qu'un rayon du soleil fit éclore
Pauvre fleur, dont les jours n'ont qu'une courte aurore
Il me faut, au printemps, le soleil de bon Dieu
Et quand l'hiver arrive, un asile et du feu
On ma dit—j'en fremis—qu'au foyer de la serre
Je n'aurai plus ma place, et mourra sur la terre
Au jour où l'hirondelle, en fuyant les frimas
Vole vers les pays où l'hiver ne vient pas.
Et moi, qui de l'oiseau n'avais pas l'aile légère
Sur tout, contre le froid, j'avais compté, ma mère !
Pourquoi m'abandonner ? Pauvre petite fleur
Ne t'ai-je pas offert l'éclat de ma couleur
Mon suave parfume jusqu'au jours de l'automne ?
Ne t'ai-je pas donné ce que le ciel me donne.

"Si tu savais, 'ma mère, il est dans ce vallon,
Non loin de ton domaine, un jeune pappillon
Qui versera des pleurs, et mourra de sa peine,
En ne me voyant plus à la saison prochaine
Des suc's des autres fleurs ne voulant se nourrir
Fidèle a son ami il lui faudra mourir !.....
Puis une abeille aussi, sur mon destin, s'alarme,
Sur ses ailes j'ai vu briller plus d'une larme
Elle m'aime, et m'a dit que j'amaï, sous le ciel,
Jeune fleur, dans son sein n'avait eu plus deux miel.
Souvent une fourmi, contre le vent d'orage
Vient chercher vers le soir l'abri de mon feuillage
Te parlerai-je aussi de l'insecte filant,
Qui sur mes verts rameaux s'avauçait d'un pas lent,

De son réseau léger appuyé sur ma tige,
 A tout ce qui dans l'air ou bourdonne ou voltige,
 Tend un piège adroit, laborieuse labeur
 Que ta main détruit en détruisant ma fleur?
 Et puis, quand vient la nuit, un petit ver qui brille
 Me choisit, chaque soir, et son feu qui scintille
 Lorsque mes sœurs n'ont plus pour elle que l'odeur
 Me permet de montrer l'éclat de ma couleur.

"Tu vois je suis aimée! et cette heureuse vie
 Me serait, à l'hiver, par tes ordres ravie?
 C'est ton or qui ma fait quitter mon bon pays
 Où, des froids ouragans je n' avais nuls soucis;
 Aussi je pleurait bien au moment du voyage
 L'exile c'est un malheur qu'on comprend à tout âge!—
 Mais une vieille fleur, estimée en tous lieux,
 M'a dit qu'auprès de toi mon sort serait heureux ;
 Qu'elle avait souvenir, jusques en sa vieillesse
 D'avoir fleuri pour toi de temps de sa jeunesse;
 Qu'aussitôt qu'on te voit, t'aimer c'est un devoir,
 Qu'aimer paraît bien doux quand on vient de te voir
 Que tu n'as pas un cœur qui trompe l'espérance
 Que tes amis te sont plus chers dans la souffrance,
 Et que petite fleur, flétrie et sans odeur
 Trouverait à l'hiver pitié pour son malheur
 Que tout ce qui gémit, s'incline, souffre et pleure
 Cherche, sans se tromper, secours dans ta demeure
 Que tes soins maternelle éloignant les autans
 Auprès de toi toujours on se croit au printemps !

"Allons, construis pour nous une heureuse retraite
 Et Dieu te bénira.....car c'est lui qui ma faite
 Et simple fleur des champs, quoique bien loin des cieux
 Comme le chêne altier trouve place a ses yeux."

This—and many of Madame D'Arbouville's poems are like this—is graceful and pretty, but perhaps trifling enough; but one cannot judge of Madame D'Arbouville's capacity for poetry, without having read "*Stella*," a poem, which, written by any one, would call for special notice. It is a very beautiful fragment, finely conceived and successfully begun, but not only unfinished, but a decided failure at the close. It is not so much a poem which its authoress has left unfinished, as one which she has begun and been unable to finish; at all events the latter half of it, to be worthy of the beginning, would require to be written anew; but the conception and commencement are worthy of any one.

The prologue is very fine. A guardian angel is in heaven. The other angels inquire wherefore he is there, while the soul he was appointed to guard was still on the earth, and while "the angels of death had not yet loosed his chain."

"I have not come hither," replies the guardian angel, "in quest of my eternal repose ;"

"Car l'ange de la mort le plus beau de nos anges
Le plus heureux parmi nos cèlestes phalanges
Celui qui va chercher les pauvres exilés
Et qui leur dit tout bas : ' Dieu vous a rappelés,'
Ange d'amour qui vient prendre sur la terre
Et les porte en ses bras au séjour de lumière
La mort, laisse celui qui me fut confié,
Et mon sort à son sort, reste toujours lié,"

The Guardian Angel proceeds to tell that the soul entrusted to him was exposed to the most severe temptations from the evil spirits, was sinking fast into a state of grievous and mortal sin, and was in imminent danger of irretrievable reprobation. The Guardian Spirit's care and efforts for his salvation are utterly in vain. The Tempter is too powerful; the passions of the unhappy soul too strong, and unless the prayers of the angels may avail, he seems doomed to perdition. The angels intercede. In answer to their prayer, a soul is created, and sent to earth, which, in human form, and by means of human sympathies, may baffle the Tempter more powerfully than the Guardian Spirit could, and win the erring and sinful soul to virtue and religion.

The first canto of the poem opens with the following beautiful description of a night in Norway.

"La nuit était venue, une nuit de Norwége
Les monts et les vallons étaient couverts de neige,
Comme une jeune fille au fond de son cercueil
Que couvre un voile blanc, chaste emblème de deuil,
Sous un linceul de neige ainsi dormait la terre,
Le ciel où languissait une faible lumière
Gardant le jour, la nuit une même pâleur
De sol glacée semblait refléter la couleur
Des sombres arbres verts l'immobile feuillage
Restait muet, ainsi que l'onde sur la plage
Tout se taisait.....Partout le silence ou la mort,
Comme ce qui n'est plus, ou comme ce qui dort.

Dans cette longue nuit, sans ombre, sans lumière,
 Entre le ciel si pâle et cette froide terre,
 On voyait se levait une humide brouillard
 Spectre mystérieux échappant au regard
 Léger fantôme errant sur l'écume de l'onde
 Comme cherchant à fuir loin d'un si triste monde
 De loin, Christiana, calme fille du Nord
 Était sans bruit, sans voix, comme un enfant qui dort ;
 Sur le bord de la mer paisiblement couchée,
 Vers son onde tranquille avec grâce penchée,
 La ville à l'Océan semblait ouvrir ses bras
 En lui disant : ' Sois calme et ne m'éveille pas, '
 O longue nuit du Nord, silencieuse et belle
 Qu'à nos regards émus vous êtes solennelle ?
 Votre austère repos et vos pâles clartés,
 Sont un baume puissant pour nos cœurs agités
 Tout s'apaise quand vient votre immense silence,
 Nous en sentons soudain la magique influence
 Devant votre grandeur, tout nous paraît petit
 Tout ce qui doit finir pour nous s'anéantit,
 Venant de votre ciel, des voix mystérieuses
 Descender consoler les âmes malheureuses
 Et leur céleste chant murmure autour de nous
 En berçant nos douleurs : ' Amis endormez-vous ! '
 O Nuit ! que vous devez adorer la Norwégo
 Ses grands lacs et ses monts, ses sapins et sa neige.
 Là, nul festin bruyant, bravant votre courroux,
 Par ses mille flambeaux ne lutte contre vous
 Nulle clameur ne vient troubler votre domain !
 Dans la froide Norwégo, O Nuit, vous êtes reine
 Votre deuil se répand grave et majestueux
 Sur la terre soumise ainsi que sur les cieux. "

From a lonely dwelling by the sides of the mountains, a
 gentle soft voice breaks the silence of night.

" Que me veux-tu, Seigneur ! et quel sera mon sort ?
 Pourquoi de mon printemps éloignes-tu la mort
 Quand tous ceux que j'aimais sont couchés sous la pierre
 Pourquoi me laisser seul à languir sur la terre ?
 Il ne me reste rien, frêle et craintive enfant
 Rien de ce qui bénit, rien de ce qui défend
 Comme une pâle fleur sur sa tige chancelle
 Quand un léger zéphyr souffle en passant pres d'elle,
 Ainsi je m'arrêtais sur le seuil de la vie
 J'hésitais à marcher, par le jour éblouie.....
 Et ma mère pleurait sur mon faible berceau,
 Redoutant de le voir se changer en tombeau.

Mon frère, qu'a la guerre entraînait son courage,
 Laissait, en m'embrassant, des pleurs sur mon visage.
 Mon père s'éloignait en détournant les yeux,
 Quand ma mère, à genoux, demandait grâce aux cieux
 Pour ce jeune rameau, dont le naissant feuillage
 S'inclinait pour mourir sous un ciel sans nuage,
 Eh bien ! de leur journée ils n'ont pas vie le soir,
 Et je les pleurs tous dans notre vieux manoir !
 Les Cèdres grands ets forts, quand souffla la tempête
 Ont couché sur le sol leurs orgueilleuses têtes ;
 Les vaisseaux qui voguaient majestueux et fiers,
 En plein jour, sont sombre dans l'abime des mers ;
 Et moi, tremblante enfant, objet de tant d'alarmes
 Sur ceux qui me pleuraient, je viens verser des larmes.

" O toi, Dieu Créateur, toi qui frappes le fort,
 Et conduis par le main le faible vers le port ;
 Toi qui fis le soleil pour donner la lumière,
 Les fleurs pour exhaler leurs parfums sur la terre,
 Les oiseaux pour chanter des chants harmonieux,
 L'étoile pour briller dans l'espace des cieux
 O toi qui protégeais mon enfance affaiblie
 Dis moi, mon Dieu, dis moi, qu'attends-tu de ma vie.
 Quel parfum vers les cieux puis-je donc exhaler ?
 Quel chant, venu de moi, peut vers toi s'envoler ?
 Quand l'éclat du soleil à l'horizon se voile,
 De qu'elle obscure nuit, mon Dieu, suis-je l'étoile ?
 Quand tout autour de moi sous la voûte de ciel
 Porte, comme l'abeille, à la ruche son miel,
 Moi, qui ne donne rien, pourquoi me laisser vivre ?
 Pourquoi le long chemin que tu me fais poursuivre ?
 Nul ne peut, ici-bas, s'appuyer sur ma main,
 Et recevoir par elle ou secours ou soutien ! "

It is the voice of Stella, an orphan left alone in the northern solitude, a soul predestined, and instinctively restless and unquiet, till her mission is fulfilled.

We pass over the arrival of Stella's sister from a distant convent, and the very beautiful account of her daily life of self-devotion and works of charity. But the company of her sister fails to cheer Stella. She grows paler and weaker day by day. "She languishes like a plant deprived of its native sun. She wishes to quit her solitude, to go—she knows not where," but some unknown goal attracts her with irresistible force. Her sister yields; they traverse Germany, Belgium, England, France, and Switzerland, and still Stella says, "Let us go on,"

impelled by her mysterious instinct. They reach Genoa, and, at length, at the threshold of the palace of Luiggi Ornano, a young nobleman of notorious wickedness and profligacy, Stella sinks exhausted: her perpetual disquiet has disappeared, her countenance assumes an expression of serenity and peace. "*Je suis bien ici*," she says, "*restons*." The soul has reached the scene of the labours for which she was created; her mysterious longing is at an end. This portion of the poem is incomplete; the wanderings of Stella and her sister, are told in the way of heads of narrative merely, to be afterwards developed and elaborated into poetry. But the conception as yet is admirable, and the poem, in so far as written, is, thus far, of a very remarkable order. Stella herself is of that order of high poetical creations so seldom met with in fiction. She is clothed in a wondrous romance; half of earth, half of heaven; with the feelings of humanity, she acts under an overruling influence altogether divine. She is mysterious and romantic as Una herself of the milk-white lamb;—while there appears an undercurrent of moral significance, seeming to suggest that, in truth, all are Stellas, with this difference only, that their spiritual destiny, although not less certain than that of Stella, is secret and unknown.

From this point the poem greatly deteriorates. Madame D'Arbouville is much more in her element in describing the pure fairy Stella, than in painting the sinful career of the Italian noble, Ornano. There is in this part of the poem a total want of that demoniacal vigour, which one bargains for and expects, when seeing among the *dramatis personæ*, a man given over to Satan. This is a sort of character which required the pen of a Byron—and a Byron, either as regards his faults of style, or his power, Madame D'Arbouville, of course, is not. Hence Luiggi Ornano is not the dark powerful sarcastic child of sin, we looked to meet, but, on the contrary, an altogether weak, twaddling, imbecile sort of sinner, with some genius for dissipation, and with a strong bias to, but paltry faculty for, atheism and blasphemy. He is at least as much fool as knave. We shall therefore think ourselves at liberty to notice the rest of the poem in the most cursory manner, and without any quotation.

We have first Ornano in a long and somewhat commonplace conversation with a monk, who denounces his iniquities in the round and uncourteous manner usual with

monks whose heads are only imaginary. This part of the poem, although somewhat wearisome, has fine and powerful passages, but its use in forwarding the piece is by no means apparent.

The third canto describes a feast at the palace of Ornano; we have, however, little of the revelry of the feast, if any there were, the greater part of the canto being devoted to a wholly sentimental discussion upon love, between the "wicked nobleman," Ornano, and a young man, Roller, a lover of Stella, very mawkish, very pure, and very green. As to this part of the poem, we confess ourselves at a loss to say whether the cause of vice or of virtue be worse supported, and whether the feeble wickedness of Ornano, or the imbecile virtue of Roller be the more tedious and disgusting.

The purport of these passages is to impress on the pure mind of the reader a horror of the vices of Ornano, and thus to increase the importance of the mission of Stella—Ornano being, as the reader will already have ingeniously discovered, the identical soul for whom the guardian angel ascended to heaven to intercede. Having finished all this undramatic moralizing, the authoress remembers Stella, whom she has left sitting at the threshold of Ornano's palace. Ornano has observed the beauty of the stranger, and the instinct of Stella recognises, half consciously, the soul for whose salvation she had been created. As a somewhat commonplace result of this celestial machinery, Stella and Ornano are married, and the process of salvation begins in the soul of the latter. Ornano could laugh at his guardian angel, but must needs obey his wife.

But the Tempter does not so easily lose his hold on Ornano, and the temptation to which he yields is a somewhat vulgar and foolish one. A damsel, for whom in the days of his sin he appeared to care but little, reappears, and Ornano deserts Stella on the first temptation; and with the woful lament of Stella on this untoward event, the poem so far as written, closes. It is as well that it went no farther, for we fear that if continued, it would not have much improved, at least we doubt so, judging from the argument or heads of the proposed conclusion. According to the argument, Ornano and his new mistress flee in a ship from Stella; Stella, impelled by her divine instinct, follows in a little skiff. She stands up, stretches

out her hands to the faithless Ornano—stumbles and falls into the sea—Ornano's love returns at the sight—he leaps into the sea to save her, and so in true sentimental fashion, they are drowned together, and are found, of course, locked in a mutual embrace. "Perhaps," says the authoress, "his devotion purified at length from human passion, obtained from the Highest the salvation of the sinner." "No one can know, but they say that when the ship returned to port bearing the bodies of Ornano and Stella, there was heard, as if it were a choir of seraphims, singing a psalm of triumph and deliverance." Whether Stella continued to exist, or returned to her original nothingness after the purpose for which she had been created, was served, we are left uninformed.

"*Mefiance n'est pas la sagesse*," is a very pleasant Comedy, with plenty of spirit and wit, but too defective in dramatic incident to be suited for the stage. We are compelled to omit further notice of it, recommending it to such as love the most fascinating of all forms of literature, a witty, spirituelle and interesting Comedy.

We have thus, with necessary brevity, given our readers a very imperfect account of the somewhat remarkable works of Madame D'Arbouville. We think that their merit justifies us in introducing them to the notice of English readers. Her poetry we find graceful and fanciful, sometimes truly poetical, but do not claim for it any extraordinary praise; had the poems been alone, we would hardly have thought them worthy of lengthened review. But Madame D'Arbouville's tales appear to us much more remarkable, and, apart from their great excellence, we think it not unuseful to direct attention to a style of narrative which seems to have disappeared from among ourselves—a narrative which depends for its interest on the delineation of refined and sensitive emotions, and for its pathos, not on details of calamity, but on the representation of wounded feelings. The sensitive heart, the soul devoted to musing and reverie, the old love with the whole heart are the feelings which Madame D'Arbouville delights to express, and we love to read her stories all the more because they so completely contrast with the hard and every-day style of the sentiment of English novels. We read the latter, and are often never raised a foot from the atmosphere of common and vulgar life. In Madame D'Arbouville's tales, with all their faults, we feel that yet

again, we are reading poetry and romance, a poetry, sometimes exquisite and original; a romance, not created by unusual or wonderful incidents, but by the romantic and poetical feelings attributed to the characters. We know of no tales of the sort, which, in narrative skill, pathos and exquisite fancy surpass the tales of Madame D'Arbouville; they are very different from any similar productions of our own day and country, and in the qualities we have mentioned, they are far superior.

ART. VI.—*The Rambler, October and November, 1856.*

DURING the twenty years' existence of this Review, through vicissitudes and struggles not easily paralleled in the history of such publications, we believe it entitled to one commendation, that of consistency of purpose. It was established for an end which it has steadily kept in view. Thoroughly able and willing to sympathise with the difficulties, the traditions, the deep-worn feelings of catholics, almost before the dawn of the brighter era of conversion, church-building, educational movement, and religious bibliopolism had appeared on the horizon, its conductors endeavoured gently and gradually to move forward the catholic mind, without shocking, or violently drawing away or aside, thoughts familiar to it, and growing side by side with its best inheritance. They avoided all the troubled waters and eddies of domestic contention; nor is it among the least of many praises due to the illustrious O'Connell, who was one of its founders, that wrapped up as his whole external life was in politics, he consented that the new quarterly should not involve itself in their vortex, even to advocate his own views, but should steer its own course along a calmer stream, and try to bear along with it peaceful and consenting minds.

Whatever seemed useful to forward the interests of catholics, just released from the thralldom of ages, to suggest greater boldness, opener confession of faith, better taste, and especially greater familiarity with the resources

of catholic ritual, catholic devotion, or catholic feeling, was diligently studied and carried on, for years, with a steady purpose, that did its work. We believe, as yet, that had the task been undertaken, without respect to the actual and necessary condition of catholics, with the idea that they were a humdrum set that wanted startling, and a slumbering body that required a good shaking, it would have totally failed.

At the same time, it need not be said, that with perfectly the same feeling, and for the same purpose, the Review kept its eye upon whatever could assist the progress of religion, externally to the Church. For the same principle of treating even those honestly in error with respect, and avoiding collisions, always useless ones, of temper, was observed, while attacking error, or striving to remove prejudice.

Why should we now recall such old matters to our readers' minds? We answer, because never more than at this moment, have we felt it necessary to keep these principles before them and ourselves. We claim once more the right to speak to them as we once used to do, believing that we are as well acquainted with the real character of catholics in England as others can be; for it has been our study of years under phases with which the experience of many cannot have made them acquainted: believing also that circumstances call again for the exercise of any influence, which a past good use of it justifies from any charge, of seeking it except for our public benefit. It is in fact, the fear of seeing disunion, or party-spirit creep in amongst us, a separation begin into contending sections, if not with failure of charity, with loss of power, which urges us to speak. Let us not be accused of wishing, or aiming at, the unity of stagnation; or desiring to see catholics think alike on matters of politics, science, literature, or art. Let them have their tastes and their humours, about basilical, Byzantine, Gothic or Grecian architectures, about Gregorian, Palestrinian, or German music. Let there be any variety of philosophical schools, from Descartes to Rosmini, or let us fight about nominalism or realism once more. Nay in theology itself, dogma being safe, let men range themselves under the banners of different schools, be Thomists or Scotists, if they do not despise such antiquated names, or select any of the methods freely allowed by the Church, of treating doctrines, intellectually or historically,

taking Klee or Möhler for a model. And in matters of action, let there be variety of opinions, and methods; let each one prefer his own form of charity and his own fashion of giving—only *let* him give it—take his own way of satisfying his devotion among the varieties offered him for choice; indulge his preferences for particular religious institutes; like more or less of government interference, or of purely secular learning, in our education; vote, or not, at elections as he likes: get rid of churchrates where he can, or pay them if he prefers. On these and a thousand other subjects—indeed on all except matters of faith or catholic practice—we do not wish to pull or drive people into uniformity of views. Like all persons of sincere and hearty convictions, we should indeed be glad to see all agreeing with us, and we claim the right of advocating our own ideas with all the earnestness of a good conscience. But we will not quarrel with those that will not adopt them, nor will we despise them for it.

But there surely is a point at which differences should cease, when even an Apostle, who permitted every latitude admissible in grave matters, could say that he had heard with pain that there were contentions springing up, and exhort the Faithful to be of one mind, beyond the narrow boundary of strict faith. The moment differences create parties, that is, distinct bodies disposed to look suspiciously or contemptuously on one another; or so sundered that they will not have a joint action, or that the one paralyses the efforts of the other in a common cause; or beginning to speak of one another by peculiar names, we have symptoms of “contention,” and weakening disunion, sure to produce evil effects.

Let us, merely at present by way of illustration, take note of our educational position. The great bases of its present system were laid down with considerable care, and after grave and long discussion. It was a new condition of things. Catholics, for the first time saw themselves become recipients of public assistance, and brought into a friendly connection with government. An extensive machinery was necessary, was created, and brought into action, to be intermediate between the two, the Catholic body and the State. Inspectors, training schools, certificated teachers, salaried pupils, building grants, capitation money, and many new, and hitherto unknown persons, things, and terms came suddenly into play amongst us, all

of course introducing, and gradually strengthening, the power of the latter. To counterbalance, regulate, or, if you please, to check, this, we had, and have, a Committee as admirably composed as we think possible, clerical and lay, not more sanctioned by authority, than they are by public approbation. Surely the whole security of the system rests on the accurate adjustment of this portion of its machinery, to the working of the other. Yet the Poor-school Committee depends, for its existence, upon public support. Without its funds, and their distribution, it could not even exist; yet these come from collections, and subscriptions, that is, from sources immensely swayed by popular motives, and popular feelings.

Let any reasonable man answer, whether it was not most natural in Catholics generally, to be diffident, not to say worse, and consequently cautious, in receiving this unexpected offer of government assistance? They were not used to kindness, or to disinterested advances. The first time that a child, taken from a prison or a workhouse, sees a hand raised to caress it, it shrinks from it, as prepared to give it a blow. Whenever aid had been awarded in Catholic Ireland, it had been always accompanied either with restrictions that greatly neutralized its value, or with expectations which considerably diminished it. Of the latter case the best example is Maynooth. Because its grant has not made the Irish priests smoothly indifferent, or trimly subservient, there is a cry to withdraw it, as a failure. Of the former let the Archbishop of Dublin's recent Pastoral, give evidence, by showing the trammels with which Catholic education is hampered in Ireland. What then, we repeat, more natural than that a "*Timeo Danaos*" feeling should have existed in the minds of many excellent and virtuous men, when gifts were offered for education? How many jealousies arose (for we are jealous of our little ones' souls) about the amount of right, or influence that a protestant, and possibly illiberal, government might acquire and exercise over our education, and the extent to which religious instruction might be tampered with. These fears were alleviated by the confidence placed in the Committee organised by the Bishops, as a safeguard against such a danger, as well as for other great purposes.

But if a party is formed, or gradually springs up, intent on augmenting, to the utmost, government influence and

government interference, ridiculing apprehensions which ought to be respected, desiring to force every school under the reach of State patronage, encreasing the preponderance of secular instruction, in fine destroying the balance between a danger in many people's eyes, and its corrective, by strengthening the governmental, beyond the religious, element, the natural consequence is strong reaction. Apprehensions disregarded will ripen into alarm; schools will be withdrawn from inspection; subscriptions to a system which will be deemed treacherous will diminish; the Poor School Committee will be crippled, if not paralysed, and its influence and weight be lessened. The safeguard which we now possess will be lost, and the many schools which must remain inspected will be only worse off. And the ulterior consequence may be, that one day or other, a compulsory system may be introduced, justified on the very ground of our withdrawal from state-assistance, without our having any responsible or organized body, to fight the battle of religious education. Ought we not, therefore, whatever may be our opinions on this subject, to avoid erecting them into a war-cry, and arousing angry feelings, which can only hurt ourselves? Why taunt and goad, those who are repugnant, to enter into a system which no competent authority has made compulsory? Why allow, or justify, encroachments, instead of watching them jealously, in all that regards education? And why on the other hand push that jealousy to extremes, or recommence a question supposed to have been settled, as to the principle of government aid, and secular inspection? Instead of going to war among ourselves, as there is danger of our doing, on this all-important subject, is there not a point at which, preserving our different opinions, we can all rally, so as not to inflict injury either on our temporal profit, or on our religious liberty? We feel that there is: and therefore think, that a warning voice may be raised without presumption, against a growing dissension among ourselves, likely to be fraught with evil consequences.

What we have written on education has been by way of illustrating, how an urgent occasion may arise for interposing any influence which this long established organ of the catholic mind may possess. To resume the thread of our observations—we can easily imagine that others, with the best motives, may consider another mode of dealing

with catholic interests, greatly preferable, to that which we have pursued. They may condemn the processes hitherto followed for advancing religion, as slow and unenergetic; they may believe that we have gone on a wrong track, and ought to tread more intellectual paths: or they may have come to the conclusion that old and effete ideas and methods still exist, which want total abolition, and replacing with others more suited to an age of progress. Such, at any rate, seem to be the sentiments and desires of those who speak to the whole world, in the following terms which we grievously deplore, as calculated to cause, or to encrease dissension in the catholic body.

"Whatever is the fault of our published views, their lack of 'breadth and comprehension' is rather a consequence of our want of ability to say what we mean in a masterly manner, and of the necessity that encompasses us to observe silence on many things, than of our want of perfect and intimate conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson so well unfolds. England, and especially the little remnant of Catholic England, lives very much on tradition—lives by the past. We cannot criticise the past without breaking with that on which our editorial existence depends. We have to write for those who consider that a periodical appearing three times in the quarter, has no business to enter into serious questions, which must be reserved for the more measured roll of the Quarterly. Our part, it seems, is to provide milk and water, and sugar, insipid 'amusement and instruction,' from which all that might suggest and excite real thoughts has been carefully weeded. These are the conditions sometimes proposed to us, as those on which our publication will be encouraged. We may, indeed, be as severe as we like in showing that there is not a jot or scrap of truth in any of the enemies of Catholics; that all who oppose us, or contend with us, are both morally reprobate and intellectually impotent. We have perfect liberty to make out, by a selection of garbled quotations, how all the sciences of the nineteenth century are ministering to their divine queen; how geologists and physical philosophers are proving the order of creation as related by Moses; physiologists the descent of mankind from one couple; philologists the original unity and subsequent disruption in human language; ethnographers in their progress are testifying more and more to that primeval division of mankind into three great races, as recorded by Moses; while any serious investigation of these sciences, made independently of the unauthoritative interpretations of Scripture, by which they have hitherto been controlled and confined in the Catholic schools, would be discouraged as tending to infuse doubts into the minds of innocent Catholics, and to suggest speculation where faith now reigns. People, forsooth, to whom

the pages of the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, with all their masterly infidelity, lie open, will be exposed to the danger of losing their faith if a Catholic speculates a little on questions of moral, intellectual, social, or physical philosophy,—if he directs his mind to anything above writing nice stories, in illustration of the pleasantness and peace of the Catholic religion, and the naughty and disagreeable ends to which all non-Catholics arrive in this world and the next,—to anything more honest than defending through thick and thin the governments of all tyrants that profess our religion, and proving by ‘geometric scale,’ that the interior of a Neapolitan prison is rather preferable to that of an English gaol. We only wish we saw our way clearly to be safe in speaking out in a manner still more after Dr. Brownson’s heart.”—*Rambler*, Oct., p. 316.

This manifesto, or programme contains two sides, concerning which we may feel very differently. For the writers of it may be quite justified on the one, and not on the other. They may be quite right in what they say of themselves, and very wrong in their censures on their brethren. It is certain that Divine Providence has made Its own distribution of personal gifts, and worldly advantages; and has bestowed them more liberally upon some than upon others. And where this is the case, it is not improbable that there will be a consciousness of possessing them, and of a call to employ them. Those who are represented in the passage quoted, no doubt, belong to this class, and have full right to know it. They separate themselves in intellectual condition from “the little remnant of catholic England,” and feel that they are able and ready to instruct it. They assure us that all which they have hitherto written is but the milk of babes, not the food of the strong, which that poor etiolated body would not bear. They give the list of matters which they could discuss and treat of, but dare not, “moral, intellectual, social, or physical philosophy.” That they are able to do all this and more, we have no reason to doubt. The pages of their journal give proof of great abilities carefully cultivated, by reading and thought: and they are no doubt conscious of more than we, from without them, can judge. We are ready, therefore, to take their own word for their estimate of their powers, and to be grateful that they have been bestowed upon them, and sincerely hope that they may long enjoy them, and usefully employ them. With unfeigned convictions we say to them, in the name of “the

little remnant" to which we belong, "Nos stulti propter Christum, vos autem prudentes in Christo; nos infirmi, vos autem fortes; vos nobiles, nos autem ignobiles." And we will go on further, speaking of the intellectual appetite: "Usque in hanc horam et esurimus, et sitimus, et nudi sumus, et colaphis cædimur." (1 Cor. iv. 10, 11.)

While, however, we accept cordially this frank claim to superior qualifications for the office of public instructors, we must be allowed to demur to the manner in which it is made; in other words, we must protest against the contrast, by which it is made prominent. The writers tell us what they could and would do, were they not prevented by the incapacity of the catholic public to appreciate their productions. Or rather so low is our level in the scale of intellect, that "milk, sugar and water," mingled in the proportions that give insipidity, are the only beverage they could presume to offer us with chance of success. We are a set of people who would be pleased by reading, "that there is not a jot or scrap of truth in any of the enemies of catholics," in other words, by any extent of calumny of our adversaries; who desire to have our convictions strengthened by garbled quotations on geology, physiology and ethnography; and believe that readers will be exposed to danger of losing their faith, if the writers of the Rambler should do anything "more honest than defending, through thick and thin, the governments of all tyrants who profess our religion."

To this statement we strongly object, as ungrounded and unprovoked. It sounds like an echo from our ranks of an old protestant clamour against catholics. In their name, we repudiate the charge, with sorrowful indignation. That Catholics, neither in Germany, nor in France, any more than in England, will bear with indifference consequences to be drawn from science, at variance with *authorized* interpretations of scripture, we know most certainly. They could not allow any doctrine of physiology to be taught them which led to a pre-Adamite theory, or one of plurality of races, inconsistent with the doctrine of the fall, original sin, and redemption; nor any system of ethnography which denied the salvation of "eight souls" by the ark. But, faith secured, we have never found any stint on the part of Catholics in England or elsewhere, in permitting latitude of theory and of hypothesis, where science and revelation had to be reconciled. We feel con-

fidant, that if the writer in the *Rambler* had favoured them with his account of scientific researches, drawing no consequences contrary to faith, he would have been allowed to speculate and theorize to the full, without rebuke. For if ever there has been fault found, it can only have been where the discussion was purely theological, and went even beyond what could have been characterised as bold.

To tell the truth, we are at a loss to discover the ground of this wholesale and degrading charge, by a few persons, against the great bulk of their brethren in religious belief. We find the *Rambler* on the table of every respectable catholic house, in the hands of the clergy, in the library of colleges, in the reading room of every catholic Institute or club, under direction of laymen or clerks. We have never heard it spoken of save with respect, and even admiration: except in the theological views alluded to, and the paragraph on which we are commenting. Surely it has received its full share of public applause, as well as its fair share of so limited a patronage as catholic literature can well expect. While number after number of the Dublin Review is not favoured even with a passing notice by any catholic newspaper, scarcely a week is allowed to elapse by any of them, after the monthly appearance of the *Rambler*, without a glowing eulogium, and copious extracts in each. Are all these symptoms of unpopularity, in the catholic reading world, or of a want of appreciation of the high qualities of the work? Certainly the call for "nice stories in illustration of the peace and pleasantness of being a catholic," or for more water and sugar in their milk, has never reached our ears. Another thing too strikes us forcibly. The writer sympathizes with Dr. Brownson "in the course which he has so boldly chosen, and so successfully pursued" (p. 317) and wishes only to be able to imitate him; but he does not "see his way clearly to be safe" in so doing. Is then the Catholic intellect so much lower in England than in America? Yet Brownson's *Quarterly* is reprinted in London, and must have a good circulation to make this worth while. If his writings then are not protested against by English Catholics but read with avidity that requires a special edition, why should the *Rambler* fear a different reception from what he obtains here, for following the same path? How will Dr. Brownson reconcile the fact about himself, with the assertion about the *Rambler*? We

believe that the *Rambler* has had as fair play as any other catholic journal; has obtained a circulation equal to more than an average one in such a straitened circle as catholic society; and has been amply rewarded in praise and general estimation.* It may not indeed have exercised any practical influence, nor led public opinion amongst us. But the reason of that is obvious, and may be found in the very paragraph under consideration. Its writers do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of catholics. They stand aloof, and do not share the real burthen of catholic labour. They lecture admirably, criticise, find imperfections in what is done; give excellent theoretical instruction on our duties as catholics. But they address us rather as a speaker does from the hustings, from without and above the crowd addressed. Can it be otherwise, if they take us to be such a body as they have represented us to our protestant fellow-countrymen, in the passage which we have quoted? No influence will ever be obtained without identification of ourselves, with those whom we wish to lead. Let these writers, whose ability we are the first to avow, feel that interest in our work which can only be gained by sharing its pains and troubles, and they will know the effect of an occasional cheering word to those that toil, instead of a continual chaptering, and telling them that they have all to learn.

But this brings us to the second reason for our deploring the expression of such contemptuous sentiments respecting the "catholic remnant" of England; it is, that this intellectual separation of a knot of able persons from it, is at once the creation of party, upon the very worst ground, that of a distinction of old, and new, catholics. We all know, how again and again the English press has endeavoured to divide us, and this has been the very wedge by which they have vainly striven to cleave us. Their efforts have been vain. Our own sentiments on the subject we shall have occasion to express later. But it is too clear that the writer, whom we have quoted, draws a line between himself and colleagues on one side, and the general body of Catholics on the other; between writers and

* The "extensive circulation" of the *Rambler* it avowed in a notice attached to the most interesting account given in its last number, of the persecution under James I.

readers; between those who would instruct, and "those on which their editorial existence depends." And it would be mere affectation to ignore, that the line is meant to divide *some* belonging to what the same Journal elsewhere calls the "convert portion" from the "old Catholic." (Dec. p. 450) We say *some*: because we know there are hundreds of converts, who join us in deprecating the forming of such a distribution of members of one Church, and wish not to be distinguished by a party-term from the mass of its members.

Indeed, it was an illustrious convert, who would be sorry to be recognized as such, by any peculiarity of notions, who struck as much by the simple and dignified severity of his remarks, upon the desire to draw such a distinction. It was, he remarked, ungenerous. And we understood his meaning to be this. If a family had been unjustly plundered of its wealth by confiscation, could we otherwise characterise the conduct of a person who had been enriched by the spoliation, and now recognized its injustice, should he taunt or upbraid the sufferers with their poverty, and draw their attention to his own abundance? For 300 years, "*usque ad hanc horam*," Catholics have been debarred from the resources for high education, endowed by the Wykehams, the Wainfleets, the Wolseys, the Lady Margarets, their ancestors in the faith. Every national institution for classical, or scientific, training has been closed against them, first Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Shrewsbury, then Oxford and Cambridge. They have not been allowed, without surrender of faith, to walk their stately quadrangles, or meditate in their beautiful meadows. No scholarship, or fellowship, or lectureship or mastership has allured them to long study, or given them honourable leisure for its pursuit, or crowned it with rewards. The names of tripos, and wranglers, and first-class men, and double-first-class have formed no part in their vocabulary. All these immense advantages Catholics have fore-gone, only because the price for them was too high, the loss of their faith. They preferred sending their children abroad in disguise, and at risk of ruinous penalties, for education. Well, the great continental revolution swept away their noble establishments, with the wreck of everything holy. Yet the love of good learning was not extinct. Without endowments, almost without resources, they have been toiling from then till now in erecting

colleges, and like ants bearing large loads, almost beyond their strength, to replace their ruined retreats of learning. In the meantime what they lost, others have enjoyed. At the tremendous price of separation from the faith, and the dreadful risk of eternal perdition, they have possessed the blessing, (shall we call it so?) of a full and elevated secular education, in those ancient halls of Catholic foundation. A loving grace has granted to them in addition that which the "old Catholics" had only been allowed as compensation; they are Catholics (God be praised!) as well as these, only rich in all that which had been taken from them, and the gates of which had been as jealously guarded against them with a flaming sword, as the way to the tree of knowledge was to fallen man. To them has been given the double fruit of the tree of knowledge, and of the tree of life: to others the second only.

But under the circumstances is there not something unkind, to say the least, in twitting these, in worldly estimation less favoured brethren, with an intellectual inferiority, supposing it to exist? in reproaching them for not having possession of what had been taken from them, and asserting superiority because one *has* had the advantage of it? Ought not such honours to be borne meekly? Brought into the Church with a generous and spontaneous acknowledgment, that they are only a restitution of what had been robbed from her, a restoration of what she had been stripped of? Should the old family, so touchingly described by our most eloquent writer, as mysteriously dwelling in the quaint mansion among the trees, be reprehended if it has grown up somewhat "living on the past," while no present enjoyment was allowed it? If the present supply of intellectual food for its children was cut off, what more natural than that it should turn to its stores of past thrift and careful provision, and cling rather tenaciously to what afforded at once honour and consolation? It is not a little to have "a past" on which to live, to have branches on the family-tree tipped with ruddy blossoms, and an occasional lily brightly peeping through its gloomy foliage; to have in one's pedigree the name of a man who was drawn, hanged, and quartered for the faith, or of a woman who was pressed to death for conscience sake, of a learned writer or of a lady abbess, either a perpetual exile from home, and country. It is an honour worth dwelling on, to have had heavily to contribute to those exorbitant extortions which

the *Rambler* is so laudably making known in its "Glimpses of the working of the penal laws under James I.;" or to be able as yet to show the priest's hiding-hole, such as there was at "Preston-hall," and the place of the old chapel in the garret. Nor can we think, that the owners of such records and monuments will easily yet let them go into oblivion. For, although the present is no moment for dreamy listlessness, and we must go on plunging, and swallowing of the wave, which hurries us forward beyond the middle of this boastful and pregnant nineteenth century, we cannot but believe that an old plank torn and preserved from the ancestral mansion, will bear a youth more buoyantly and more safely through the whirlpool to which he is hastening, than scientific theories and philosophical refinements; and while too many of these will be found shivered on rocks, or turned bottom upwards by stronger and ruder craft that will follow, the solid old *robur* of simple faith enwrapped in family recollections will gallantly outride the storm.

If we deprecate the attempt to divide Catholics into two classes, it is because we do not admit their real existence. On the day of Pentecost, and for a long time after, the entire Church was composed of converts. There was only one class in it then. Did they alter into something else, as time went on? Did they, or their children call themselves "old Christians," and treat the new comers, as in any respect one whit inferior to themselves; or did these consider themselves as possessing a single advantage over others? Had such contentions as these arisen, they would have soon felt the heavy and indignant lash of the apostolic scourge. Inside the Church, or outside it, forms the only distinction; with Christ or against Him; gathering with Him or scattering away from Him. And so has it been ever since, and so God grant it may be for ever! Let us indeed learn to value the distinctive gifts which every class of men brings to the common stock. But once thrown in there, let them be like the treasure of the new Church at Jerusalem, the property of all, and let none presume to point, or single out, his personal contribution. There let them all ferment in one leaven of charity as common food, the rich mellow grain of last year's harvest, and the hard shrivelled seed of ages ago, well blended and kneaded together, the Apostle's symbol of perfect unity.

What conversion has brought to the Catholics of this country is beyond all measure and all estimation. Not churches, nor monasteries, nor schools, nor convents, nor hospitals, nor institutions of charity, however grand, beautiful, edifying or useful they may be, bear remote comparison in their value to our minds, with the grace of conversion. In the sixth number of this Review we avowed its principles and our feelings in these words:—"The course which we shall pursue shall be consistent and persevering. We seek not the wealth of our Anglican neighbours, nor their establishments, nor their political power, nor their usurped influence. All these things we esteem as dross. But we covet their brotherhood in the faith, and their participation in our security of belief, and their being bound to us in cords of love through religious unity. For these things we will contend unceasingly, and to the utmost of our power, and God defend the right!" (Vol. iii. p. 79.) This feeling can claim no praise; it is natural as an instinct can be.

After all what can a church be, even if built up, not of rag, or ashler, or dressed stone, but of marble from Carrara or granite from Egypt, to be compared to the living Church, which conversion has built with living stones, many as precious and as chosen, as those which Venetian merchants brought from the East, to adorn as well as support the walls of St. Mark's, or which early Emperors plucked from the crumbling walls of sumptuous, but decaying, temples, for the basilicas which they raised? What carving, or cresting, what pinnacle or fretted spire, what moulding or painting, or gilding can stand in comparison with the splendid and even dazzling adornment which our holy Church has received from the genius, the abilities, the learning, and the piety of many who have joined her; from the fertility of one versatile, yet most accurate mind, the rich outpouring of another's eloquent devotion, the grave yet pleasing fecundity of a third, the sterner logic of a fourth, the poetry, and song of several, and the varied literary powers of many. They have flooded the catholic commonweal with new light, enough to redound, and from it influence, with a characteristic peculiarity, the general literature of the country. Nor need we speak of architecture, painting, music, artistic learning, legal knowledge, forensic skill, medical science, linguistic attainments, and of many other branches of mental culture, in which some of those

whom we would lovingly invite not to keep reckoning of "the time of their ignorance," so excel as to be publicly honoured, and are sure to leave the traces of their passage marked on the annals of their respective pursuits.

But in fact, why speak under figure of what these admirable men have done for the Church? If they have been stones in the spiritual edifice, they have been among the best builders of the material house, with its many consequent blessings; if they have figuratively adorned the one by their transcendent qualities, they have really done so by their active liberality. Every Catholic knows how, perhaps in the Diocese which he inhabits, a mission or church has sprung up through the charity and zeal of some recent convert. But we doubt if many are aware of the extent to which the material extension of religion has gained through their exertions. To make known the greatness of our obligations is a pleasing duty. So far from grudging praise where it is due, we know of no occupation more congenial to ourselves, or more likely to edify and encourage our readers. We therefore insert a list, as complete as we have been able to make it, of the new missions in England and Scotland, which owe their origin entirely to converts; even at the risk of somewhat wounding the sensibility of their founders.

CHURCHES, MISSIONS, &c. ERECTED BY CONVERTS.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Diocese.</i>	<i>Person.</i>	<i>Description.</i>
Abbotsford.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Hope Scott.	Chapel.
Abingdon.	Southwark.	Mr. Bowyer.	Church & Mission.
Belmont.	Newport and Menevia.	Mr. Wegg Prosser.	Do.
Botleigh Grange.	Southwark.	Mr. Beste.	Chapel.
Bridgend.	Newport and Menevia.	Mr. Nicholl.	Church & Mission.
Brompton.	Westminster.	V. Rev. Dr. Faber.	Do.
Campden.	Clifton.	Viscount Campden.	Do.
Carstairs.	W. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Monteith.	Chapel.
Charnwood Forest.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Philipps.	St. Bernard's Abbey.
Chiselhurst.	Southwark.	Mr. Bowden.	Church & Mission.
Crooke.	Hexham.	Rev. S. Rooke.	Do.
Dalkeith.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Lady Lothian.	Do.
Edgbaston.	Birmingham.	Very Rev. Dr. Newman.	Do.
Edrington.	Do.	Rev. D. Haigh.	Church.
Errwood.	Shrewsbury.	Mr. Grimshaw.	Chapel & Mission.
Frome.	Clifton.	Rev. R. Ward.	Church & Mission.
Fulham.	Westminster.	Mrs. Bowden.	Do.
Galashiels.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Hope Scott.	Do.
Grantully.	Do.	Sir W.S. Drummond	Do.
Grace-Dieu.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Philipps.	Do.
Great Grimsby.	Do.	Mr. B —	Mission.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Diocese.</i>	<i>Person.</i>	<i>Description.</i>
Great Marlow.	Northampton.	Mr. Scott Murray.	Church & Mission.
Hanwell.	Westminster.	Miss Rabnett.	Chapel & Mission.
Huntly Burn.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Lord H. Kerr.	Chapel.
Jedburgh.	Do.	Lady Lothian.	Church & Mission.
Kelso.	Do.	Mr. H. Scott.	Chapel & Mission.
Levenshulme.	Salford.	Mr. Grimshawe.	Church & Mission.
London.	Westminster.	Miss White.	Schools.
Longworth.	Newport and Meuevia.	Mr. Phillipps.	Chapel & Mission.
Murthly.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Sir W. S. Drummond	Church & Mission.
Pantasaph.	Shrewsbury.	Lord Feilding.	Do.
Ramsgate.	Southwark.	Mr. Pugin.	Do.
Rugby.	Birmingham.	Capt. Washington Hibbert.	Do.
Ryde.	Southwark.	Lady Clare.	Do.
St. Wilfrid's.	Birmingham.	V. Rev. Dr. Faber.	Church, Monas- tery & Mission.
Shepshed.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	Do.
Tullymet.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Dick.	Do.
Weston Hall.	Birmingham.	Mr. Debarry.	Chapel & Mission.
Whitwick.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	Church & Mission.
Walsingham.	Hexham.	Rev. T. Wilkinson.	Do.
Woodchester.	Clifton.	Mr. Leigh.	Do. & Monastery.
Woodhill.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Trotter.	Church & Mission.
Yealmpton.	Plymouth.	Mr. Bastard.	Do.

Forty-three missions, which in all human probability would not have existed are due exclusively to converts, within a short period, to the unspeakable happiness, and spiritual profit of thousands of poor catholics in their neighbourhood, and the spread of religion, through multiplied conversions. To this list might be added many other places, where existing missions have been supported, and raised out of extreme poverty, and where churches or chapels have been enlarged or beautified by this class of catholics, or where they are the main contributors towards, though not founders of, a new mission.

On another topic we have not touched. But every catholic heart will glow with admiration, affection and gratitude, when he considers the high examples of generous sacrifice, and renunciation of every worldly advantage and blessing which late years have afforded, the accession which our religious orders have received, the many affecting devotions which have been made known and propagated, the new Institutions that have attained maturity or are still in a state of progress, the many evidences of great virtues and genuine piety which are daily displayed, in fine the daily development, in every sense and on every side, of sterling, solid catholic religion. All this has been co-ordinate with the tidal flow of conversion, which has set in, after dark time of ebb-flood, towards the catholic Church.

If there be still any who, instead of wishing all these good things to belong to all, would fain have them estimated as the possession or the glory of a few, let it be so; and we can only conclude this subject by again saying to them, "Divites facti estis, sine nobis regnatis; et utinam regnetis, ut et nos vobiscum regnemus." (1 Cor. iv. 8.)

But we should be unjust to those whom we have endeavoured to assist in forming a true estimate of the immense blessings, beyond individual salvation, which God has shed upon His Church, through her many new children, "her joy and her crown," if we did not also add a few words, in reference to them. An inclination to think slightly of them, and to depreciate their intellectual character has suggested this article, written with much pain and reluctance. And this is now increased by our being compelled to do that against which we are striving, to speak of Catholics as forming two classes, a division which we are writing simply, if possible, to abolish. It is only fair then to say, that higher merit can scarcely be conceived, than that of abiding fidelity through generations, to a persecuted, humbled, and plundered Church. The article already alluded to, as in this month's number of the *Rambler* gives from authentic and official documents the amount of one year's forfeit-money, paid by catholics in the tenth year of James I., as £371,060: a sum which, calculating the different values of money, and the population of the kingdom, seems almost incredible. When we look at the lists of recusants in different counties, and see how many families have fallen away, melted or crushed under the terrific pressure of penal exactions, or worried into final apostacy, and when, on the other hand, we find in those lists names yet remaining among our best families, we cannot but conclude that a most signal grace, and singular Providence, have been their dispensation, in the destinies of this Empire. Further, when we consider, that they did in ages of persecution what others are justly praised for having done in times of peace, that they kept up chapels at the risk of domestic treachery and neighbourly spite, maintained priests for themselves and poorer dependants, in hourly fear of pursuivant's domiciliary visits, which brought often all the worst evils of a sacked city into their mansions, without even the restraint of discipline, that out of their properties, chronically attenuated by the sweating of monthly fines, and further depleted by the irregular drain

of compositions and exactions, they even endowed, as far as law permitted, missions and chaplaincies which still continue, or are perhaps the foundation or nucleus of most flourishing congregations, it is not presumptuous to ask, respect and gratitude for such men and their descendants. And even yet do we see new missions rise through the unaided liberality of catholics from birth.*

But there are great, though not very glorious, burthens which rest almost entirely on the shoulders of the poor old remnant. Our charities and poor schools in many instances yet are, where they were before any new influx of intelligence and zeal poured into the Church. These indeed play about the pinnacles and beautiful things of the Temple, but scarcely as yet reach the coarse, but necessary, foundations. We have thought it worth while analysing the published lists of several London charities, and we will give the results, to show, what is yet done in the old-fashioned way of our fathers, towards helping the poor. We will suppress names, and be content with facts. And these we will collect from the most opposite ends of the metropolis.

No. 1. Charitable Institution for all London. Annual subscribers 324, of whom 12 are converts, 3 are not catholics.†

No. 2. Similar charity. Subscribers 208, of whom 22 are converts, 4 not catholics.

No. 3. Schools in the City. Subscribers 78, of whom 9 are converts, 8 not catholics. Most of the converts belong to the middle class.

No. 4. Schools in the centre of London. Subscribers 77, of whom 2, perhaps 3, are converts.

No. 5. Schools at the West end of London. Subscribers 317, of whom 15 are converts.

* Such are Cheadle, Romford, Mortlake, Gainford, Otley, The Grange, Scarthingwell, Sickling Hall, Broadway, Avon Dasset, Sutton, &c. The last mentioned place is well worthy of particular mention. A handsome stone church with spire, schools and monastery, are all due to the liberality of one person, who not many years ago was a day-labourer on rail-roads.

† We may occasionally have mistaken a protestant name for a catholic one; but this must form a very slight deviation from accuracy.

No. 6. Orphanage. Subscribers (ladies) 102, of whom 11 are converts.

We could enlarge this list, but thus much will suffice for our purpose. These and other charities of vast practical importance, some of them remote from the wealthier quarters of London, but some of them in the very midst of that favoured region, have yet to look for their support to the class that represents catholics, as they stood before any great addition to their numbers, by recent happy events. As we enumerate subscribers, we exclude the poor, whose drops collected at sermons, or by meetings, do not entitle them in our usages to nominal returns. The subscribers therefore here given are persons ranging from the nobleman to his servant, from the merchant on 'Change, to the petty shopkeeper. Look at No. 5, a charity which supports three boys' schools, three girls', and three infants' schools, besides an evening school for girls and young women, and a Sunday-school for boys and young men. About 900 infants, children, and young women are educated. Yet though this occurs in the most central part of London, we see how little adventitious aid comes to the old supporters of the work. We dwell upon this instance, not from any wish to draw invidious consequences, but because we so often hear, and even read, intimations, that old Catholics care or know very little about education of the poor, that they want much enlightenment on the subject, and in fact have had all to learn of late. A little study of the history of our charities, of the dates of their foundations, of their struggles, of their enlargements, of their ramifications, of their many vicissitudes, would perhaps show our censors that we have not been leading quite the life of dormice, even through "the winter of our discontent," long as it lasted.

We know that we still retain old-world ways, exploded in the more refined modern plans of charity, and if the latter could be made to answer, and answer better, we have no objection to substitute them. But unfortunately, whether through want of practical lessons, or from defect in the materials we have to work on, every attempt to depart from those ancient methods has signally failed. One great advocate for the education of the poor says: "I am opposed to all charity dinners on principle, so I regret I cannot support your charity, which depends on one." Another is averse to an excursion, another to a tea-party.

This gentleman will not subscribe where there is no inspection, that one will not where there is. Here one has a scruple about giving his money, unless the rooms are better ventilated, there another will do nothing till the starving priest has nuns. In fine, principles rise up, upon secondary details, always sufficiently strong to strangle the master principle, that children must be educated, and the poor maintained. Were this made the primary law, *suprema lex*, the contribution would come in and do its good, even though wrapped up in a protest against its being expected to subject the giver to the dyspepsia of a public dinner. But let it be remembered that the great body of our contributors, by an immense majority, is composed of those who genuinely represent the Anglo-Saxon race; whom every witness to their propensities, before the Normans enervated them, from St. Augustine to Froissart, attests to have been solid feeders, whom St. Gregory advises his disciple to humour in their natural taste, by letting them have a beef-feast on great festivals, and who alone identify in their vocabulary the two ideas of expansion of soul and plenitude of body, in the phrase "good cheer." To "be of good cheer," and to "have good cheer" naturally go together. Yet more seriously, let it be remembered, that the great bulk of these generous almsgivers are men whose day is given to work and toil, and who never sit round tables bright with light and silver, and offering more than homely variety of viands. A social evening, in an ample decorated hall, where they meet many friends, where all is copied, however imperfectly, from aristocratic usages, in look and in attendance, where they are in company with a few high-born but meek-minded persons, who yet condescend, in these days of supposed equality, to dine with the artisan and the citizen, where they are addressed by some one of superior station as friends and fellow-catholics, where, after all, they are in no danger of their hearing anything hurtful, but may occasionally have a tear brought to their eye, at the tale of sorrow and poverty that is told them, and certainly their hands guided to their purses by their own best feelings, an evening thus occasionally spent by honest men of this class, will not surely be one of those convivial scenes that will embody itself, at the last hour, in a dance of hobgoblins, painted by Turner. We acknowledge that there is something heroic in submitting to be tortured by

evil food, and poisoned by bad wines, at a tavern, and more so occasionally *entre nous*, in being doomed to listen to lame speeches that hobble on, supported by the crutches of occasional cheers. But after all the thing is bearable, and not worse than a *table d'hôte* abroad, or an old stage-coach dinner in England, or O! worse than all, a meal half way between Dover and Ostend. And really charity is worthy of an occasional act and display of heroism. But, if any of the gentlemen, who so dislike the system of a charity dinner, that they will rather see the poor starve, than eat one themselves, would for once stoop so low, we believe that the sight of many honest, earnest faces, expanding beneath the gentle influence of charity, and the sound of their applauding voices, whenever a sentiment is spoken on what is dear to a catholic heart, the Pope, the bishop, the clergy, the nobility, charity, virtue, education, the child, the old man, the sick, would thaw the prejudices of another school in which propriety held a higher place than humility, and orderly dispensation is more esteemed than somewhat tumultuous charity. We believe that many who went this year as guests would consent to go, next, as stewards.

However, we have transgressed our limits, in this Apician excursus from our main object. 'The system, good or bad, is that by which thousands of children are educated, and hundreds of orphans clothed and fed, and hundreds of aged men and women warmed and supported. Alms-houses have been built by it, orphanages have been erected, churches and schools in part raised. And this great, or rather necessary work falls upon the shoulders of the industrious middle class, aided indeed by those whose names have, for many years headed their subscription lists with solid donations, and whose fathers before them saw the same assistance afforded to the same unperishing cause. And thus we fear the work will have to continue for one generation at least to come, in spite of the liberal counsel which we constantly receive, in rather vague terms, of how much better everything might be, or ought to be, if the present system were wholly given up, and we only instead of it—ha! that is just what we want to know, but can never get told us.

Let us take for instance, an article in the November number of the *Rambler*, said to be written by a priest, evidently a zealous one, on our poor schools. There is

very much indeed, in the paper, worthy of great attention and commendation. But we cannot conceal from ourselves, that the writer has not had many opportunities of obtaining accurate acquaintance on some points. For instance, he writes as follows :—

“There is yet one thing more indispensable to the success of our schools. We must utterly get rid of the idea that schools are to be the means of supporting needy, broken-down men and women, or persons whom, from any motive, we desire to provide for.”—p. 333.

A few pages before he thus speaks of the managers of Catholic schools :—

“They think we live in those good old times, when the squire’s butler, now past active service retired into private(?) life as village school-master ; or when a cook or lady’s-maid worn out with years and service, was by an economical arrangement installed into the office of schoolmistress.”—p. 327.

These passages struck us, when we read the article, as particularly noticeable ; and we were not surprised to see our newspapers seize on them as a seasonable lesson to worthy squires, and a well-merited rebuke to dunces who found schools. As we do not remember the times when the routine of Catholic literary promotion was from the pantry and kitchen to the school-chair, we cannot speak of them, further than to say, that before there were training schools, a steady butler, who had read prayers for the servants and led the choir, and perhaps in early youth had tried his vocation in a religious house (such instances are not even now impossible) or a lady’s maid who had been educated in a convent (not so rare case either) might have made as good a teacher as was to be got by taking one up at haphazard. But let that pass. Is it meant to be insinuated, that *now* among Catholics it is usual to make the school a provision for the senility or anility of broken-down dependants ? Is this an “idea” which they are seriously invited to “get rid of?” Let us ask, if it be not rather true, that neither the training-schools nor the Poor-school Committee can supply half the applications made for trained masters and mistresses ; if the heads or secretaries of these institutions have not to answer that the demand is far beyond the supply ; if persons supposed to have opportunities of knowing, are not constantly applied to, if they are acquainted with any good master or

mistress; in short, if the writer of the foregoing advice himself can lead us to any such, who want occupation, but are kept out of employment, because Catholics prefer broken-down old men and women? We certainly think that, in his zeal he has formed a very unjustifiable estimate of Catholic ideas on education.

Again, he attributes the poor condition of many of our schools to the ignorance of the clergy of the practical working of education. He suggests that the management of a poor-school should form part of seminary training. But he at once sees the objection, the want of poor-schools attached to these establishments. We see many other difficulties, and one of them is a want of even a text-book for this branch of education. We have grammars of every language, manuals, introductions, institutes for every present branch of our education. If the writer, after having told us much that we ought not to do, and something that we ought to do, would tell us *how*, we should be thankful. Let us have a really practical manuduction, instead of an essay. We have a *Directorium* for ascetic and mystic theology, let us have a scholastic one. As the priest who has written the paper before us "has had great experience and success" in his schools, and we have no reason to doubt it, let him give us the result of the one, and the secret of the other. Let us have "the priest in his school," beginning with all that relates to material arrangements, plans, elevations, benches, desks, maps, apparatus, books, and other appliances; then giving all that should be known about government grants, examinations, inspection, pupil-teachers, &c. After that may come all that is desirable to be known about real school matters: How is a good master or mistress to be procured; what should be exacted in their respective qualifications, salaries, duties, hours of attendance, other occupations? Next we might be usefully instructed in the best methods of managing the secular teaching, the distribution of day and week, and year, over the many and varied exactions of modern education. Then comes the moral part, the priest's own portion, catechism, instruction, prayers, more particular instruction for the three sacraments of youth, arrangements for confession, attendance at mass and other services, joining Church services, music, ceremonies, and communion. Some of the first things may be picked up in protestant books, or Inspectors'

Reports, or back numbers of the "Poor-School;" but a digest of even those, and the whole of what forms the priest's duty systematically arranged, for many who have not leisure to read up, or "beaver" genius for organization would be a truly valuable work. Into this book would enter, what the writer seems to have found so easy, the best means of collecting, securing and administering school monies, forms of accounts, school-books and forms for noting attendance, application, progress and character. And then we should expect to find accurate instructions and valuable suggestions on rewards and punishments, the moral treatment of children, and individual formation of character, the manner of infusing into a school a high religious tone, and true devotion. The book would contain prayers, suited to children and schools, plans of catechetical instructions, subjects for graduated examinations, rules of conduct and management for the master, attention to whom is as necessary as to the children. Here is indeed, a piece of work for somebody, and we should think for nobody better than the author whom we have indicated. It would be of immense service, and get us out of the region of visionary perfection into that of practical operativeness. To preach for a hundred years that to have a good school we must have a good master, that to understand the management of one we must study it, that to be good managers we must have thoughtfulness and foresight, vigilance and continual struggling (P. 329) will never bring any sensible improvement into the system. For the truth is, want not of will, but of practical guidance, is our great evil: and any one who will remove this will be the great solver of our educational problem.

As we are engaged on this paper, we cannot refrain from indulging on a topic which it opens, one of almost daily encounter. It is another, though a very little instance of the present tendency to range Catholics on different sides. The following is our theme.

"Amongst Catholics one finds two sorts of people. Some, when speaking about our present position in this country, can see in it nothing but what is cheering and delightful. Your *couleur-de rose* man lives in a poetical atmosphere of his own. Openings of new missions, churches, and schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions,—these are his talk and his life. Were there ever, thinks he, such glorious times as these; such palmy days for the Church? In his excited fervour he can see nothing but progress, nothing that

is not enchanting, hopeful, and glorious. On the other hand there is a select little circle of croakers who make it their business to undeceive those who are under any such delusion. Our position is most unreal, say they; and nothing is to be expected from it but the most dire calamities. Every present success is with them but the precursor of debts, difficulties and disasters. There is a flaw in every undertaking, a black spot in every character, which seems as a target for their grumblings. The whole of our present position is unsound and rotten; and if it does not end in a great smash, it is only because of God's providence over-ruling His Church.

"For ourselves being of a philosophic turn of mind, we think that there is a great deal to be said on both sides. To the gentlemen of rose-coloured minds we urge, that there is an old-fashioned proverb about glittering gold which is still as applicable as ever; that the croakers and grumblers are, many of them, no visionaries, but clear-headed and thoughtful men, who not only really see the faults and failings they speak of, but also feel them most keenly: and if we do not take their view, it is not because there is no truth in it, but because it is only one side of the picture, and one, too, that leads to no results. Yes, gentlemen croakers and grumblers, you are right; there *are* plenty of flaws and black spots; plenty that is unreal, unsound, rotten; but this is not peculiar to our age or country, nor to the present state of religion amongst us."—P. 321-2, November.

We certainly must plead guilty to belonging to the first of these classes. This Review was founded upon a *couleur de rose* principle. It was started simply in hopefulness, in buoyant, bounding confidence, that there was "a good time coming." Nay, its complexion at birth was deeper than the paly rose-bud—it was sanguine. There were croakers then as much as now; men who liked the cineraria better than roses, preferred cypress to myrtle, the raven to the nightingale. What was prospect then is retrospect now. Were the croakers right then, in prophesying that not a single conversion would emerge from the "Oxford Tracts," that the eloquent voice in St. Mary's would never resound in a catholic pulpit, and that there was no more vitality in the "movement," than there was in the time of Laud, or of the Non-conformists. All was to them a sham. It is plain then, that carrying back the two parties twenty years, the roseate people were safer than the sooty. What reason have we to believe the order to be reversed, and the future of to-day to be different from that of years ago? There was indeed a moment, when the dark foreboders seemed to have it all their own way: when

the atrocious onslaught on the Hierarchy began. Then indeed there were more than ugly omens ; something worse than mares' tails in the clouds, and Mother Carey's chickens on the curling waves ; there were breakers ahead, there was a scowling lea-shore, there was a hissing trough of sea, there was a murky sky above head, and there was roaring blast around the frail looking bark of England's catholicity. Well, she drove straight on, neither ported her helm nor put it hard a lee, she unshipped not her top-gallants, nor closereefed her mainsail, but trusted to the heavenly steersman, who sometimes appears to slumber in the boat, but always awakes in time. This was a glorious time for the prophets of evil ; their predictions were coming most satisfactorily true : all the consolations of past years had been delusive ; we had been going much too fast, and the whole was going to end in what is denominated "universal smash."

Now, if it had pleased God to give us a much harder trial, and subject us to a harsh, and searching, and long persecution, had we been pushed back civilly (in one sense of the word) into the last century, we should have remained still *couleur de rose*. Never did sweeter rose of resignation blow, than Job upon his dunghill. We should have seen the Hand of God in our humiliation and depression, and should have made every effort to suppress the croak that rose into our throat. Was Job wrong in looking at his own future brightly from that vilest seat, with earthquakes, pillagers, pestilence all round him ; and what was worse, with three good hearty croakers seated before him for seven days and seven nights, then, with his gentle wife to back them, bidding him take as gloomy a prospect as possible of everything, past, present, and to come ? The worldly hero may boast that reverses have plundered him of all but his honour ; the Christian will admit that, bereft of all else, his enemy cannot pluck hope from his bosom. So thought Job ; and he was right.

But it pleased God that we should not endure so severe a tribulation. The storm subsided, we found ourselves again in smooth water, to be troubled again only if it pleases God. Is not this liberation an encouragement to our hope ? Did not the trial prove that the trustful had been right, and the despondent mistaken ?

If then among Catholics there must be two parties designated by colours, we will hold to the *Bianchi*, be

who choose of the *Neri*. And the paragraph before us proposes good motive for our preference. "Openings of new missions, churches, schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions," are things, or facts, solid and palpable on which hope may stand and rest; they are unmistakeable realities which may be entered into account. The sanguine man as he is called reckons them up, and finds they come to something at the end of the year, to carry forward into the next; for they are durable, and not evanescent, perennial not annual. But the dark-eyed man who sees a "black spot" everywhere (physically this would indicate a diseased organ) sees in reality nothing, but only absence of something, the "blot" is merely a screen interposed between the object and the vision. In plain language, the croaker sees the defects on everything, its imperfections, its short comings; he cannot deny the existence of the thing. "We have new churches," he says, "it is true; but thousands never go into them; schools, but with inferior education; devotions, but they are merely passing excitement; conversions, but they are more than counterbalanced by perversion." Now let all this be true. If thousands neglect going to the new churches, hundreds do go to them, who did not go at all; schools with imperfect education are better than no schools at all, and the education may be improved in them; devotions may excite, but a single good communion more, and some scores of acts of faith and love additional have their fruit; and as to conversions, suppose the fact to be true that for every Puseyite gained two poor Irish are lost, as one is not effect of the other, one may surely rejoice at that which is good, and rather have it than not, while we deplore the loss. It is plain that every one of those things, which are enumerated as forming the hopeful man's joy, is a diminution of every reason which the desponding one has for his dark views. Every new church, mission or school, must remove a blot or dark spot from the system.

But this is a deeper and graver subject than it looks at first sight. That men who overlook all defects are wrong, and that in their calculations they will be as mistaken, as an astronomer would be, who should overlook the mutual perturbations of the planets, there can be no doubt. But that they who can never see anything but faults, repine and grumble ever, and will not look about them with a

cheerful eye, are at least equally wrong, is no less certain. A middle course is therefore to be chosen, and what is this? To say "I will be neither one nor the other," is almost equivalent to proclaiming indifference. This will not do. The true medium seems to us very clear, and we hope has its rule highly sanctioned. Does the croaker and grumbler look at the work before him, as that of God or of man? Surely not as the first; or it would be blasphemy to murmur. He looks then at the whole as man's work, as the fruit of his industry, skill, and ability. "Openings of missions, churches, schools, &c.," are all in his eyes only results and evidences of activity, good management, human powers. He picks holes in them, and criticizes them as he would the opening of new worldly institutions. He has no confidence in their solidity or duration, because they come from a perishable workman.

The sanguine man may be easily understood to reason contrariwise. The progress of religion is God's care, and can be granted by Him alone. Every step gained, every advantage secured, is a new blessing from Him, and surely any manifestation of His blessing, any evidence of His love is "enchanting, hopeful, and glorious." And what is every new "opening of mission, church or school," every solemn "function" performed with the requirements of the liturgy, every "devotion" such as that of the Forty Hours, every "conversion," but an outward sign of that superintending watchfulness, which makes the rising up of a new church or school in a desolate district as true a mark of itself, as is the springing up of the snowdrop or the crocus an evidence of care over the earth. Each may be humble, but each is God's work.

But while in this, which is of God, we rejoice and exult, and feel sanguine of success, we will go all the way with the murmurers and discoverers of black spots and flaws, the moment we turn from the beautiful work to its clumsy instruments. That he is a useless servant, that he is only in others' way who would do better, that he is blundering, feeble, obstructive, and doing all as badly as possible, is a conviction quite as consistent with the full belief in a man, that, not by or through him, but in spite of him, God's work will go on prosperously, blessedly and gloriously.

This we hold, and have always held, to be the middle

way between these two conditions of mind, and principles of action; and they seem to us, as we have said, highly and potently sanctioned. To sow in tears, but with the confidence that God will give increase, and that there will be sheaves for somebody to carry at harvest-home is surely a consoling thing. While the Apostles were taught to think despicably of themselves, and to expect nothing from themselves, they were equally taught to be most sanguine as to the final results of their labours.

We know that your sanguine man is supposed to live in a sort of mesmeric exhilaration, in an atmosphere of laughing gas, which quite incapacitates him for practical life, and hourly duties. He is always dreaming, and provokingly happy when everybody else sees nothing but disaster and approaching ruin. We believe on the contrary, that no one suffers more acutely than he. Giving the eternal grumbler credit for rejoicing, in his own saturnine way, when evident good does appear, he has in addition to this pleasure the lugubrious joy of being glad, whenever hopes are disappointed, and his own Cassandran prophecies come true. But the sanguine man draws his hope to its highest tension, and if it break, it strikes him fearfully. He has been planning and studying something "enchanting and glorious;" it has been a vision in his dream, a beautiful thought in his waking hour, a fervent aspiration in his prayers. He has brought it to the very verge of execution; an insuperable obstacle intervenes; and all is dashed to the ground. He is laughed at as a visionary, despised as a mere enthusiast. No one can tell what he may suffer. Happy, if he steal away in silence to say, "Yes, in spite of all, it will be done; it is too good to fail. But not by me, for I am not worthy of so great a work." He remains sanguine to the end. To "hope against hope" is not certainly anywhere chid in Scripture.

Would to heaven, that we could blend these two "sorts of Catholics" into one, acting harmoniously on this simple principle, of croaking about our own work, and being sanguine about God's. All other party-feeling would soon disappear.

While the whole drift of this article has been to deprecate the division of ourselves into different sects, we have not been able to treat of the most important. We greatly fear the differences, and angry discussions that are rising

amongst us on the subject of Education, chiefly in what regards Government assistance, and Inspection. What we said at the beginning of this article was only by way of illustration; the breadth and depth of the subject remain to be scanned. It would require as much as we have written to treat the subject even inadequately. Besides it has acquired a greater importance than becomes the pages of a Review.

We will therefore conclude by the expression of an earnest hope, that all will combine to strengthen the bonds of unity amongst ourselves, especially with a Parliament approaching, in which feelings hostile to the Church will not be coerced by the anxieties of war. What may be done or said no one can foresee, nor will we close our writing by a croaking speech. Only let us keep united, and trust not to man, and we have nothing to fear. Our real dangers can only spring within ourselves.

ART. VII.—*The Great World of London.* By HENRY MAYHEW.
Parts 1—9. London: David Bogue.

AMONG the different races of which the vast population of England is composed, there is one which presents to any ordinary observer the most evident and indubitable marks of a complete isolation from the rest. Although legally united under the same form of government, entitled to the same privileges, and subjected to the same political burdens, the Irish are still as truly "aliens" in race, in religion, and in feeling, from the great mass of the British nation, as they were three hundred years ago. A settlement of Irish existed from time immemorial in London and elsewhere; but the influx from Ireland has immensely increased during the last fifty or sixty years. Long before the famine of 1846, they had dispersed themselves in large bodies over the country, searching for employment and the means of subsistence. The misery, the poverty, and the want which they had to endure at home; the hope of bettering their condition on the more

favoured soil of Britain ; the demand for labour in the large mercantile and manufacturing cities, the attraction of the harvest and the hop gathering, the migratory spirit itself of the people, all these have been the causes of their surprising immigration into England. At present they form a large and an increasing portion of the lower population of the country. They are to be found almost everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can form some idea of the vast multitudes of Irish in England, by bearing in mind that of the Catholic population of the country, which is every day swelling its numbers, the overwhelming majority are natives of Ireland. It was the complaint of the Roman satirist, that go where he would he was sure to meet with a hungry Greek.

“*Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.*”

And we can well imagine a sturdy and phlegmatic Saxon giving wrathful utterance to a similar lamentation with respect to the Irish. You meet them on the highways “tramping” the country, with a patience and a diligence worthy of a more profitable occupation. In the streets of London you encounter light-hearted and happy looking Irish boys, and you cannot but wonder at the strange destiny which has transplanted them from the rural scenes, and the holy wells, and the green fields, and the purple mountains of their native land into the midst of the busy Babylon of the world. The poor girls, who eke out a scanty subsistence by the sale of flowers, are, many of them, natives of Ireland. The stout hodder or bricklayer’s labourer has probably come from the county of Cork. The Irish have invaded the ancient trade of the English costermonger, usurped his rights, and carried off a portion of his profits. They are in the arsenal at Woolwich, in the factories of Norwich and Kent, in the farm houses of Essex and Sussex, in the market gardens near London, in the police and the army, and among those valiant sailors who guard our coasts from smugglers and the French. It is some destitute and friendless Irish girl, aged from sixteen to twenty years, who is maid of all work to the humblest class of London shopkeepers, as well as to that low grade of Jewish householders who inhabit the unaristocratic neighbourhood of Spitalfields. In a word, the lower class of Irish are to the rest of the population of

England what the Hebrews were to the Egyptians; with this material difference, that whereas the latter inhabited the most favoured part of Egypt, and ate the fatness of the land, the Irish are congregated together in the poorest, the most squalid, the most neglected, and the most destitute corners of our cities, while their food is very often the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.* Or more properly, they are to the English what the Gabaonites were to the Israelites in Canaan; that is to say, they have become, by cruel misfortune, and by hard necessity, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the proud Anglo-Saxon race.

It is this people, thus scattered throughout the land, and increasing every day in numbers and in importance, although occupying at present the lowest position in the scale of national estimation, which constitute the immediate and pressing charge of the Church. They are her children, and whatever be their faults or their shortcomings in other respects, at all events they cannot be accused of unfaithfulness to the profession of the Catholic faith. To the Church they have been steadfast, through good report and through evil report; and she has now to take them by the hand, to draw out, and to cultivate the good seed which her sacraments have planted in their souls; to educate them as well socially as religiously, and by means of them, and through them, to impress herself gradually, and favourably, upon the nation at large. It is, therefore, of the first moment, that all who are interested in the extension of the Catholic Church in England; should devote their very best efforts towards bringing into shape, and order, and discipline, that vast body of Catholics which is comprised within the Irish poor. But, in order to do this with profit, and with effect, we must understand those whom we would wish to influence and to train. The

* The Irish street-sellers, I am informed, buy two-thirds of all the refuse, the other third being purchased by the lower class of English costermongers,—“the illegitimates”—as they are called. We must not consider the sale of the damaged fruit so great an evil as it would, at the first blush, appear, for it constitutes perhaps the sole luxury of poor children, as well as of the poor themselves, who, were it not for the half-penny and farthing lots of the refuse-sellers, would doubtless never know the taste of such things.—*London Labour*, vol. i. p. 118.

Irish poor form a study by themselves. They have their own modes of thought, their own national character, their own ways of giving expression to their religious feelings, their own habits and their own prejudices. To deal with them to any purpose, we must be able both to understand their national character and their national peculiarities, and to some extent at least, be pre-disposed to sympathize with their feelings. We confess that whenever we discover in those who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, an inaptitude to understand the Irish poor, and an incapability of appreciating them, we are always tempted to attribute it to one or other of these causes. It may proceed from the absence of that Catholic instinct which no mere education can bestow. Or it may be the result of a certain stiffness and severity of tone, which is to some extent common to the Catholics, no less than to the Protestants, of England; or it may be the effect of a refinement which almost amounts to a disease, which is fastidiously intolerant of all that does not correspond with its own peculiar type of religious propriety, and which is as little at its ease in the churches of Rome or Naples, as in dealing with the poor of Ireland. In addition to their other difficulties, the Irish in this country, as in America, have to contend with a prejudice universal against them. It is useless to deny the existence of such a prejudice, and it would be unfair and untrue to assert that it is founded upon the difference of religion alone. The Catholicity of the Irish, no doubt, magnifies and increases this national prejudice against them; but the prejudice itself existed when the two people were Catholic. It is a prejudice of race, not of religion, and it has its foundation in a natural difference of temperament, character, and disposition. But its effect with those who come in contact with the Irish is too frequently to render them incapable of producing any useful impression upon that people, because, incapable of putting themselves into the position of so different a race, unravelling their modes of thought, and seeing things from their own point of view. Thus they become to each other like men who are speaking in unknown tongues. Each party fails in his attempts to make the other comprehend his meaning, and each departs more and more strengthened and confirmed in his hereditary prejudices—the Irish longing for those who will be able to understand him, and the English more strongly

convinced than ever that all Irishmen are impracticable—are in fact nothing better than rogues, vagabonds, and liars.

We shall not, we trust, be considered presumptuous, if we confess that it is our desire in the present article to set the character of the Irish poor in its true light before our readers. We have no object to serve except the cause of truth, and justice, and charity. We acknowledge to entertain a genuine appreciation and admiration of the real Irish poor, especially as they are to be seen in their own country; but we are not going to be carried away by any mere sentiment of a natural liking. We shall state, with fairness and with candour, all that we honestly believe is to be said for, and all that is to be said against, the Irish in England. We shall not hide the good, nor shall we disown the bad. We shall endeavour to describe them to the best of our power, as they really are. And whatever conclusions we shall draw with respect to their claims upon our sympathy, and to their capabilities of improvement, shall be founded upon the actual character and condition of the people, such as we conscientiously believe, and shall show it to be.

I. Although the large masses of Irish which are to be met with in the great towns of England, are considered even by the lower classes of the English population to occupy a still lower grade in the social system than themselves, yet it can be shown by the most indisputable testimony that there is a remarkable difference between the two classes, so far as religion and as morals are concerned. The faith of the Irish is proverbial, and it is really marvellous. In Ireland, one of the most ancient Catholic countries in Europe, it appears at the present day, in all the freshness and joyousness of a first fervour, blended with the deep and tranquil convictions of a long hereditary Catholicism; and when the Irish poor migrate into this more prosperous country, they carry with them this one treasure, "more precious than rubies," which, as a body, they never part with. It is the bond of union which keeps them together, and which supports them under a thousand trials and temptations. It is neither a barren nor a dead faith, but the key which unlocks the doors of their hearts, and the spring which, in a certain sense, controls their thoughts and their actions. Of the Irish in England, as at home, it may be asserted with perfect truth, that they "live by

faith." They are in a peculiar and a striking way a supernatural people. They never lose sight of the unseen world. God and His Mother, and the Saints, are ever present with them. The Invisible is inseparably mixed up with their modes of speech as well as with their habits of thought. Were an angel from heaven in human form to enter one of the lordly palaces of London, when the town is crowded with the great and noble of the land, what reception would he encounter from those who know no superiors in the refinement of manners, and in material civilization? There can be no doubt that he would find himself very much out of place in the costly mansions of Belgrave and Grosvenor squares. Here and there, indeed, he might fall in with a stray convert lately reconciled to the Church, or he might meet with the scions of some ancient family, which had never abandoned the Catholic faith; but these encounters would be too few and far between to remove the uncomfortable strangeness of his position. For he would find himself in the midst of a class, rich in everything that this life can bestow, but miserably poor in all that relates to the life to come. He would find himself among a people wholly given up to the idolatry of the world; and he would discourse to them in an unknown tongue, and offend their taste, were he to begin and speak concerning the objective glory of God, to tell them of the rays of ineffable brightness which encircle the brows of the Madonna, of the happiness of the saints, of the holy souls continually passing from their temporary state of purgation into the eternal Presence of God, and of others yet detained in this sacred prison house, and "out of the depths" crying to their brethren upon the earth, to aid them by their alms and their prayers. But let him leave behind him all that grandeur and that magnificence, on which the world sets so high a value, and from the aristocratic halls of Belgravia let him pass to the crowded dens of the "mere Irish," and here—strange as it may appear—the angel and companion of the Most High will find himself at home. It is true that he will have to put up with the offensiveness of the Cork or the Connaught brogue, with no small amount of dirt, and with a total absence of "respectability;" but angels being unlike men, can better tolerate these little vulgarities. The angel of God will feel at home, not with the highest, but with the lowest of our vast population. In the Irish courts

he will be understood and appreciated, if he collect the poor people around him, and tell them of God, of Mary, and the Saints. Their Catholic instinct will detect in a moment the true messenger from heaven. Every ear will be eager to hear the tidings of the world unseen, and as his narrative increases in interest, many an eye will be moistened with a half-repressed tear of joy, and many a breast will throb with real emotion, and fervent will be the prayers for his blessing, and loud the acclamations of "Glory be to God," "Praised be His holy Name," and "the heavens be your bed."

Any one who is practically acquainted with the Irish poor knows how intimately religion and the faith forms the great idea of their lives. They are essentially a religious people, and their religion is the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. It would be impossible for them as a body, unless they become radically changed and corrupted, ever to become Protestants. They possess that quality of mind, which is a characteristic of all Catholic countries, but which perhaps in its highest development distinguishes the Spaniard and the Italian—namely, a theological cast of mind, which penetrates to the root of Catholic dogma, and sees clearly the impossibility of the truth of any other religion than the Catholic. The poor in this country, even more than at home, live in the midst of controversy. Wherever English and Irish work together, whether in the fields, the gardens, the dockyards or the factories, the Catholic religion is sure to be the subject of conversation, and the priest and the blessed Virgin the favourite objects of attack. Yet who ever heard of an Irishman giving an inappropriate answer? Who ever heard of his defending the worship of the Holy Virgin upon insufficient grounds? Too often he is illiterate, and too often he is ignorant of many things which he ought to know; but the fathers of Ephesus had not a more clear perception of the relation between the Mother and the Son, than the very humblest and least instructed of the Irish poor. What good, says the Protestant, can your Virgin Mary do for you, that you are continually praying to her? you know that she is not our Redeemer. True, is the short and the accurate reply of the poor Catholic, but then she is His Mother: and *the profoundest theologian could not give a better, nor more conclusive answer.* A loose sort of Presbyterian, disputing with an old Irish woman about our Blessed Lady,

observed in an irreverent manner, that he was surprised at the honor which Catholics pay to the Virgin Mary, because after all he did not see that she was any better than his mother or her own; to which the Irish woman replied, "Well at all events, if there be no difference between the mothers, there's a wonderful difference between the children." Another zealous Irish Catholic, being very anxious to secure the baptism of a little puny infant just born, its Protestant mother made no other objection to her wish, except that it was not worth while to take any trouble about such a poor little premature creature; to which the quick and ready answer, exhibiting at once the natural wit and instinctive theology of the Irish people—was, "that little creature as you call it, has a soul as big as yours or mine." It is the same, if the matter in controversy be the unity of the Church, the Blessed Eucharist, or the Invocation of Saints. The Irish Catholic sees the doctrine with the clearness of a marvellous faith, and however he may reply to the objections of his opponent, his answers are sure to be theologically sound, and to the point. We have no doubt that the priests, both in England and Ireland, who are in constant communication with the people, could give innumerable illustrations in proof of what we have here asserted.

One of the most favourite objects of attack, in the daily controversies between Protestant and Catholic is the priest. He bears in his person the reproach of Christ. Every eye is directed towards him with an unfriendly or an inquisitive glance, as he passes along the streets, and every tongue is filled with his reproach. In England, more than in any other part of the civilized world, the Catholic priest has reason to feel the force and the consolation of our Saviour's words, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hateth ME before you." Now there is nothing which more readily excites the fiery zeal and anger of the Catholic poor, (and at the best of times they are very "near their passion,") than this incessant, never ending abuse of the priest. The Irish retain the most profound veneration for the Sacerdotal office and character. This veneration is in no way the effect of superstition, nor is it a mere personal feeling of attachment. It is strictly theological. They see in the priest a man clothed with the greatest, the most awful, and withal the most benign power which God ever committed to man. They see in him one on whose soul is

stamped the seal and character of that eternal Priesthood which is according to the order of Melchisedech, and they regard him as such. To them the priest is the "man of God," as the prophets were to the devout Israelites of old. As the "man of God" he is received with all the welcome of an Irish heart. As "the man of God" his blessing is eagerly and devoutly coveted; and in case of accident and sickness his benediction is more eagerly sought than the remedies of the doctor, and is often more effectual in working a cure. One might almost fancy that those early Christians, who laid the beds of their sick in the streets, in order that the shadow of Peter passing by, might overshadow them, or who brought aprons and handkerchiefs from touching St. Paul's body to lay upon the sick that they might recover, were natives of the Emerald Isle:—so identical is their Catholic instinct, their mutual neglect of all the laws of respectability, and their complete carelessness of what was due to themselves and to society—displayed, as it was, by such acts of bad taste, as dragging afflicted people in their beds into the public streets, and stripping themselves in their very churches and "upper rooms" of neckcloths and aprons!

It is natural, indeed, that some personal feeling should be mingled with this theological perception of the Sacerdotal character. The priest is the father and the friend to whom they naturally turn in all their cares and sorrows. He is a friend long tried and never found wanting. He has been for centuries almost the only person above their own condition in life upon whose disinterestedness they could place the most perfect reliance. For their sakes he has not hesitated to brave sickness or death, and what is often much harder to be borne—the scorn, contempt, and hatred of the world. He has protected them from assaults upon their religion, and he has dared to vindicate their social and their civil rights. He has stood between them and their oppressors, and he has brought down the malice of the powerful upon his own head, in order to screen from injustice his hapless flock. No wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the poor should beat with joy as the priest's footstep is heard to approach their lowly abodes; no wonder that they should shower down a thousand blessings upon his head in return for his Sacerdotal benediction; and no wonder that their countenances should light up with joy as he gives them a kind and a friendly recognition,

As in other countries, the little children run up to kiss the priest's hand as he passes by their dwelling, so even in the midst of Protestant London, the priest is instantly recognised by the Catholic children of Ireland, who vie with each other who shall be the first to give a glad and hearty salutation to "his rivirince." But whatever thoughts of home, or sudden emotions of joy at encountering a real and genuine friend in the midst of the cold atmosphere of a great Protestant city, may indeed be mixed up with the habitual veneration of Irish Catholics for their priest, these mere human feelings are not sufficient to account for the *respect universally shown to them. Its root lies deeper.*

They see in the priest the anointed of the Lord; and it is not for any personal reason, but on account of his spiritual consecration and character that he occupies so elevated a place in their religious minds. And it is perfectly consistent with this view of the reverence which an Irishman feels for his priest, that he should often exhibit a preference for the priests of his own country over those of any other. They naturally understand his habits of thought, and modes of expression in a way in which no foreigner can understand them; and they thus command an amount of personal confidence on his part, which is a legitimate addition to the reverence felt for him in his Sacerdotal character.

We may here observe that those who have been brought up in the Protestant religion, and have afterwards received the singular and wonderful grace of reconciliation to the Church, will be the very first to admit that in certain points an hereditary has the advantage over an acquired Catholicity. The latter is in many instances distinguished for its great fervour, its spirit of sacrifice, its courageous severance of worldly ties for the love and the truth of God, its abilities, its practical energy, and its accurate knowledge of the temper and character of the people of this country; but there are finer and deeper traits of Catholicity, the growth of years, and the result of the earliest training, in which it must ever feel its own deficiency. Such traits, for example, are simplicity and an absence of self-consciousness, a certain habitual quietness and gentleness of tone, a greater caution in permitting itself to speak about its neighbour, a good kind of scrupulousness, and this instinct of reverence for the priest, not because he is clever, or attractive, or gentlemanly, but because he is a priest of the Church. In an acquired Catholicity there is very often a

remarkable kindness and a remarkable courtesy towards the priests, and there is no want whatever of outward respect. Sometimes, indeed, there is much more of genuflection, and of such external forms, than you find even among the Irish. But along with all this, personal qualities and adventitious circumstances have unconsciously a greater influence on the minds of the latter class than of the former. There are no doubt many exceptions to this rule on either side, but still we think that we have stated what is true. The reverence for the priestly office, founded not on personal qualities, but on the theological dogma, will be found more indigenous in the old Catholic than in the convert; except, indeed, in those cases where the former is corrupted by a cowardly and unworthy assimilation to Protestantism. But no such assimilation can be found among the Irish poor. Although they are on all sides hemmed in by various sects of Protestants; although both here and in their own country, almost every conceivable effort has been made, and is still making, to change their Catholic fervour into Protestant stiffness, they are, notwithstanding, totally devoid of the least taint of Protestantism. It has not been able to make the smallest impression upon them. It is completely and altogether alien to their thoughts, feelings, and habits. In spite of all the Protestant schools which have been opened for their children, and of all the Protestant missionaries who have been sent to enlighten their darkness, and of all the Protestant tracts which have been distributed at their houses, they are as utterly unconscious of a single Protestant idea as those happy peasants of Italy, to whose simple minds the Protestant is some rare and ungainly species of infidel. In the Irish poor, therefore, you will find this quality of an ancient and hereditary Catholicism. You will find them, indeed, with their likings and dislikings, like all the rest of the world; but deeper than these transitory feelings, you will find a genuine reverence for the priest of God, *as such*, in full vigour and energy, as a living portion of their wonderful faith.

It is another effect of the influence which religion holds upon their minds, that they will often make incredible exertions to hear Mass and attend to their duties. Many are the hardships to which poor servant girls expose themselves through their endeavours to go out on a Sunday morning to hear Mass. And unknown or unnoticed by

any human eye, many a silent tear is shed by the Irish domestics of the lowest class of Jewish tradesmen, because their mistress treats them with more than usual harshness upon the Christian Sunday, and rarely can they steal even half an hour in the early morning to make a brief and hurried visit to the nearest chapel. In the country men and women think nothing of walking many miles to hear Mass. They will walk nine, ten, and even twelve miles, that they may be present at Mass in the nearest Catholic chapel, and be regular in doing this on every fine Sunday throughout the year. In this respect they resemble the Presbyterian peasantry of Scotland, who will also walk a great distance through the desire to hear a sermon. But we have never heard of any Presbyterian walking many miles without food, whereas it is a matter of every week's occurrence with the Irish, even those who are advanced in years, to walk long distances fasting, in order that they may go to Communion. And as they are thus assiduous in their exertions to assist at the holy sacrifice, so are they especially careful to secure baptism for their children, and the last sacraments for themselves and their relatives. Very few Catholic natives of Ireland pass from this world without the last sacraments. They send for the priest even upon the most trivial occasions. If they have a pain in their finger, or an unusual attack of lowness of spirits, whatever be the hour of the day or night, the priest is summoned to the bed-side, and frequently discovers—almost to his disappointment—that there is nothing whatever the matter with them. This eagerness in sending for the priest is doubtless the excess of a right principle, and is attended sometimes with serious inconvenience to those to whom every moment of time is precious; but it is an excess on the right side; and it is far better that a priest should now and then be put to a vexatious annoyance, than that the people should become careless in a matter of great consequence to the salvation of their souls. As to baptism, it is very seldom that an Irish Catholic neglects to secure the baptism of his children. This is a point about which even the most negligent Catholics are careful. Those who are married to Protestant husbands, and whose children are often baptised by the Protestant minister, will bring their children privately, and without the knowledge of their husbands, to the Catholic priest, that they may be conditionally and rightfully baptised. And many a little

saint now in heaven owes his salvation to the faith and the piety of some poor Irish servant, who procured for him a blessing which his own parents despised or neglected.

It has been often remarked that the poor make far greater sacrifices to assist one another, and are more liberal and charitable than the rich. This, as a general rule, applies to the poor of all religions, and is, in its measure, as true of the Protestant as of the Catholic. Examples frequently occur, even among the English poor, of great kindness to their neighbour in the hour of sickness and distress. We have known instances in which the greatest tenderness and attention was shown to sick neighbours, by the English poor, attended even with imminent risk to their own lives; and where acts of affection and charity were performed which were worthy of a Catholic people. But the Catholic poor from Ireland are without question pre-eminent for their charity and benevolence one to another. They will never send away a poor man from their doors without giving him something for the love of God. They lend each other money in their necessities, and that too, when the lender can ill afford to part with it. They lend each other not only money, but clothes—bonnets and gowns, and shawls, and even shoes, in order that the borrower may be able to go decently to mass. They make great sacrifices, by living sparingly and denying themselves many a little comfort which they might otherwise enjoy in order to lay up money for the purpose of sending assistance to parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins. Incredible sums of money are annually sent by the Irish from England and America to their poor relatives at home. They hold “raffles,” not for the sake of amusement nor of gain, but in order to make up a collection when one of their neighbours is about to get married, or has hired a new house and wants money to fit it up, or wishes to try his fortunes in America, or to return back to Ireland. In these, and in many other ways besides, they are continually aiding and supporting each other, giving of their penury, redeeming their sins, and laying up for themselves treasure in heaven. And it is in this way that their alms and charities are often not only far more abundant, but likewise far more meritorious, than those of the rich. There are many rich Protestants, and many rich Catholics, who give liberally and abundantly to what they consider to be calls of charity. But it is very hard for those

who are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fare sumptuously every day," to realize in any practical way the wants and the distresses of the poor. They set aside a certain portion of their yearly income—and it may be a liberal portion—and they distribute this in works of charity. But they can have little actual acquaintance with the daily condition of the poor, and they can hardly be called on to make the constant and self-denying sacrifices which the poor make every day for the sake of one another. They do not know what it is to come home after a long day's hard work, and to be suddenly called upon to share an already too scanty meal with a hungry stranger. They do not know what it is to deprive themselves of absolute necessities of food and raiment, that they may help a sick parent, or assist a more needy neighbour. Nor can they know what it is to part with the very clothes from off their own backs, that they may clothe those still more naked and destitute. O there will be a wonderful change of position when rich and poor meet together in heaven. *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.* The high and the noble, and the rich and the "respectable," will have to give way, and to take a place lower than those who are here the offscouring of the earth. It will be a great revolution.

But the charity of the Irish Catholic poor is not restricted to aiding the necessities of their poorer relatives and neighbours. From their scanty and precarious earnings they give largely and liberally to the service of religion. They support our priests and build our churches. Speaking relatively, they give far more than the rich in retributions for masses, and in other acts of almsgiving. Mr. Kelly, writing to the editor of the Weekly Register, with reference to his new church in the Commercial Road, says, "With a few trifling exceptions in remote years, added to the amount received from benefactors the last two or three years, it may be truly said that the purchase of the ground, walling in, and law expenses, and the building of the church, up to the present time, have been paid for by the pence of the poor." And the Catholic priest of Alderney, writing in the same paper, informs us that altogether there are 500 French Catholics in his mission, yet they contribute nothing to the Church. He is supported entirely by the Irish poor. The same testimony, we are confident, will be given by all those priests who have knowledge or expe-

rience of the Irish poor. Many will remember instances in which the poor have hoarded up money, amounting sometimes to large sums, that they might have it laid out in the adornment of the Altar of God, or bestowed in some other way in promoting His glory; and no greater affront could be offered to them than a refusal to accept these gifts. In fact, the greatest blow and heaviest discouragement which could befall the Church in this country, would be the withdrawal from it of the Irish poor. It is very well to have rich people; they are of great utility, if they are really good and generous, and their reward hereafter will be abundant; but after all, it is the poor who constitute the real bulwark of the Church. They support it by their prayers, by their faith, by their patience, by their sacrifices, by their sufferings, and by their generous offerings from scanty and hard-earned wages.

In noticing another effect which the Catholic faith has impressed upon the Irish poor, we desire to advance nothing that is in any way exaggerated or beyond the strict limit of experience and of fact. Human nature is the same, whether it be found in Catholics or in Protestants, its desires, its passions, its evil inclinations, are the same, and the temptations to commit the common sins of uncleanness act as powerfully upon the one as upon the other. No greater theological mistake can be committed than that of representing the Catholic Church in some such light as the Donatists imagined the ideal community to which they applied its name. The Church is as a net cast into the sea, which gathers of every kind. It will be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, when it has put off its present mortality, and entered upon its state of glory in heaven; but so long as its members are composed of flesh and blood, a corrupt nature, and a weak will, it will be grieved and troubled by the presence of sin within its fold; it will have to lament the crimes and the scandals of its children, no less than to rejoice in the virtues and graces of its heroes. We shall therefore find among the Catholic poor, as well as others, too numerous and too painful cases of sins against chastity and purity. A certain proportion of those unhappy creatures, who disgrace the streets of our large towns by the public profession of the most degrading form of impurity are, alas! lost children of the Catholic Church, and natives of Catholic Ireland; although what proportion these poor women may bear to the entire

number of the same class we have been unable to ascertain. All we can say is that they form a minority ; and as far as we have been able to learn, they have fallen into this miserable life, from one or other of the following causes. Sometimes they are Irish, born in England, and they have been driven into the streets, in consequence of the cruelty, the neglect, and the mismanagement of their parents. Sometimes it is a step-father or step-mother who refuses to give them support ; and as Irish girls often find it difficult to get places, they are thus thrown upon the wide world, without a home, or friend, or even a piece of bread to keep them from starving. Sometimes, simple and ignorant girls come over to this country in the vain hope of an honest livelihood ; and they are immediately entrapped into some loathsome den of vice by those demons in human form who trade upon the ruin of the souls and bodies of their fellow creatures. This at least is the experience of those who have had the best opportunities of forming a correct judgment upon the matter. "They send them," we have been informed in a private communication, "over to this wicked city ignorant and simple to look for work, and they seem to get into mischief from want. There is, however, with them a foundation of faith and religion, however dormant, which once roused, easily leads them to make any atonement for the past."

In estimating then the purity of the Irish poor, we are bound in justice to make a fair deduction for those cases of scandal and of sin which do really exist among them. But when we have made this deduction, the genuine and the sincere purity of the Irish people will still be the most remarkable feature in their character. Purity is the rule ; impurity the exception. There are certain kinds of sin which are almost wholly unknown among them. A young woman dreads nothing so much as bringing disgrace upon herself and upon her family. Mothers in general take great care of their daughters in this respect. Their elders and companions in the same court or village, counsel, advise, and watch over them, should they be living with strangers and apart from their immediate relations. They will endeavour to keep them at home in the evenings, restrain them from frequenting the low theatres and other places of amusement, and caution them against keeping company with the loose "English" around them. Rarely does it happen that an Irish girl forms any improper connection previous

to her marriage; and more rarely still is there any infidelity in the married state. In a word, before an Irish Catholic girl has lost her self-respect, and plunged into vice, she must have broken through some of the most powerful restraints, both of religion and of association. She must long have neglected the ordinary duties of the Catholic life—her prayers, mass, confession, and communion. She must have exhibited an obstinate and disobedient spirit towards her parents, joined with a contemptuous disregard of their admonitions and authority, not very usual with the Irish. She must have disconnected herself from all her well conducted associates and companions. She must have done no little violence to her own deep-seated knowledge of duty and sense of right; and she must have had the effrontery to fly in the face of that “public spirit,” which on all these matters exists to a very high degree among the Irish Catholic poor. So long as an Irish girl is in any way true to herself, she has everything to keep her from going wrong. Her own religious feelings, and those of her relatives and friends, alike contribute to preserve her from vice. However little instruction she may have received, at least she has learnt to entertain a fear of this one sin. Often and often are these poor creatures exposed to great and violent temptations. Want, and poverty, and wretchedness, and misery, are in general no good school wherein to acquire and to preserve the unearthly jewel of a pure heart, and yet, where is the poverty greater than that of the Irish? They come over to this country, searching for the means of subsistence. Unknown and friendless, almost every door is closed against them. “No Irish need apply” is the motto and the rule of many a Catholic, as well as Protestant family. Friendless and houseless, not unfrequently their only home is the open canopy of heaven, and their only bed the cold pavement of the street. Not unfrequently worn with care and disappointment, they cast themselves down at the inhospitable gates of some city union, or take rest for the night in some deserted barn in the country; but in the midst of their desolation, the Hand of Almighty God is over them, and His angels cover them with an invisible protection, as they shielded Agnes and Agatha in the times of old. An evil thought, or an unholy suggestion, is not suffered to approach them; the midnight spirit of impurity passes them by, leaving them unassailed, and

the shadow of the Almighty shelters them from harm. "*Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus; non timebis a timore nocturno. A sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris; ab incursu, et demonio meridiano; Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.*"

Nor can it be maintained that this remarkable purity of the Catholic poor can be ascribed to causes which are purely natural. We are sometimes told by those who cannot deny the facts, and yet strive to avert their force, that this absence of impurity in the women of Catholic Ireland, is the result of a natural coldness of temperament in the character of the race. But nothing can be more preposterous than such an hypothesis. It is destitute of the faintest support in experience or fact. For, in the first place, human nature is always substantially the same, and to no sins is it more naturally inclined than to the sins of the flesh. And secondly, the Irish are an imaginative, an irascible, and, as is often said, an unstable people; and surely, these are the very qualities which, more than any others, predispose to sins against purity. Lastly, the Irish are, virtually, the same race as the Welsh. They belong to different branches of the same Celtic stock; and yet the Welsh are known to be the most immoral people in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Swedes. No. It is no difference of race or temperament which has created this remarkable feature in the Irish character. It is not radical or national. It is religious. It is the Catholic faith which makes them, as a body, chaste and pure. It is the tone of mind formed by the Catholic religion, the restraints imposed by her teaching and control, the innocence cherished by her sacraments,—it is this, and this alone, which makes the Irish coster-girl of London differ from her Protestant companions in trade, and the Irish women in general, simple and pure, in the midst of surrounding vice and filthiness.

What has been advanced already we have no hesitation in asserting, can be corroborated by almost any one who has any real acquaintance with the Irish in England. There are priests in London, and other large towns throughout the country, men of long experience, who have laboured for years in the poorest parts of those towns, who will testify to the accuracy and truth of all that we have said. But we prefer to call in the aid of a witness, whose

testimony is beyond all suspicion, because he is neither an Irishman nor a Catholic, and because the interests involved in his publications are in no way promoted by the descriptions he has given of the Irish in England. There are those who would like his works all the better if they contained some round abuse of the Catholic poor, and if they magnified and dwelt upon their faults and failings, without any mention of their good qualities. We cannot, therefore, refer to a more unexceptionable, and a more trustworthy witness, than Mr. Henry Mayhew, a Protestant gentleman, who has made the condition, the habits, the prejudices, and the opinions of the poor in London his particular study. This witness has the further advantage of being already well and favourably known to the public. Almost every one is acquainted with his extremely interesting work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, which was reviewed a few years ago in this Magazine, and from whose pages we shall now make a few extracts, already perhaps familiar to our readers, but which they will not be reluctant to peruse a second time, in confirmation of the opinions we have advanced.

In his inquiries into the condition of the Irish poor, Mr. Mayhew found that—

"Almost all the street Irish are Roman Catholics. . . . I found," he says, "that *some* of the Irish Roman Catholics, but they had been for many years resident in England, and that among the poorest or vagrant class of the English, had become indifferent to their creed, and did not attend their chapels, unless at the great feasts or festivals, and this they did only occasionally. . . . One Irishman, a fruit seller, with a well-stocked barrow, and without the complaint of poverty, common among his class, entered keenly into the subject of his religious faith when I introduced it. He was born in Ireland, but had been in England since he was five or six. He was a good looking, fresh-coloured man, of thirty or upwards, and could read and write well. He spoke without bitterness, though zealously enough. 'Perhaps, Sir, you are a gentleman connected with the Protestant clergy,' he asked, 'or a missionary?' On my stating that I had no claim to either character, he resumed; 'will, Sir, it don't matther. All the worruld may know my riligion, and I wish all the worruld was of my riligion and betther min in it than I am; I do indeed. I'm a Roman Catholic, Sir, (here he made the sign of the cross) God be praised for it! O yis, I know all about Cardinal Wiseman. It's the will of God, I feel sure that he's to be 'stablished here, and it's no use ribillin' against that. I've nothing to say against Protistants. I've heard it said, it's best to pray for them.'

'The street people that call themselves protistints are no riligion at all at all. I serrave Protistant gintlemin and ladies too, and sometimes they talk to me kindly about riligion. They're good custhomers, and I have no doubt good people. I can't say what their lot may be in another worruld for not being of the true faith. No Sir, I'll give no opinions—none.'

"This man gave me a clear account of his belief that the Blessed Virgin (he crossed himself repeatedly as he spoke) was the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was a mediator with our Lord, who was God of heaven and earth, of the duty of praying to the holy saints, of attending mass—('but the priest,' he said, 'wont exact too much of a poor man, either about that or about fasting')—of going to confession at Easter and Christmas times at the least—of receiving the body of Christ, 'the rale prisince' in the holy Sacrament—of keeping all God's Commandments—of purgatory being a purgation of sins—and of heaven and hell. I found the majority of those I spoke with, at least as earnest in their faith, if they were not as well instructed in it as my informant, who may be cited as an example of the better class of street sellers."—P. 107, vol. 1.

Mr. Mayhew encountered a less favourable specimen of an Irish emigrant in the person of "a very melancholy looking man, tall and spare, and decently clad," who gave him a correct account of his faith, but with hesitation, and who evidently felt rather spitefully than otherwise against Cardinal Wiseman. Had he been a gentleman he would have been a moderate Catholic, and a devoted admirer of Dublin Castle and "the Lord Lieutenant."

Mr. Mayhew next describes the religious zeal of the Irish whom he visited.

"As I was anxious to witness the religious zeal that characterizes these people, I obtained permission to follow one of the priests as he made his rounds among his flock. Everywhere the people ran out to meet him. He had just returned to them: I found, and the news spread round, and women crowded to their door-steps, and came creeping up from the cellars through the trap-doors, merely to curtesy to him. One old crone as he passed cried: 'You're a good father. Heaven comfort you,' and the boys playing about stood still to watch him. A lad in a man's tail-coat and a shirt collar that nearly covered in his head—like the paper round a bouquet—was fortunate enough to be noticed, and his eyes sparkled, as he touched his hair, at each word he spoke in answer. At a conversation that took place between the priest and a woman who kept a dry fish stall, the dame excused herself for not having been up to take tea 'with his riverince's mother lately, for thrade had been so busy, and night was the fullest time.' Even as the priest

walked along the streets, boys running at full speed would pull up to touch their hair, and the stall-women would rise from their baskets; while all noises—even a quarrel—ceased until he had passed by. Still there was no look of fear in the people. He called them all by their names, and asked after their families, and once or twice ‘the father’ was taken aside, and held by the button while some point that required his advice was whispered in his ear.

“The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by showing me how she contrived to have in her sitting-room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day, ‘when she felt weary and lonesome.’ The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth. Still, before a rude print of our Saviour, there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink, with the copper shining through: and here it was that she told her beads. In her bedroom, too, was a coloured engraving of ‘the Blessed Lady,’ which she never passed without curtesying to.

“Of course [continues our author] I detail these matters as mere facts, without desiring to offer any opinion here, either as to the benefit or otherwise of the creed in question. As I had shewn how the English costermonger neither had nor knew any religion whatever, it became my duty to give the reader a view of the religion of the Irish street-sellers. In order to be able to do so as truthfully as possible, I placed myself in communication with those parties who were in a position to give me the best information on the subject. The result is given above, in all the simplicity and impartiality of history.”—Vol. i. p. 108.

Speaking of the women street-sellers of London, Mr. Mayhew thus describes the state of religion amongst them:

“As regards the religion of the women in street trades, it is not difficult to describe it. The Irish women are Roman Catholics. Perhaps I am justified in saying that they are all of that faith. . . . The poor Irish females in London are for the most part regular in their attendance at mass, and their constant association in their chapels is one of the links which keeps the street-Irish women so much distinct from the street-English. In the going to, and returning from, the Roman Catholic Chapels, there is among these people—I was told by one of the most intelligent of them—a talk of family and secular matters—of the present too high price of oranges to leave full sixpence a day at two-a-penny, and the probable time when cherries would be ‘in’ and cheap ‘plaze God to prosper them.’ In these colloquies, there is an absence of any interference by English street-sellers, and an unity of conversation and interest peculiarly Irish. It is thus that the tie of religion,

working with the other causes, keeps the Irish in the London streets knitted to their own ways, and is likely to keep them so, and perhaps to add to their numbers.

"It was necessary to write somewhat at length of so large a class of women who *are* professors of a religion, but of the others the details may be brief; for as to the great majority, religion is almost a nonentity. . . . A few women street-sellers, however, *do* attend the Sunday Service of the Church of England. . . . A few others, perhaps about an equal number, attend dissenting places of worship of the various denominations—the methodist chapels comprising more than half. If I may venture upon a calculation founded on the result of my inquiries, and on the information of others who felt an interest in the matter, I should say that about five female street-sellers attended Protestant places of worship in the ratio of a hundred attending the Roman Catholic chapels."—Vol. i. p. 461.

¶ The testimony of this writer, who has certainly had great opportunities of arriving at the truth, will further corroborate what we have said (upon grounds altogether independent of his work) with respect to the difficulties and trials of poor Irish servant girls, in their endeavours to attend to their religious duties.

"There is, moreover, another cause which almost compels the young Irish girl into the adoption of some street calling. A peevish mistress, whose numerous family renders a servant necessary, but whose means are small or precarious, becomes bitterly dissatisfied with the awkwardness or stupidity of her Irish handmaiden; the girl's going, or 'teasing to go,' every Sunday morning to mass is annoying, and the girl is often discharged or discharges herself 'in a huff.' The mistress, perhaps with the low tyranny dear to vulgar minds, refuses her servant a character, or in giving one, suppresses any good qualities, and exaggerates the failings, of impudence, laziness, lying and dirtiness. Thus the girl cannot obtain another situation, and perforce perhaps she becomes a street-seller."—Vol. i. p. 460.

Here is the account of one of these street-sellers, who had been in service:—

"Some of my places were very harrud, but shure, again, I met some as was very kind. I left one because they was always wanting me to go to a methodist chapel, and was always running down my religion, and did all they could to hinder my ever going to mass. They would hardly pay me when I left, because I wouldn't listen to them, they said,—the haythens!—when they would have saved my soul. *They* save my soul, indeed! The likes o' thim!"—Vol. i. p. 467.

As to the morality of the Irish women, the testimony of Mr. Mayhew confirms in a remarkable manner all that we have asserted. Of the women and girls who sell fruit in the streets, he says, that they "present two characteristics which distinguish them from the London costerwomen generally—they are chaste, and unlike 'the coster-girls,' very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage-tie. They are moreover, attentive to religious observances."—vol. i. p. 104.

Again—the amusements of the street Irish are not those of the English costermongers, though there are exceptions, of course, to the remark. *The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the "penny gaffs" or "the twopenny hops" unaccompanied by them.....* I may here observe, in reference to the statement that Irish parents will not expose their daughters to the risk of what they consider corrupt influences—that when a young Irishwoman *does* break through the pale of chastity, she often becomes, as I was assured, one of the most violent and depraved of, perhaps, *the* most depraved class.—p. 109.

"The difference in the street traffic, as carried on by Englishwomen and Irishwomen is marked enough. The Irishwoman's avocations are the least skilled and the least remunerative, but as regards mere toil, such as the carrying of a heavy burthen, are by far the most laborious. . . The Irishwoman more readily unites begging with selling than the Englishwoman, and is far more fluent and even eloquent. She pays less regard to truth but she unquestionably pays a greater regard to chastity. When the uneducated Irishwoman, however, has fallen into licentious ways, she is, as I once heard it expressed, the most 'savagely wicked' of any."—P. 458.

"The single women in the street callings are generally the daughters of street sellers, but their number is not a twentieth of the others, excepting they are the daughters of Irish parents. The costermongers' daughters either help their parents, with whom they reside, or carry on some similar trade; or they even form connections with the other sex, and easily sever the parental tie, which very probably has been far too lax or far too severe. . . . With the Irish girls the case is different; brought up to a street life, used to whine and blarney, they grow up to womanhood in street-selling, and as they rarely form impure connections, and as no one may be induced to offer them marriage, their life is often one of street celibacy."—Vol. i. p. 459.

In making the following extract we do not of course

intend to justify the wild anger and the semi-barbarous revenge of a half drunken and ignorant man, but we use it as a remarkable illustration of the popular sense of the degradation brought upon all the members of a family, when one of the girls goes wrong. It is remarkable in two respects. 1st. Natural affection is usually so strong among the Irish that nothing except a deep sense of wrong and shame could root it out of the heart even of a half drunken wretch; and 2nd. the people, although terrified at the wild vengeance of the brother, do not interfere or say a word to the contrary. So strongly do they feel that the young woman deserved the curse of God for the disgrace she had brought upon herself and others.

The Irish servant whose testimony we have quoted with respect to the difficulty which people in her position find in attempting to attend Mass, gives to Mr. Mayhew the following scene from her early life. Her father, she says, died from the effects of a broken leg.

"Mother wasn't long after him, and on her death-bed she said, so low I could hardly hear her, 'Mary, my darlint, if you starruve, be vartuous. Rimimber poor Illen's funeral.' When I was quite a child, Sir, I went wid mother to a funeral—she was a relation—and it was of a young woman that died after her child had been borren a fortnight, and she wasn't married; that was Illen. Her body was brought out of the Lying-in Hospital—I've often heard spake of it since—and was in the Churchyard to be buried; and her brother, that hadn't seen her for a long time, came and wanted to see her in her coffin, and they took the lid off, and then he currused her in her coffin afore hus; she'd been so wicked. But he wasn't a good man hisself, and was in dhrink too; still nobody said anything, and he walked away. It made me ill to see Illen in her coffin, and hear him curruse, and I've remimbered it ever-since."—Vol. i. p. 466.

It is unnecessary to adduce the testimony of Mr. Mayhew to corroborate our assertions with respect to the mutual charity of the Catholic poor towards one another. The fact is universally admitted, and is often the subject of conversation among the English poor, who although as we have said, frequently extremely kind and charitable to their neighbours, have no bond of association which keeps them together, and makes them ready to submit to pecuniary sacrifices for their still poorer brethren, as we find among the Irish. "Tell me," said a Protestant tradesman to a very intelligent young Catholic journeyman,

"Tell me, how it is, that you Irish keep so much together, and help one another with money and assistance when you are in need? why there is nothing of the kind amongst us?" "It is," replied the Catholic, "because we are all one; we all belong to one Church, and hold the one faith, whereas your people are split up into different parties." "I don't like the Irish," said an English costermonger to Mr. Mayhew, "but they *do* stick to one another far more than we do." "I think," said another costermonger, "there is a family contract among the Irish, that's where it is."

But we should not do full justice to this division of our subject if, before turning to the less pleasing side of the picture, we did not say a few words about the known fidelity of the people to the Catholic religion. It is difficult for those who are not in the same class of life to estimate, in a true measure, the sufferings to which the poor are exposed every day, and every hour of their lives, on account of their faith. It debars them not merely from advantageous positions and profitable employments, but frequently from the very means of subsistence. The Catholic servant is either driven to a street life, because her conscience will not permit her to conform to the oppressive requirements of her situation, or she is subjected in retaining it to a series of petty and harassing persecutions, the hardship of which can with difficulty be estimated by those who are not acquainted with all the facts of the case. We speak with certain knowledge when we say that many poor Catholic female servants annually relinquish their places in Protestant, and especially in Jewish families, in order to discharge their Easter obligations. In fact, the Catholic religion is everywhere spoken against, and the poor have to realise, in all its sternness, the cross which the Faith has commanded them to carry. "Ye shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." All the rich gifts annually distributed among the poor at Christmas and other seasons, are withheld from the poor Catholic, not because he is Irish, (for the English are too generous to restrict their benevolence within a narrow nationality,) but because they cannot be given to those who are not Protestants of one kind or another. The least unfaithfulness would be certain to secure some of these gifts and advantages. A clever or intelligent young man or woman would be taken up by the missionaries, the Pro-

testant curates, and the benevolent gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance, if he merely hinted a secret distrust of his Church, and offered to listen to Protestant instruction. The poor know this well. England stands before them with a loaf in one hand and in the other a scroll, with the word Apostasy in large characters written upon it. They have poverty, and want, and sickness in their homes. The winter is severe, work is slack, the children are half starving—tall boys and strong girls sit with listless apathy and a vacant gaze, meditating as it were upon their want and wretchedness—the fathers and mothers know not where to turn for food to fill their hungry mouths, or for clothes to cover their nakedness. One word would suffice in many and many a case to alter their temporal position. From want they would be changed to plenty and to comfort. If they would only allow their names to appear in the next report of the city missionaries—if they would become members of some Baptist, Methodist, Independent, Mormonite, or Church of England congregation—if they would malign their priests and blaspheme the Mother of God—whatever else they might lose, at all events they would be gainers for the present, so far as money, and clothes, and employment are a gain. Yet the cases of apostasy are fewer than are commonly supposed, for hard, indeed, is it to overcome the tenacity of an Irishman's faith. He will sometimes, alas, permit himself, under the pressure of grinding want, to be carried to the verge of open apostasy; but we believe that the instances are comparatively rare in which he actually oversteps the boundary line. He may indeed allow his name to swell the proselyting statistics of some reformation society, and himself to be paraded, to his own deep shame, before a gaping Protestant congregation; but so long as he stops short of the extreme and final step which separates him from the communion of the Church, there is a hope, which we believe in the great majority of cases is eventually realised, that he will repent of his great sin when his end is in prospect, and will die a reconciled penitent in Catholic unity. But the mass of the people, considered as a class, are, without question, faithful to the Church. Their faith has hitherto stood the severest temptations, and it has stood unmoved. The rain descended, and the floods came, and beat against it, and it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock. And therefore among the most prominent characteristics

of the Catholic Irish poor, we must always ascribe a place of proud pre-eminence to the unbroken fidelity of a faith a thousand years old.

Nor can it be said that the steadfastness of the Irish to the Catholic religion is the result of national sympathies and national prejudices; that it is a political as fully as much as a religious feeling; and that the Celtic dislike of Protestantism has its foundation in a Celtic antipathy to the Anglo Saxon race. Of all the calumnies raised from time to time against the Irish poor, none is more groundless nor more unfair than this one. They are much more likely to forget their country than to forget their faith: and it would be much nearer the mark to say that they are Irish because they are Catholics, than that they are Catholics because they are Irish. We are no friends to nationality, wherever it is to be met with, whether it be English, or Irish, or French. There is only one nationality which is not only consistent with, but is in some degree a real portion of true Catholicism. The more Roman a people is in its principles, its attachments, and its sympathies, the more thoroughly is it Catholic. And the reason of this is, because Rome is the centre and the source of Catholicism. It is the fountain from which faith and discipline, and rite and ceremony, alike emanate. It is the city and the *nation* of the Church, and it is impossible to be in heart and soul devoted to the Church, without being in heart and soul devoted to Rome. But all other nationalities are aberrations from the true development of a Catholic spirit, and they are therefore always to be kept in check, and, if possible rooted out. If, then, there be any nationality in the religious temper and spirit of the Irish, we neither defend, approve, nor excuse it. By all means away with it, cut it down and trample it under foot. But this "nationality," whatever it be, has nothing to do with the fervour and the stability of their faith. And however extensive may be their Anti-Saxon prejudices, these prejudices are not allowed to intrude themselves into the domain of religion. The Irish may wish to avenge themselves on England for the tyranny and ill-usage of many centuries; but their revenge is that of a Christian people. They would wish to introduce, as they are doing, the Catholic religion into the land, and to win over to its pale, those who now live and die in hostility to its sacred influ-

ences. They would do to England what in ancient times Greece did to Rome :—

*“Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.”*

They would build churches, plant missions, make known the mysteries of the faith, and win back to the Catholic communion a race which had once been one of its brightest ornaments. And this we are convinced is the only revenge, as it is the sweetest and holiest, that they would wish to take. The least practical acquaintance with the manners and dispositions of the real Irish poor, would be sufficient to prove the truth of what we now say. When one of their neighbours or acquaintances is converted to the Church, you will see in their manners and expressions the marks of the most genuine joy and satisfaction. If he be on a sick bed at the time of his conversion, or in danger of death, they will say, “And sure then its a comfort that he has been received, for now we can pray for him,” that is, in the event of his death. Moreover, none rejoice more sincerely at the numerous conversions that are taking place among the higher classes of this country than do the poor Irish. And by whom, too, have the English converts been received with greater enthusiasm, and with a gladder welcome, than by the Catholics of Ireland? Witness the crowds which flocked from all parts to hear the sermons of any of our more distinguished converts who have visited Ireland. Witness the profound reverence paid to Dr. Newman, and the high estimation in which he is held, we do not say by the dignitaries of the Church, for this is only natural, but by the vast body of the poor of Ireland. It is a well-known fact that no preacher is a greater favourite with the poor Irish than Dr. Newman;—a remarkable evidence, indeed, of that high and delicate perception of theological power, and that deep appreciation of personal sanctity, which characterises them, when we remember that Dr. Newman’s style of preaching, however attractive to the educated and refined, is not of that peculiar kind which is generally thought most likely to work upon the feelings of a fervid people. Truly these are proofs, if any proof be needed, of the absurdity of the calumny to which we have referred. No, you have wrested from the Irish their lands, their homes, their churches, and their religious establishments. You have made them exiles and wanderers over the face of the

earth. You have kept them in a condition of the lowest servitude for many centuries. You have reduced them to want, and misery, and degradation, and now you will crown your deeds of injustice by attempting to rob them of that which constitutes their glory and their crown. You would make the fidelity which has resisted the gold of England, and which has remained unmoved in the midst of famine and starvation, the miserable effect of a mere national antipathy. You would degrade a rare and wonderful supernatural gift into an unworthy and unchristian prejudice. This is certainly to add insult to injury, and it not only is unsupported by the faintest testimony or fact, but the thought itself is in every way unworthy of a generous mind. Whatever else may be the faults of Ireland, at least we must acknowledge with thankfulness, that as a body her people have been, and are, faithful to the Church.

II.—It is with a heavy heart that we turn from the more agreeable picture of the Catholic poor, to fulfil our promise of stating plainly and honestly all that is to be said *against*, as well as all that is to be said *for* the Irish in England. And first then, it is a melancholy, but indisputable, fact, that a large proportion of the juvenile thieves of London are "Irish Cockneys," that is, the children of Irish parents born in London. We make this statement on the authority of Mr. Mayhew, in his extremely interesting and valuable description of "*the Great World of London*," now in course of publication. Nothing can be fairer nor more free from the vulgar prejudices encouraged by "Exeter Hall" and its followers, than the tone in which Mr. Mayhew writes about Irish crime.—He states the fact which is incontestable, but he also adds explanations of the fact which to some extent at least, account for the disproportion between the Irish and other thieves. The English law which in matters affecting life and death is so majestic and so just, is in lesser things too frequently arbitrary and severe, and as administered by a magistracy neither over enlightened nor over refined, often degenerates into positive injustice and tyranny, and is frequently made subservient to the vulgar prejudices and accidental humours of some coarse city magistrate or some ignorant country squire. Many of our juvenile offenders are committed to prison, for such offences as "heaving stones," "getting over a wall," "stealing 4d," and "stealing bread." One poor boy had

to pay the penalty of one month's imprisonment for the heinous offence of "going into Kensington Gardens to sleep;" since it is a crime in the sight of English law, if a man "hath not where to lay his head." According to Mr. Mayhew, (1) the greater portion of boys confined in Tothill-fields prison, are there for picking pockets, indeed, as many as 66 in 194; (2) next to the picking of pockets, the purloining of metal constitutes the largest proportion of the offences committed by the young; (3) some few boys are committed for serious offences; (4) many of the other offences belong to the class perpetrated by those who are expressively termed "sneaks," namely, those who pilfer bread, oats, beans, rags, &c., &c. In addition to these there is a small class of boys who have stolen smallwares from their employers; but these, adds Mr. Mayhew, are most inexperienced offenders, and belong to a class who at least have been engaged in industrial occupations, and who should be in no way confounded with the young habitual thieves.

"6. Further, there is a considerable number who are confined for offences that not even the sternest-minded can rank as crime, and for which the committal to a felon's prison can but be regarded by every righteous mind, not only as an infamy to the magistrate concerned, but even as a scandal to the nation which permits the law-officers of the country so far to outrage justice and decency. To this class of offences belong the spinning of tops, the breaking of windows, the 'heaving' of stones, the sleeping in Kensington Gardens, getting over walls, and such like misdemeanours, for many of which we see, by the above list, that the lads were suffering their first imprisonment. Now the latter conclusion serves to shew that juvenile crime is not *always* begotten by bad, or no parental care, but springs frequently from a savage love of consigning people to prison for faults that cannot even be classed as immoral, much less criminal."—P. 420.

Mr. Mayhew makes the following sensible remarks upon Irish juvenile delinquency; and as we have stated the fact upon his authority, we are contented to accept also his own explanation of the fact.

"A large proportion of the London thieves are 'Irish Cockneys,' having been born in London of Irish parents. This shows we believe, not that the Irish are naturally more criminal than our own race, but simply that they are poorer, and that their children are, consequently, left to shift for themselves, and sent out to beg more frequently than with our people. Indeed juvenile crime will be

found to be due, like prostitution, mainly to a want of proper parental control. Some have wondered why the daughters of the poorer classes principally serve to swell the number of our street-walkers. Are poor girls naturally more unchaste than rich ones? Assuredly not. But they are simply worse-guarded, and therefore more liable to temptation. The daughters of even middle class people are seldom or never trusted out of the mother's sight, so that they have no opportunity allowed them for doing wrong: with the poorer classes, however, the case is very different; mothers in that sphere of life have either to labour for their living, or else to do the household duties for themselves, so that the girl is employed to run errands alone from the tenderest years, and when her limbs are strong enough to work, she is put out in the world to toil for herself. *She* has no maids to accompany *her* when she walks abroad, and often her only play-ground is the common court in which her parents reside. The same circumstances as cause the ranks of our 'unfortunates' to be continually recruited from the poorer classes, serve also to keep up the numbers of our juvenile delinquents, and draft fresh supplies from the same class of people. . . . That this constitutes the real explanation of juvenile delinquency, is proved by the fact that a large proportion of young criminals have either been left orphans in their early childhood, or else they have been subject to the tender mercies of some step-parent."—P. 386-7.

"We have before remarked, that the greater number of the professional thieves of London, belong to what is called the Irish-Cockney tribe; and at the boys' prison at Tothill Fields we can see the little Hibernian juvenile offenders being duly educated for the experienced thief. Some bigots seek to make out that the excess of crime in connection with the Irish race is due directly or indirectly to the influence of the prevailing religion of the country; and small handbills are industriously circulated among the fanatic frequenters of Exeter Hall, informing us how, in papal countries, the ratio of criminals to the population is enormously beyond that of Protestant kingdoms. From such documents, however, the returns of Belgium are usually omitted, for these would prove that there is really no truth in the theory sought to be established, since it is shewn, by the tables printed by Mr. McCulloch, in his 'Geographical Dictionary,' that where the ratio of criminals to the poor population of the country as in papal Belgium 1.9 and in Romanist France 2.3 to every 10,000 individuals, it is in Protestant England as many as 12.5 to the same definite number of people, and in Sweden as high as 87.7; so that it is plain that mere difference of religious creeds cannot possibly explain the different criminal tendencies among different races of people.

"As to what may be the cause of crime in Ireland we are not in a position to speak, not having given any special attention to the matter; but the reason why there appears a greater proportion of Irish among the thieves and vagrants of our own country, admits

of a very ready explanation. The Irish constitute the poorest portion of our people, and the children, *therefore, are virtually orphans in this country*, left to gambol in the streets and courts, without parental control, from their very earliest years; the mothers, as well as the fathers, being generally engaged throughout the day in some of the rude forms of labour or street trade. The consequence is, that the child grows up not only unacquainted with any industrial occupation, but untrained to habits of daily work; and long before he has learned to control the desire to appropriate the articles which he either wants or likes, by a sense of the rights of property in others, he has acquired furtive propensities from association with the young thieves located in his neighbourhood. He has learnt too—which is much worse—thieves' morals, morals which once in the heart, it is almost hopeless to attempt to root out. But whatever be the cause, the fact is incontestable, that a very large proportion of the juvenile prisoners are the children of Irish parents. Indeed as one looks up and down the different forms in the boys' Oakum-room at Tothill Fields, the unmistakeable gray eyes are found to prevail among the little felons associated there."—P. 402-404.

It is grievous to contemplate the fearful loss which the Church is annually sustaining in consequence of the profligate training and abandoned lives of these outcast children; how many souls the temptations and the vices of London are day by day leading on to inevitable destruction, while no hand is stretched out to rescue them. Great will be the reward of those who apply themselves to discover some remedy for juvenile crime. We may hope that the establishment and the efficient working of "Reformatories" will be attended with a proportionate success; but it would be better, as it is certainly far easier, to prevent crime than to eradicate it after it has once taken firm root in the heart. Would that some good and earnest man to whom God has given the ability and the means, were induced to set on foot an home and a refuge for the destitute and orphan boys of London. Such an institution should be situated in this country, within easy reach of London, and yet far enough away to cut off all dangerous and pernicious influences. Little boys should be received into it at the very earliest ages. They should be removed ere they could be conscious of the atmosphere of vice in which they were born, and ere they could be corrupted by the bad language and vicious morals of those with whom their lot is cast. They should be placed under the care of the Church, and from their earliest years trained be-

neath her wing. They should be taught industrial occupations along with the ordinary branches of secular instruction; and living, as they would do, in an atmosphere of faith and religion, they would be thus, not merely reclaimed, but preserved from vice, and as a body would certainly become useful and valuable members of the Church and the commonwealth. An efficient orphanage or asylum for destitute little boys, who are too young to have committed crime, would become a valuable auxiliary to the Reformatories which have been lately set on foot. And both together would in a very short time effect a visible change in the condition and the morals of those destitute Irish children, whose misfortune it is, more than their fault, that they are no sooner born into the world, than they are through the very circumstance of their destitution and poverty thrown into the thickest part of the vice and wickedness of London.

We must bear in mind the great poverty of the Irish poor, in passing judgment upon another fault, which truth compels us to notice. If, as we have said before, a large proportion of the well-conducted Irish make great sacrifices in order to attend mass and the sacraments, there are many who live in a total neglect of the duties of their faith. Some have never been at mass since they landed upon the shores of England, and as to other duties, they are equally neglected and lost sight of. They have contracted a careless habit of omitting all religious obligations, and year after year only tends to increase their apathy and indifference. An Irishman of this class is a type of humanity by no means interesting or attractive. He is deficient in the independent character, the manly bearing, and the honest virtues of the English, while he has trampled to the dust the supernatural gifts which would have elevated and raised him. He is like the unjust steward, who neither feared God nor regarded man; and he carries about with him an *abandonment* of self, a sense of degradation, and a recklessness of character which is one of the strongest, and most efficient, incentives to crime. It is, however, rare to find such persons altogether past recovery. If, indeed, they be professed vagrants and "trampers," and have for a long time been addicted to this gipsy kind of life,—if they be notorious and confirmed drunkards, or if they be connected with low livery stables, with the turf and horse-jockeying, or with the vicious

haunts of our soldiers, then we fear that their recovery is hopeless: but in ordinary cases they are still open to religious impressions, and there is still a chord in their hearts which, sooner or later, may be effectually moved. Moreover, there is an excuse for some, at least, of those who, from one year's end to another, are absent from the great Sacrifice of the Church. It is their extreme poverty. They cannot do in England what they were used to do at home. The women cannot go to mass with caps in place of bonnets, with broken shoes, or perhaps with no shoes at all. The odious goddess of "respectability" reigns supreme in this civilized land, over Catholic and Protestant, over rich and poor alike. All do homage at her shrine, and burn incense before her; and, therefore, the poor Catholic cannot join in the offices of the Church, unless she has her bonnet, and her shawl, and her cloak, and her good shoes, and her gloves, and we know not what else besides. Moreover, many a poor boy and girl are kept away from their duties through want of real and pressing necessities. They are at the mass "in heart," as they will tell you, but how can they personally appear among decent people, themselves being all in disorder and wretchedness? They have no better clothing than the miserable rags which they wear from week to week, and which are not sufficient to keep them from the cold. They have shoes, so thin and worn, as to be hardly fit to bear them to the place where they earn their three or four shillings a week. And how shall they procure the cheapest and most ordinary raiment? They cannot purchase it with money, for they have it not! And they cannot obtain it from the rich, for the rich, too often, know nothing, and care nothing, about them. Alas! the hard hand of poverty weighs heavily upon them. Their misery and their sufferings are known to God alone,—and shall we, who have never experienced the depressing and deadening effects of habitual destitution, dare to pass upon their apparent negligence a stern and a severe sentence? God and His sweet Mother forbid! "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her;" for how many of those who are in a better class of life would bear with patience and with fortitude a sudden and a terrible reverse of fortune? how many would have the moral courage under such altered circumstances to appear in the presence of their equals, clothed

in rags, and in worn out garments, with distress and want too visibly stamped upon their brows?

Complaints are frequently made about the ignorance of the Irish population in England, and it cannot, we believe, be denied, that there is a true foundation for these complaints. They are often, no doubt, exaggerated. The ignorance is not so great as is sometimes supposed. For it must be borne in mind that a large proportion of the Irish poor have learnt their religion through the medium of the Irish language. It is the tongue in which they both think and pray. English is to them a foreign language, and while they are speaking it, they are really translating Irish idioms into Saxon forms of speech. Hence it may very often, and very naturally, happen that they do not understand an English expression, or an English question, whereas, were the same things said to them in Irish, they could at once reply to it. This gives them, at times, an appearance of being ignorant of things which they ought to know, and which they do know in their native language. It is only fair to mention this, and unless those who have to deal with them bear this in mind, they will be constantly committing serious mistakes, and be unwittingly doing them a wrong and an injury. Still it must be acknowledged that you sometimes encounter cases where the religious instruction has been very superficial and inadequate. There has been a want of accurate catechetical teaching, and it would seem as if no attempt had been made to do more than instruct them in those matters which are absolutely necessary to be known. From this want of instruction they suffer in a thousand ways, for ignorance is the parent of vice. It is ignorance which leads to drunkenness and other vicious propensities. It is ignorance which fills our prisons with men, women, and boys. It is ignorance which breaks out into anger, passion, and fighting. It is ignorance which leads parents to neglect their children, and children to disobey their parents, and which leads both to trifle with their faith, to receive bribes from the proselytizers, and to apostatize from the Catholic Church. Whenever you meet with drunkenness, fighting, and apostasy, as a general rule, you see the signs and the effects of ignorance; and if you would check and stop the former, it must be by doing all in your power to remove the latter. And there is this great advantage in dealing with the Irish people. They are quick and

intelligent, they possess retentive memories ; they have an aptitude for learning, and it always gives them pleasure to place themselves under instruction. They set a high value upon such education as is within their reach, and they often make many sacrifices in order to secure it. Hence there is no great difficulty in persuading them to submit to instruction, and still less in fixing it upon their minds. We can say with perfect truth, that were the Irish thoroughly grounded and systematically catechised in Christian doctrine, they would take their proper rank as one of the most intelligent people in Europe.

It is sometimes urged as a defect in the Irish Catholic mind that there is little apparent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament ; that many on coming into a church will scarcely genuflect before the altar, and seldom think of making a visit to Him who dwells thereon. But this complaint must be received with certain qualifications. That there is among the more uneducated and less instructed of the Irish poor, an absence of such devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, as we commonly meet with in foreign countries, must, we fear, be admitted ; but then the reason evidently is, because it has never been evoked. Most of these people come from the country parts of Ireland, and in the country chapels the Blessed Sacrament is rarely reserved. These chapels are, for the most part, closed from Sunday to Sunday, like the Protestant churches ; and they are within bare, unadorned, and sometimes even unprovided with a tabernacle in which the Sacrament could be reserved. This has most probably arisen from the missionary and provisional condition of the Irish Church, and from the difficulty of guarding the Blessed Sacrament when the priest's residence happens to be far from his church. But it is sufficient to account for this apparent defect of devotion to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. We say *apparent*, because it results from a mere want of education, of the opportunity to call it forth, and not from any want of faith. The vast number of frequent communicants among the poor in their own country, and in England, are proofs that they not only believe, but appreciate, and cherish, and find great consolation in the Real Presence of Jesus upon earth. Another proof that this devotion only requires to be drawn out and educated in order to manifest its depth and its reality, may be gathered from the undoubted fact, that the recent intro-

duction of the Quarant' Ore into the churches of Dublin has elicited an amount of devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, which might challenge competition with that exhibited in any other part of the Catholic world. Besides, we must remember that there are really very few opportunities for rich or poor to make daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The churches are few in number, and sometimes in remote and inconvenient situations; while the hard necessities of daily occupation and labour fill up every moment of time, so that even where there is the will there may not be the way. Moreover, the age and the country in which we live are both of them adverse to devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Our life is a restless disquietude. It is a life of great material energy and activity, of eagerness to get on, of haste to become rich, and of throbbing, feverish, mental excitement. There is one word which will fitly describe the anxious and busy life of an Englishman in the nineteenth century, and that word is **RESTLESSNESS**. And there is nothing which renders men more incapable of tranquil contemplation, and of quiet prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, than the busy, restless life, which the temper and the necessities of the times imposes upon rich and poor alike. Any thing which would act as a restraint upon this busy, feverish state of existence, and which would train the young and the old to make reparation to Jesus Christ by daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, would be an inestimable gain to the Church and society; for after all, the great power which upholds religion and conquers the world is prayer; and when the hands of the Catholic people are constantly uplifted in prayer, in the very presence of their God, the world is impotent to do them any real harm; heresy trembles and is put to confusion in its strongholds, souls are rescued from the delusions of the devil, and the glory of God is more and more extended upon earth.

A great excuse is to be made for those mixed marriages which frequently take place between Irish Catholic girls and Protestant labourers and small artizans. It is certainly a great matter in a temporal point of view for a poor girl who comes over to this country, without parents or relations, to secure for herself a permanent home, where, whatever her other trials may be, she is at all events preserved from dangers and temptations to which she would be inevitably exposed. The children of such marriages, as

we have said before, are always baptized in the Catholic Church, and their mothers will undergo great hardships in order to procure for them this privilege. Sometimes, also, if they be earnest and well conducted Catholics, the wives succeed in effecting their husband's reconciliation to the Church, and we believe that where this effect does not follow, it arises, in the majority of instances, from the fact that the women are utterly careless about their religious duties, or are too profoundly ignorant to command the respect and attention of their partners. Perhaps the great majority of these men have no religion at all. They know no doctrine, nor prayers, nor religious rule of life. They rarely are seen to enter any place of worship, unless on some odd occasion they accompany their wives to Mass or Benediction. They are indeed as prejudiced and as bigoted as their neighbours against the Catholic Church, but in spite of these prejudices they are not always inaccessible to better influences. They share with the body of their countrymen an undefined curiosity to inquire and learn about the Church, and they have a favourable impression of its spirit of almsgiving, and of its motherly care of the poor. Often, too, they have a superstitious fear of the priest, and sometimes a latent belief in his divine mission. Hence we are inclined to believe that in many cases the blame of their remaining unreconciled to the Church must be laid to the charge of their wives. If these latter were diligent in fulfilling their own religious obligations, observant of prayer, zealous for the Church, and careful to set a good example, many of these mixed marriages would have a happier result than is at present the case. But however this be, it is the fact, that in the majority of instances these mixed marriages entail upon the women nothing but sin and misery. They are prevented from attending Mass, because they must remain at home on the Sunday to prepare their husband's late breakfast and early dinner; and as he is utterly indifferent to religious observances, he soon compels his wife to be the same. Not unfrequently these men are addicted to hard drink, and then they waste the substance that should have been laid out in the support of their families; and when they afterwards cannot obtain all the creature comforts to which they are accustomed, they give vent to their spleen by the ill-treatment of their wives, whom they regard as belonging to an inferior and a lower caste in society. The children

having such examples continually before them at home, grow up as may be imagined. They have neither faith nor morals. Baptized in the Catholic religion, their religious training is either altogether neglected, or they are sent by their fathers to the national schools, there to be indoctrinated with the Protestant heresy. Upon the whole, the class of Irish women who are married to Protestant husbands are among the most hopeless of all who belong to the Church. It is true that you will now and then meet with bright examples to the contrary. You will meet with very earnest women, who take great care to bring up their children well, instruct them in their prayers, bring them to confession, keep them from the heretical schools, watch over their daughters, preserving them from loose companions and dangerous influences, and who labour with much zeal for the conversion of their unbelieving husbands. But in general it is not so. In general they become debased and degraded, the miserable butts and the wretched slaves of their besotted husbands; while occasionally they come out in the character of persons aspiring to "gentility," who are consequently ashamed of, or indifferent to, their faith; and of all forms of Irish nationality preserve us from Irish "gentility!"

But if any over-zealous admirer of the Irish poor would have his faith in their good qualities put to the severest test, he must make an excursion into those parts of England where the hops are gathered in the months of August, September, and October. The Irish have a positive mania for hop-gathering. It is a wild and unrestrained kind of life which seems to give them intense pleasure. It is, as they suppose, a short and expedite mode of laying up such a sum of money as will keep them going during the severe months of the winter. Consequently they flock in great numbers to the hop district from all parts of England, but especially from Bristol, Norwich, Brighton, and London. We believe that there are fewer importations from Ireland now than there used to be formerly. They put up in barns, sheds, out-houses, in fact, in any place where they can erect a covering to preserve them from the wind and rain. You will find the men, women, and children of eight or ten families all occupying the same room, or rather the same shed, with neither chair nor table, nor luxury of the humblest kind, and with no more costly couch than a wisp of clean straw. Such situations are not favourable to the

discharge of religious duties, nor do they tend to develop civilization. They are too frequently scenes of drinking, quarrelling, and swearing, but we believe, rarely, of any gross immoralities. Yet even here you must bear in mind the Divine precept, not to judge according to the outward appearances. For in these miserable sheds, and in the midst of these curious groups of apparently half civilized beings, you will find many and many a soul dear to God, and living in the unbroken enjoyment of His love. You will find many well conducted women and girls against whom the breath of calumny cannot be raised, and whose diligent use of the Sacraments is worthy of all commendation. You will find many a little boy from the Oratorian schools of compassion, or from the borough, or Webb-street, or the Commercial-road, whom the angel of God has kept pure and innocent in the midst of his abject poverty. We must not judge the poor too harshly, nor suppose that indifference to material comfort necessarily betrays the presence of a low and corrupt interior. It is no part of our theology that outward comfort any more than outward cleanliness is akin to godliness. No doubt, the fact of different families crowding together into the most wretched barns, is often attended with danger to morals, and is always more or less a hindrance to piety; but how can it be helped? The poor must live. They must lay up, if they can get it, for the hardships of the approaching winter. The hops likewise must be gathered, and we must therefore tolerate the evils which cannot altogether be removed. The most that can be done is to endeavour to mitigate these evils, by the presence and the control of religion. It would be a great gain to the Church, if sufficient funds could be got together and placed at the disposal of the Bishop of the Diocese, with a view to the opening of a mission in the town of Maidstone, which is in the very centre of the hop district. A permanent chapel and a resident priest would give these people the opportunity of attending to the obligations of their faith, and in this way would operate in checking many scandals and evils that are at present uncontrolled. Some such plan we have been informed, was actually set on foot a few years since through the instrumentality of a distinguished convert, who had then just given up, for God's sake, a rich benefice in the neighbourhood; but it came to nought through the want of money, and through the want of priests. But there

is no reason why the attempt should not be renewed. There are few places where a new mission is more needed, and where its effects upon the people would be more beneficial.

In our judgment, the most dangerous and unsatisfactory part of the Irish character is their hasty and passionate disposition. As they express it themselves they are very "near their passion;" and in this, as in many others, they bear a strong resemblance to a southern race. This sudden violence of temper leads them into a thousand scrapes from which a cooler and more self-possessed people would be free. It leads them at times to the committal of acts which appear to be more criminal and malicious than they are in reality. For like madmen, when one of these fits of anger seizes upon them, they lose all self-control. They become beside themselves with ungovernable rage and wild revenge. Like hot-headed children they fly on a sudden into a violent passion, deal blows all around, injure, it may be, their best friends, and when they come to their senses again, are extremely sorry for their faults, and extremely penitent for what they have done. But it must always be remembered (1) that these fits of unlicensed passion are more likely to seize upon those who have not been properly instructed and trained; and (2) that they are very seldom so abandoned to their rage as to refuse to listen to the mediation of the priest, and to be assuaged and calmed by his admonitions. This fault, therefore, is by no means beyond the reach of cure. Religious influences can be brought to bear upon them, and they are very seldom used without success.

But the favourite and universal accusation brought against the Irish, is that of a disregard to truth, and we suppose that we should be charged with the same fault, if we did not allow them to be brought in guilty. The charge, then, is true, so far as it implies the existence in the people of a suspicious temperament which makes them, first of all, think why you have asked them such or such a question, before they venture to make you a reply. And this suspicious temperament is partly a natural characteristic of the race, and it is partly the effect and the offspring of long misgovernment and oppression. The Irish have long been accustomed to look with distrust upon the acts of those above them, even when those acts have had all the appearance of springing from a real desire to do them good.

And the plain reason is, because at home their landlords, the Protestant clergy, and the government, have rarely held out a helping hand to them, without having some ulterior and selfish object in view. Either they wished to get rid of them from their properties, or they were seeking to undermine their faith, or were attempting to rob them of some political right; on this account, suspicion is natural to this class of Irish, and suspicion inevitably leads to equivocation and falsehood. It must, however, be borne in mind that there is an essential difference between the ordinary Protestant notions on the subject of veracity, and the true doctrine on that most important question of moral theology. There is a vast amount of phraseology which to Protestant England would be characterised as simply false, which in the Catholic estimate is either misstatement of the most venial description, or is no fault at all, or is a positive duty under certain circumstances. The Irish, no doubt deal largely in this sort of deceptive or evasive language. They are also, as every one knows, a highly imaginative people, and often represent subjects rather in the form which they assume in their own minds, than according to the literal facts of the case, as tested by a more rigorous and prosaic standard.

Again, the charge is true, so far as it is confined to the very ignorant and very uninstructed. But it is not true, to any serious extent, if it be brought against those who are careful and conscientious about their religious duties. Such persons are as scrupulous about telling truth, as the most rigid Saxon could wish them to be; and you very seldom find them transgressing the real bounds of truth and falsehood. But here we must request those who are the most severe in their censures of the Irish poor on this point, to have the goodness to look a little nearer home. A straightforward and honest regard for material truth—i.e. for truth in the natural order, has always been one of the good natural qualities of the English; and as it is no part of our object, to run down a great nation, we cheerfully and gladly pay our tribute of admiration to this attractive feature in the Anglo-Saxon character. But at the same time, it must, in fairness, be stated, that at the present day, either this good quality occupies a less prominent place in the national character than it used to occupy, or else it is grievously overlaid by the mischief of a false civilization. We see this quality of a honest and straightfor-

ward regard for truth of the natural order, in little English children, who are perhaps the finest children in the world, and of whom we cannot help feeling with St. Gregory of old—*Angli utinam Angeli*. But it disappears as they grow up, and when they come to mix in the world, and to take their place with men, it very often vanishes altogether. Witness, for example, the false returns that are made every year to the commissioners of the income tax, and what are these, but so many deliberate falsehoods and lies? Witness again, the frauds that are continually committed in trade, the adulteration of food, and the various impositions practised upon the public by tradesmen and shopkeepers. Or to take examples of another kind, read the newspapers, observe with what unscrupulous coolness the most prominent journals colour or deny facts, and diffuse calumnies, whenever a purpose is to be served by doing so, whenever it is judged expedient to malign the character of a foreign sovereign, or to misrepresent the conduct and motives of the Catholic Hierarchy. Observe too how members of Parliament will vote black white, and white black, in order to please their constituents, to support or oppose the Government, and to secure their seats. Observe too with what eagerness the public mind will seize upon the most unlikely falsehood against an obnoxious person or an obnoxious creed, believe it readily, pass it from mouth to mouth, reproduce it in a thousand different forms, and yet refuse to receive its confutation, however earnestly urged upon them; and lastly, witness the surprising coolness with which the Protestant clergy, in order to gain credit for themselves, or to screen themselves from the charge of "Popery," will bear grave and deliberate false witness against the Catholic Church; how men in the highest positions in the Anglican Church, who have many Catholic relations, and who cannot, therefore, plead the excuse of ignorance, flippantly put forth in their speeches and their writings, the most absurd and the most calumnious statements about "Rome," which the least diligence, or the slightest desire to know the truth, would prevent them from asserting. These things are not considered to be offences against the truth, simply because they are so common; but the fact that they are common cannot alter their intrinsic malice. They are, in fact, crimes of a deep dye. They are falsehoods of a far graver character than anything that usually falls from the lips of

an unlettered Irish peasant. They are sins of "false witness, lying, and slandering" against the one and only Church of God, and as such, whatever men may think of them, they are recorded in the book of the Divine judgments. In passing sentence, therefore, upon the untruthful propensities of the Irish poor, we must not lose sight of the spirit of reckless disregard to truth, whenever interest or prejudice stands in the way, which is extensively prevalent amongst all classes in this country; and if we must say which is the graver sin, the most offensive to God, and the most hurtful to man, we must acknowledge it to be that which carries a lying-spirit into those momentous matters which affect the higher and graver interests of mankind.

Such then is the great body of the Catholic poor of England in their material civilisation, their vices, and their virtues. As the Church upon earth does not consist exclusively of the just and of saints, we do not expect to find any large body of men without many a fault and many a sin. The tare has been sown in the same field with the wheat, and both must grow up together until the harvest. And therefore although it must ever be a source of pain to know that there are Catholics who are wholly ignorant of all that they ought to know and do, and that there are others who neglect and trample on the grace which has been so abundantly bestowed upon them, this can never cause offence or scandal to those who remember, what the Church of Christ really is, and is intended to be. Yet although the poorer Catholic classes in this country are not without their serious faults of ignorance and of vice, yet looking at them as a body, and on the whole, we have every reason to be thankful. They are not, as a body, inferior to the poor of any Catholic country, although they have had comparatively few advantages; and they contrast favourably in every respect, except the point of greater comfort, with the Protestant poor in the midst of whom they dwell. The Established Church in England has told more severely in its effects upon the English poor, than upon any other class in the community. It has done them no good, even in a social point of view. It has, no doubt, distributed at certain seasons gifts and presents of money, and clothes and bread, to a selected few in the different parishes; but it has never been able to reach, and to come at, the large masses of poor hidden in the lanes and alleys of our great

towns. It has simply stood between them and the only Body which could really give them a religion. It has acted towards them like the dog in the manger: it will not, and cannot, take care of them itself, and it will not allow the Catholic Church to enter in and to reclaim its own lost children. And what is the consequence? It is, that the heresy of three hundred years has made fearful and terrible havoc among the poor of England, who are naturally a religious people, and who possess many manly and many attractive qualities which claim our admiration and respect. The heresy of three hundred years has completely extinguished in them every spark of faith, and left them in a condition of almost hopeless indifference to all religious belief. It has left them in a state of ignorance which would be incredible, if we had not daily proof of its miserable existence. It has so loosened the very fundamental notions of moral obligations, that chastity is undervalued, thousands habitually live in concubinage, without even knowing it to be wrong, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie is denied, not only by the poor themselves, but even by their professed religious teachers. These teachers are very powerful to undo and to destroy, but they are impotent in their attempts to build up again. They are wholly without influence among the very classes which stand in most need of pastoral superintendence, and who are so far from feeling any attraction towards those who are set over them by law, that they more commonly dislike and despise them. Thousands of the children of the poor live and die unbaptized; and more infants are lost to heaven out of Protestant England than from any other nominally Christian country in the world. And worse, perhaps, than all, it is the untaught and uncared for wives and daughters of these neglected poor, who year by year, are being added to the numbers of those ignorant creatures, who suffer themselves to become the deluded victims of the most loathsome form of Protestantism that has as yet appeared in the world. Such have been the effects of three hundred years heresy. Such has been the work, most effectually, we must confess, achieved by an Established Religion, which has had in its favour, every advantage of wealth, power, influence, position, refinement, learning, and unbroken prosperity, which the money and the pride of England could bestow upon it.

The Catholic poor, on the other hand, have had neither money, nor clothes, nor bread. They are the Pariahs of

society—the very poorest of the poor. In a strange and an unfriendly country, everything is against them. The very air is redolent of Protestantism, which loses no opportunity of treating, with a vulgar scorn, no where else to be found, the religion of Jesus Christ. Every year the nation gives itself up to an annual pastime of insult to the Catholic faith, and the public journals defend this systematic insult as a rational and proper amusement. The poor have to bear, as we have said before, incredible hardships for their Church, while, like all other men, they are exposed to the usual temptations to betray God for lucre's sake. Yet what is their normal condition, as a body and as a class in society? They are a people peculiarly open to impressions of religion. They have a clear, a definite, and an objective faith. They profess a religion, and they love it. They pray, and they frequent the public worship of God, from which the poor of the establishment either voluntarily absent themselves, or else are practically excluded. They are amenable to the control of the Church, and they respect and have confidence in their clergy. The women are modest and chaste, and the seraglios of the Mormonites do not receive their supplies from the daughters of Ireland. The men abstain from intoxicating liquors in the ratio of six hundred Catholics to three hundred Protestants.* They have a desire to improve, to raise themselves in the scale of civilization, and they eagerly catch at any way of doing so, by means of learning and instruction. They have, as a general rule, no politics, are in no way connected with chartists, or revolutionists, or with any parties dangerous to the peace of the state. And they are all this in spite of the enormous disadvantages under which, socially and religiously, they labour in England. Surely then the Church may well regard these the poorest, but not the least faithful of her children, with some degree of pride and satisfaction. No one maintains, or would wish to maintain, that they are, in all respects, what they ought to be, and what they may yet become: but such as they are at the present moment, they form a good and an excellent *material*, which with comparative ease may be moulded into shape, and raised in the scale of Christian civilization.

* London Labour, &c., vol. i. p. 114.

They need instruction, training, and education. They have, indeed, a natural good breeding, and a courtesy of manner about them which is peculiarly attractive; and which, in the poor, never degenerates into vulgarity. But there are many other points in which they are deficient, and these they can only learn gradually, under the control of religion and under the softening influence of good education. But as we have said, they constitute, as a whole, a good and an easy material to work upon. And when we speak of the Irish poor, we must remember that they have never had a chance of being other than they are. It is only within the present century that they have emerged from the heavy hand of oppression and of tyranny, such as no other nation in Europe ever groaned under; and therefore instead of being a worn out and effete people, their future is still before them. What that future shall be, depends in some measure, upon what is done with the present generation in England and in Ireland. By a careful pastoral superintendence, by opening to them all the rich resources and sweet consolations of Catholic devotion, by accustoming them to the functions of the Church in all their beauty and magnificence, by solid and accurate catechetical and secular instruction, by education of the mind, and by accustoming the women to more feminine occupations, the Irish poor could be indefinitely elevated in the social scale; and as they would willingly meet half way the Catholic Church and the Catholic priests in their efforts to improve them, their future may very easily behold them an enlightened and happy Catholic nation, blending the manliness and energy of their Saxon neighbours, with the cheerfulness and softer traits of a Catholic people.

This great work has set in already; it has begun in the right direction, and in the right manner. Speaking of England alone—to which we are at present restricted—we apprehend that the work which has been done by the Church within our own time is almost marvellous—marvellous when you consider what has been actually accomplished, and the poverty of those who have had to accomplish it. Wherever, too, a mission has been started, there a congregation springs up, and children are brought together; and the labourer receives encouragement to practise his religion; and confessions are heard, and outcasts are reclaimed; and some check is put upon the acts of proselytizers, and thus a good beginning is made: the

bread is cast upon the waters, which is to be found after many days.

A good beginning is made, but it is only a beginning. The work which the Catholic Church must try and do in England is, for magnitude and importance, beyond all calculation. It must endeavour to bring home the duties and the blessings of religion to every Catholic house and family throughout the land. It must endeavour to reclaim those poor orphans and destitute boys, who, at present, form the staple supply of the rogues, and the thieves, and the bad characters of London. It must endeavour to rescue from their deplorable misery those fallen women, who were born in her communion, but who have so fearfully sinned against their own souls. It must *educate* the people, morally, religiously, socially. It must train up every Catholic boy and every Catholic girl throughout the country in good and holy principles. This is the work that lies before it, and stands pre-eminent, even as compared with that other great work of endeavouring to reclaim from heresy those who are not less really her children, because they have been, for the present, lost to her fold. But how is this gigantic task to be accomplished? We speak not, now, of that supernatural assistance which ever accompanies and attends the Church of Christ, which supports her in her difficulties, and mans her for her holy work. She is always sure to have the Divine blessing preceding, accompanying, and following her steps; but as God Almighty works through human instrumentality, and by visible means, the Church must be assisted in her mighty labours, by the prayers, the exertions, and the energies of all her members. There is not a single Catholic in the country who has not a direct interest in furthering to the utmost of his power the education, training, social amelioration, and religious superintendence of the Irish in England. The poor constitute the wealth of the Church, in the same way as political economists tell us that a large population is the wealth of a nation. When St. Lawrence was commanded to exhibit and surrender to the pagan governor the treasures of his Church, he brought forth the poor who were under his charge, adding, that *these* were the treasures of the Church, and it was no human inspiration which suggested him to give this noble answer. Politically and religiously the poor are the wealth of the Church. It is the poor

which enable missions to be started, and the practical working of Catholicism to be exhibited in the midst of an heretical population. It is the poor which affords to the Church an opportunity of bringing into play her various organized methods of employing her members in labours of charity,—her convents for education, her Christian Brothers, her sisters of charity, her orphanages, and her convents of the Good Shepherd. It is the poor which call into exercise the charity of the priestly office, and by the care and attention which they demand and receive, manifest to the whole world the intrinsic difference that exists between the Catholic priest, who lives for the good and the benefit of the people, and the heretical minister whose time and thoughts are occupied by the cares of a wife and family. The poor, therefore, are essential to the energetic and efficient working of the Church; and a community which loses its title to be “the Church of the poor,” loses one of the noblest characteristics of the true Church of Jesus Christ. All, therefore, who love the Church, will love the poor, and will labour willingly for their improvement. You have them at your very doors, ready and willing to be taught, if you will only set about it in the right way. Give them schools, and give them priests; educate them mentally and socially; bring to bear upon them all these kinder and gentler influences, to which they have too long been strangers; condescend to go among them, and visit them at their homes, to say a friendly word to them, to listen to their little complaints and troubles, and to laugh them out of their faults and prejudices. Do not be too austere in your censures of their many failings, nor expect to meet with perfection in the crowded alleys and lanes of London. You must, indeed, remember that we are all but men, and high and low have equally their faults and sins. You must prepare yourself to meet with much disappointment, and with some ingratitude. Those in whom you took the greatest interest will now and then turn out contrary to all your expectations. Some will go on well for a time, and afterwards take a sudden turn, and fall away. Well, these things are hard to be borne, but it will do you good to learn these practical lessons, if you are taught by them to labour not for yourself, nor for man, but for God alone. Depend upon it, however, that in the long run, you will have consolation enough. No man ever yet repented of having devoted his

time, his labour, and his money, to God, the Church, and the poor. It is certainly a far more rational course of life than to pass one's days in mere vanity and selfishness. It is a more profitable investment of wealth, than to waste it upon silks and satins, and the foibles of dress. And as every man has his day of reckoning, his "day of darkness and distress," his day of preparation for future judgment, we must add one further reflection. To have given heart and soul, and time and money, to God and the poor, will doubtless afford you happier thoughts in "that day," and a more pleasant retrospective, and a more tranquil conscience, and a more joyful hope, than if, hanging on the outskirts of fashionable society, you had expended your last sixpence in devoted attendance upon all "the lord lieutenants" who ever entered the Castle of Dublin, or in obsequious waiting on all those second-rate noblemen who did you the honour to admit you into their houses in town.

But as we have said the poor are not only the wealth of the Church, seen from a religious point of view, they also form its strength regarded politically. Whatever political consideration the Catholics in this country can expect to receive from the governments of the day, is entirely due to the fact that they are the co-religionists of the poorest and lowest class in the community. No government at the present day can afford to deal out any very hard measures against the Church of a large minority of the poorer classes. Whatever their private feelings may be, at all events they can have no desire that the vast Catholic population of London should be left without spiritual superintendence, to sink into vice and immorality, and to swell the numbers of our public criminals. At present they know them to be upon the whole a peaceable body of men, who trouble themselves but little with the politics of the country; but if the Irish were once to lose their faith, to cease to entertain any respect for their priests, and to become infidels and Protestants, they would at the same time join the ranks of Chartists and revolutionists, and would be distinguished even among such companions for their still greater violence and desperation. All politicians, and all aspirants to the government of this country, are aware of this, and therefore they would be the last persons to press too heavily upon the Catholic Church in England. It is not because they love us, but because they fear the poor, and because they know that we alone can train and control them. But

take away the Catholic poor from our large towns and cities, send them all back to their own country, or transport them to the furthest ends of the world, and then what *treatment should we receive from Protestant England?* We should be either left alone, because our numbers and our consequence would be alike contemptible, or we should be a second time trodden to the dust, because it could be done with impunity. In either case we should have no *political status or consideration whatsoever, since without* the poor of Ireland our numbers would not exceed those of many of the Protestant sects. It is the same also with America and the British colonies. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there the Celtic Catholic carries the *cross of Christ. Mr. Gladstone may dream of a new* Catholicity hereafter to spring up, and to be founded upon the similarity of language, and the community of commercial interest. The writers in the *Times* may look forward to that distant period when *England and America, the mother and the daughter, united under the banner of a common language and a common Protestantism, shall* dictate laws to the world, and overthrow the See of Rome, but we apprehend that these dreams and visions are never destined to be realised. Whatever troubles may hereafter be permitted to afflict the Holy See, it is extremely improbable that they will come from the union of America with England. Protestantism must change its nature before it can ever become a bond of union; and the political interests of America are not likely to be exactly coincident with those of England. But Providence is making use of the English language and of English enterprise, although for a purpose which will not meet with the approbation either of Mr. Gladstone or the *Times*. The English carry with them wherever they go the Irish Catholic poor; and he brings his religion along with him, and builds churches and founds missions in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In these strange lands the Irish rise to comfort, wealth, and influence; and their political consequence is even now beginning to be felt throughout the empire. Thus then we see that even politically, and speaking humanly, the poor are the wealth and the strength of the Church. Be it our part to fit them for their new positions and their new places. Be it ours to improve them ere they leave our shores, that they may not carry with them the faults and the habits which in this country

bring them into so much trouble, and often cause them to be called by harsher names than they deserve. Be it ours to keep alive the band of brotherhood which unites the *scattered members of the Church in one communion and fellowship*, by a holier and a stronger bond than a similarity of language, and a unity of commercial relations. Above all, be it our most anxious care, that go where they may throughout the world, they may know, understand, and practice their holy religion; and retaining unimpaired that wonderful faith, which they have inherited from their fathers, may illustrate it by gentleness, and purity, and love, and by all the virtues of a genuine Catholic people.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- 1.—1. *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1857.—“Brown, Jones, and Robinson.”
- 2.—*Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.—“Electric Telegraph.”

WE are quite as much as any one can be in favour of dealing seriously with serious matters, and only a martinet would compel us to treat every subject gravely. We liked a laugh when we were children, and we are reluctant to be cheated of a laugh now-a-days. Yet we look around us and find that the world has adopted a different view. Every improvement lessens our chance of being made cheerful, and we can sympathise with the weaver who must have thought that a shuttle went more merrily across the loom when he could hear himself laugh and sing than when he saw it shot to and fro amidst the din and buzzing of a thousand wheels. If any one looks quietly about him he will find that, one by one, the chances and hopes of fun are disappearing before the progress of mechanical changes, like the red squirrels before the spread of a Yankee colony in their native woods. We raise our voices, and no echo brings back to us the joyous sounds that we loved to hear in childhood. We were schoolboys, and if we asked a dear parent or absent playmate to write us a

letter, it came brimful of stories, and riddles, and puns. These fell off in quantity, aye, and in quality too, when *Rowland Hill persuaded the sages in Parliament to introduce the penny postage. What was the consequence?* Bankers and merchants could send prices current and bills of lading; attorneys could write more letters at their invariable charge of six-and-eightpence; people who had nothing to do could torment people who had more than enough on their hands with questions not worth answering; but our brothers found that their letters were not as lively as the square sheets that their big brother used to get when he was at their age. Still there was a way, if the will had remained, to make a letter bearing a Queen's head welcome and amusing to the reader, and you could underline the word that contained the point of your sentence, but *Dulness stretched out his leaden fingers to inform us that he had invented the Electric Telegraph, and that it was ready to write your letters for you, provided you would pay double for all that was underlined, and provided you would contract your say into twenty words. Twenty words are soon said, and the reader discovers that brevity has ceased to be the soul of wit. Your speech darts like lightning, but no flash of genius marks its course. Philosophers reasoned about the matter, and settled that the Electric Telegraph must be extended to France, and now they hope to make it drag its length to America; but who ever received by it a lively repartee from a Parisian correspondent, and who can persuade himself that it will bring us the latest Jonathan fresh and racy from the far West?* The Liverpool broker uttered a melancholy truth whilst the merits of the American line were being proclaimed at Liverpool a week or two since, *when he exclaimed, "That's the way to tell the price of cotton."*

Some said that the Telegraph was the necessary accompaniment of Steam Engines and Railways, and we believe them, for they are fit music for one another. When our fathers travelled, they could hear the stirring notes of the horn, as it woke up the peaceful inhabitants of the roadside cottages in the early dawn, but now the sleepers are startled, if the ceaseless rumbling of the trains has not made them as deaf as the villagers of Herodotus, who lived near the cataracts, by the sharp screech of a steam-whistle. We liked to scramble over the top of the

coach to hear the droll wit of the driver, or the odd remarks of the guard, but who loiters to chat with their modern representatives? There were no traveller's libraries in those days, volumes of stupid essays by unknown writers, or reprints of prosy dissertations, that ought to have been allowed to sleep for ever, like mummies in the pyramids, in the gloomy recesses of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*. Every one was obliged to listen and talk, and half the stories that live in our memory at this hour *must have been gathered amongst the outside passengers, who suffered cold before wrappers and rugs were known, and who felt hunger before refreshment rooms had been invented.* We were lucky when we could lessen our fatigue and increase our speed by a lift on a stage coach, for at times we found ourselves listening to the irregular *tread of soldiers during their march from one garrison to another.* There was fun and life enough at such seasons if you chanced upon an Irish officer or an Irish company; and there were occasions, too, when a kind captain could show his heart and nation: "You are tired, Mullins, get on my horse." The man obeyed, and rested his musket *on the saddle; "Come," exclaimed the captain, "shoulder your musket; I intended the horse to carry yourself but not your gun into the bargain."* During a march the officers had many opportunities of knowing the character and temper of the men, and shared gladly in the hearty laughter that followed a witty remark uttered in the ranks. *Our officers travel at a reduced rate in first-class carriages, and their faithful companions in arms packed closely together in the second class, are restless and noisy, or cheerless and sleepy.* All this while the navy has shared the common fate, and the blue jackets cannot find the same animation of spirits in their new-fangled ships. *The screw that propels them is strikingly emblematical of the economy of their rulers, and with its grumbling and grating sound seems to forbid and check the frolic of other days.* How could Dibdin indite a cheering lay of a funnel, and how would his muse be moved amidst the hissing and clanking of an engine under deck? Who can wonder that *Charley Napier felt that sailors had lost the fun of their forefathers, and with the fun the vigour and the dauntless hearts that responded to the signals of Rodney and Nelson?*

Is not the same decline of spirit manifest everywhere?

Boys graduate under Lord Shaftesbury to become shoe-blacks, and Eton will soon forbid cricket balls to those who cannot describe from Euclid their curve from the bat. The House of Lords sighs in vain for the keen sayings of Henry Brougham; and along the benches of the House of Commons no O'Connell scatters the sparks of his ready wit. The Manchester politicians would enforce all the rigour of the protective laws if any one should dare to spoil their statistical enumerations with a pun, or to tell an amusing anecdote of the times when the house was pleased to smile at the pertinacious Joseph Hume in his annual endeavours to limit Tory expenditure. Even the acute men at the Bar trade on the witticisms of a bye-gone age, and if law-reform goes on, we shall live to find Baron Alderson's jokes insipid, and his attempts to provoke a laugh will become

"Dry as a law-book, dry as the Lord Mayor,
Dry as the fountains in Trafalgar Square."

*Like one of his predecessors, he may try a joke and be obliged to reserve the point. The world will not listen to our trifling, and we shall be smartly chid if we strive to make the best of everything. And so we must not expect Sydney Smith to return, and we must allow each successive number of *Punch* to grow more dull than its predecessors, for in these matter-of-fact days we have no wish to be amused, and we think with the frogs, that what is sport to others is death to us. The English nation some months ago resolved to have a public holiday, but it was against the national temper to be amused. "Ces Anglais," says Froissart, "mangent grandement, buvaient largement et s'amusaient mainte tristement à la manière de leur pays." When the war ended, we vainly supposed that every one would exclaim,*

"O once again who would not be a boy?"

and that fireworks allowed by Parliament would sparkle about and cheer us like very children. A brushmaker in the Borough did make a slight attempt to alter the general formality of the rejoicings, and the following inscription appeared over his house—"In memory of a" (here was represented a conspicuous) "brush with the Russians." But when we came to read the classified details of rockets,

and fountains, and wheels, and candles, we imagined we were reading the heavy list of dishes after a city dinner, and we felt that fun had departed, and that it was time for us to compose the history of its decline.

Under these impressions we look with a natural anxiety to the recurrence of our old annual friends of the comic order, and rejoice to say that in some at least of these, we can announce that "*Fun*" so far from having retrograded appears to be making satisfactory progress—as for example the "*Punch's Pocket Book*" for 1857; and we learn with great satisfaction that our excellent friends "*Brown, Jones, and Robinson*" promise to extend their travels, and that their excursions continue to amuse an increasing circle of lovers of fun.

H.—*The Office and Work of Universities*. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. Longman and Co.: London, 1856.

"The Catholic university" is beyond all doubt the greatest question of our times, all success to it, and universal support from all Catholics! Why should any cavils or irritating discussions be ventilated among us? We read in a recent Monday's Times an extract from the preceding Saturday's Catholic newspaper as a proof, according to the Times, of the admitted failure of the Catholic university! Whatever may have been the intention of the Catholic writer of the extract; however he may have kept within the limits of fair discussion; we entreat him to recollect "the chief among us taking notes," in a spirit of the bitterest hostility and most malignant dread of our success. Surely such a consequence of discussions, (however legitimate when we are not in an enemy's country), ought never to be lost sight of in writing for the public; and we are confident that we shall not be misunderstood in making these warning observations. We however must own that we find great consolation in inferring from the remarkable eagerness of the Times, which cannot lose one day in publishing a "failure," that that wily journal is fully alive to the consequences of the "success" of the university, and is well convinced that such "success" is inevitable. The publication which has called for this notice is a reprint of Dr. Newman's contributions to the "*Catholic University Gazette*," which bear all the marks of his originality and genius; and will well repay an

attentive perusal by any one (and that ought to be every Catholic) who wishes to understand and appreciate the enormous advantages which must result from the success of a Catholic university. It would in such a notice as this, be out of place to attempt any discussion of this interesting and important topic, and it is unnecessary for us to do so, as our readers are well aware how deep an interest this Review has at all times taken in the promotion of Catholic education in every form and country.

III.—*The Catholic Almanack, and Guide to the Service of the Church, for the Year of Grace, 1857. (Cum permisso Card. Archiep.)* Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby.

The publication for one penny of the mass of useful matter which will be found in this publication is, surely, one of the wonders of modern times. In addition to the usual information of an Almanack, and Catholic Calendar, we find a notice of Hampton Court and Cardinal Wolsey and a variety of Ecclesiastic Statistics of England since the establishment of the Hierarchy, and numerous useful religious and other admonitions, and other matter of considerable interest. We rejoice at the multiplication of cheap sources of useful information; and we trust that this attempt at the cheapest possible circulation of useful and necessary knowledge may be adequately encouraged. Those who may wish to possess a more elaborate edition of the work will find it in the form of an illustrated and interleaved Pocket-Book and Diary.

IV.—*An Elementary Greek Grammar, based on the latest German Edition of Kuhner. By CHARLES O'LEARY, M.A. Professor of Greek in Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland, New York, Sadlier and Co. Dolman: London, 1856.*

This work has the very great merit of simplicity and clearness. It professes to be and is essentially elementary; and is a selection from, rather than an abridgment of the two larger German works of Kuhner, the great merit of which has long been recognised. Our school literature is under great obligations to our brethren in America; as for example, in the valuable but very unimposing edition of Horace, by Anthon. The small Greek Grammar of the

American "St. Mary's," will, we hope, find its way into our own "St. Mary's," and our other colleges, in which, it is with great satisfaction we state it, there is a rapidly increasing attention to an accurate and fundamental knowledge of Greek, which can in no way be so well promoted *as by the use of a plain and intelligible Grammar.* We say "plain and intelligible" under the pressure of our recollection of having had to find our way to a knowledge of which we knew nothing through the medium of Latin of which we knew next to nothing. In these respects at least our generation is growing wiser.

V.—*An Exposition of the Author's Experiences as one of the Assured in the Alliance British and Foreign Life and Fire Insurance Company, &c.* By ANDREW VAN LANDAU, Esq., Attorney-at-Law. London: Bartlett, 1856.

This pamphlet raises a question of great importance to the interests of the public, and is worthy of attentive perusal by all who wish to effect any assurance on Life. Our readers are well aware that in nearly every existing office for Life Assurance the profits are so arranged as to give a *large portion of them in the way of bonus to the assured, and so as to increase the value of the Policy at a very rapid rate after a considerable lapse of years.* In the early stage of assurance the proprietors retained the whole of the profits; and instances are within our knowledge of old assurances in which the assurer, without receiving any bonus, paid for many years a rate of premium which was greatly *higher than the rate which the office had subsequently adopted* as sufficient even with the addition of a share of profits; the offices acting on the principle that "a bargain is a bargain," and overlooking the obvious equity and justice of relieving parties who had entered into a bargain in ignorance of the true nature of the contract. We cannot therefore be surprised that the interests of the public may sometimes be sacrificed to those of the proprietors. In the cases to which we allude the older offices had reformed their original scheme; and, as we believe, in the majority of the well conducted offices the assured receive a well defined and *large share of the profits, and their interests are further* protected by a publication of full accounts. The specific method adopted by any particular office is a question for the

gravest consideration on the part of a person who is about to effect an insurance which he intends to be a provision for his family. Thus in the old Equitable the profits are given exclusively to a specified number of the oldest assurers; and in many others profits begin to be divided only after a specified number of years; and the relative values of offices in this respect will be tested by ascertaining the practical quantity of bonus on two policies effected on the same day and on the same life, and for the same amount, in any two given offices, at the end of a given number of years. Applying that test to certain offices which are mentioned in the pamphlet, and which we will call A and B, our author asserts that the following is the startling result. If £1500 had been insured on the same day in each of the two offices on the same man's life, and he had died after making thirty-one annual payments, his estate would receive from office A, bonuses to the amount of £326 19s. 10d. only; whereas his estate would receive from office B, bonuses to the amount of £1642 10s. 0d. If these results are accurately arrived at by our author, there can be no question that such a difference arising from skill or the want of it in the selection of an office, calls for the gravest investigation on the part of the public. The result of any two given systems of life assurance must be arrived at by the combination of various circumstances including among the most important their relative quantities of business and their relative modes of dividing the profits. The pamphlet before us raises the latter question by drawing attention to the principle adopted by the "Alliance." By the terms of assurance in that office, the assured's share of profits is left undefined and is made to depend on the will of the directors, who, however, profess (and under such circumstances are bound) to act in a spirit of "fairness and liberality to the assured." But according to this pamphlet, their measure of "fairness and liberality," is evinced by their having appropriated profits to the amount of £853,156, as follows:—To the Directors and Shareholders £611,703, and to the assured £266,008. Assuming these figures to contain a correct representation, (as to which we have no other means of forming any judgment,) we cannot help thinking that the question thus raised is deserving of consideration, not only as regards this particular office, but also because it proves as we think that the Legis-

lature might well be called upon to protect the interests of the public in regard to contracts for Life Assurance, on the ground that the nature of such a contract is necessarily beyond the reasonable comprehension of nineteen-twentieths of the persons who are obliged to insure their lives, and of whom ninety-nine out of one hundred never think of making any inquiry into the particular scheme of the office in which they insure. It is no part of our duty or wish to enter into the particular grievances which this Pamphlet professes to expose, but we think a notice of it is well warranted for the purpose of drawing the attention of our readers to a more careful consideration of a subject which applies to a very numerous class, and involves pecuniary consequences of the greatest importance to the well-being of families.

VI.—*The Golden Prayer Book; a Complete Manual of Devotion for Christians who, Living in the World, Aspire to Perfection.* London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

This Manual combines the important elements of completeness and cheapness; and supplies some deficiencies of "the Garden of the Soul." Most of the other excellent Manuals which have been published from time to time, are too expensive to meet the popular want. In the *Golden Prayer Book*, our Clergy and the managers of our schools (to whom a considerable reduction is made) may supply their poor, and their children, with an excellent Catholic Manual at a very cheap rate. The matter is well and judiciously selected, by a zealous and energetic priest of the Diocese of Westminster, and the work bears the Imprimatur of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop.

VII.—*The History and Antiquities of St. David's.* By W. B. JONES, M.A., and E. H. FREEMAN, M.A. London: Parker and Co. 1856.

To the numerous class who take a deep interest in the development and progress of Ecclesiastical Architecture, we cannot too strongly recommend this very beautiful publication; its artistic excellences being beyond all praise. The architectural history of this very remarkable Cathedral occupies nearly half the work, and is rich in designs and descriptions of the greatest interest to the Architect

and the Antiquary. Readers who may expect to find some new light thrown upon the early religious history of the Cathedral will probably be considerably disappointed in turning over the twenty pages which are devoted to St. David and his history. Nor do his successors, including Giraldus, appear to us to fare much better than the founder. There is, however, a considerable collection of historical and statistical notices, which probably contain all that zeal and industry can supply for illustrating a subject which appears to us to be singularly wanting in religious interest.

VIII.—*Shadows of the Rood ; or Types of our Suffering Redeemer, Jesus Christ, occurring in the Book of Genesis*: being the substance of a series of Moral Discourses, delivered in the Church of the Assumption, London, during the Lent of 1856. By the Rev. John Bonus, B. D., Graduate of the University of Louvain, and Missionary Apostolic. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son.

Mr. Bonus's, interesting volume—we believe his first publication—comes to us with the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal Wiseman, and we have little to do, therefore, but to bear testimony to its literary merit and edifying tendency. The precise ground upon which he has entered, (as he remarks in his preface,) has been as yet untrodden, even by our most eminent preachers; though it is one which cannot fail to be most interesting to the pious reader. He has taken the portions of Scripture which are read in the Divine Office during the penitential season from Septuagesima to Easter; and with the help of the patristic and mediæval writers, has given to the Catholic public the *Christian* sense of the Old Testament, showing how clearly the Cross and Passion of our Blessed Redeemer were foreshadowed under the Old Law, and discoursing separately on the various types of Our Suffering Lord. Thus, Adam is contrasted with "*Jesus, the Expiation*;" Abel is the type of "the Priest of Calvary;" Noah of "the Saviour;" Abraham of "the Example of obedience;" Isaac of "the Victim;" Melchisedech of "the Priest of the Mass;" Jacob of "*Jesus, the Supplanter*;" and Joseph of our Saviour as "*rejected by the Jews, and accepted by the nations.*" "It is the character of prophecy," says the devout author, "to exhibit future personages, scenes,

and events, wrapped ever 'in that pale and misty atmosphere which belongs to allegory; as the early twilight exhibits objects indistinctly, and invested with a certain haziness, which is only then dispelled so as to discover their full outlines and proportions, when the light of the morning breaks forth.....S. Paulinus, (he says) in one of his epistles, has perhaps expressed my thought in one word: 'The Prophecies veil Him, Whom the Gospel reveals.''' The Rev. author has performed his task in a very satisfactory manner, and we have great pleasure in recommending these discourses to the Catholic public. He apologises for his frequent quotations from the Latin Vulgate, (which, however, are always translated,) by reference to illustrious examples; and those of our readers who are familiar with the popular works of St. Alphonsus and others, will not find this practice an inconvenience, even though they may not be acquainted with the Latin language.

IX.—*Fundamental Philosophy*. By the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish by Henry Brownson, M.A. 2 Vols. New York: Sadlier and Co.; London: Dolman, 1856.

Our readers will recollect that on two occasions this *Review* has drawn attention to the admirable work of the celebrated Balmes, on *European Civilization*; and in those notices our appreciation of his genius and of his services to the great cause has been very fully recorded. As we are going to press we are favoured with a copy of Mr. Brownson's translation of a still more important work of this illustrious author; and as only a most careful and patient study of so long a work on so important a question could warrant a notice of it on our own responsibility, we must at present confine ourselves to a short extract from the preface which bears the signature of our most respectable Collaborateur Dr. Brownson—"His work on the bases of *Philosophy* is his master-piece, and taken as a whole, the greatest work that has been published on that important subject in the nineteenth century."....."He has advanced far, corrected innumerable errors, poured a flood of light on a great variety of profound, intricate, and important problems, without introducing a new, or adding anything to confirm an old error." Our reliance on the judgment of Dr. Brownson warrants us in giving every publicity

to these opinions, and we have no doubt he may be fully relied on when he adds, "This is high praise; but the philosophic reader will concede that it is well founded." We hope however, to have an early opportunity of expressing our own sentiments on this most important subject; as there is no greater desideratum in our literature than a well reasoned refutation of the numerous fundamental errors of Locke, Paley, Hume, Condillac, Fichte, Schelling, Spinoza and others; and we do not exaggerate when we express our firm belief that in this country it is essential to reconstruct the whole system of Christian philosophy from its very first foundations; and whoever will substantially assist in this great work will be entitled to our utmost praise and gratitude.

X.—1. *Catechism of the Diocese of Paris*. Translated from the French by M. J. Piercy. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

2. *Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance*. Translated from the French by L. Ward. London: C. Dolman; and Richardson and Son.

These two simple works offer to the instructors of youth ample materials for teaching the history of religion, its moral teaching, its dogmas, and its mysteries. In the religious teaching, and in the schools in France, the *Catechism of Paris* is read in conjunction with the *Catechism of Perseverance*, and the results, as we know, are admirable; and in some of our own schools this system has been adopted with remarkable success.

In No. 5 of the Catholic School, 1 Sess. 1856, Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes, as one of her Majesty's Catholic Inspectors of Schools, bears the following testimony to the value of one of these catechisms: "Many young teachers of exemplary conduct, and fair attainments, are most imperfectly acquainted with sacred history and the records of the Church. And perhaps I may still further suggest, in the way of remedy, that a portion of every pupil-teacher's time might be devoted, with great propriety, to the mastering of such works as the *Catechism of Perseverance*." None can doubt the propriety of extending this knowledge to the pupils themselves.

The Bishop of Northampton in his approbation of the *Catechism of the Diocese of Paris*, declares it to be "suit-

able from its *peculiar plan*, as well for the elementary instruction of young persons, as for the edification and benefit of those of riper years." Great pains have been taken with both the works, and foot notes referring to authorities have been added to the last editions of both the Catechisms, and this edition of the Catechism of Perseverance has been carefully collated with the large original work and with hagiographic and other authorities of undoubted accuracy. To these advantages we may add, that the modern names of places mentioned in the conversion of nations, are accurately given; and many *chronological and other errors have been corrected*. We can recommend these two sister works as safe and useful books of instruction and reference for all who wish to make themselves or others thoroughly acquainted with the principles of Catholicity.

XI.—*Horne's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.* 4 vols., Tenth Edition. London: Longman and Co., 1856.

The fourth volume of this tenth edition of our old acquaintance, contains "An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," which purports as to "the critical part" to be "re-written," and as to "the remainder" to be "revised and edited by Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, L.L.D." So that in one very important element the work must be considered as new and original. *This subject requires careful consideration, and a sufficient space for its discussion.* These we cannot at present afford; but we propose to do so at an early period. In other respects the work does not call for any further notice or criticism.

XII.—*The Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist; or the true Doctrine of the Real Presence vindicated in opposition to the fictitious Real Presence asserted by Archdeacon Denison, Mr. (late Archdeacon) Wilberforce, Dr. Pusey, with full proof of the real character of the attempt made by those authors to represent their Doctrine as that of the Church of England and her Divines.* By W. Gouge, M.A., &c. London: Hatchard, 1856.

The title page and preface of this work abundantly show that its object is to influence the pending cause of Mr. Denison, and to indoctrinate the lay-minds of the Mem-

bers of her Majesty's Privy Council with the Low Church views of this question. In this view of the publication, and considering it as part only of the evidence in a pending suit, we think it would be premature for us to enter upon any discussion of the merits of the undertaking; especially as our Catholic conclusion on the whole matter is necessarily foregone, and is perfectly well known to Mr. Goode to be so. We however cannot but observe, in the interests of civilization and of charity that Mr. Goode has not in this work abandoned the unsparing use of hard words, which has characterized his former publications. He well knows that they break no bones and strengthen no arguments; and we should be glad if he could estimate the extent of the regret which this inconvenient practice has occasioned to many who, differing *toto cœlo* from Mr. Goode in all his opinions, cannot but respect his zeal and industry, and estimate his private worth. If as we anticipate the Lay Tribunal of ultimate appeal for the establishment shall decide that her real doctrines are simply Zwinglian, and that her members, if sincere, must renounce her communion, or must abandon all semblance of belief in any real presence of our blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, we shall probably find it our duty to review the several decisions on this important question as they bear upon the awful position of those members of the Establishment who have heretofore clung to her communion under an impression (we should rather call it hallucination) that she did in fact hold some kind of Dogmatic Belief in some kind of real presence; an impression which this ultimate Lay Tribunal of appeal—should it take its instructions from Mr. Goode—will effectually remove.

While we are employed upon this notice we read with shame and indignation those portions of the judgment of Sir John Dodson in the case of Mr. Liddell, which in the plainest terms bring against the Catholic Church the direct charge of idolatry of the material Cross. We were aware of the extent of ignorance of our doctrines which is frequently exhibited in quarters which ought to be well informed as to our belief as a question of fact; but nevertheless we were not prepared to believe until we read it in print that the learned judge, as he is reported, should have believed that such a charge could be true, and still less that he should have found his proof in the language of our offices, and in particular in the "*Dulce Lignum*,"

which he is reported to have quoted. We do not know how far this imputation will be found to constitute the substantial foundation for his decision. If this shall prove to be the case we shall pause before we can bring ourselves to believe that the high judicial intellects and integrity which will have to decide this question in the Privy Council can be prevailed upon to give any weight to a charge which we had fondly hoped had long since been exploded and abandoned by all but bigots of the lowest intelligence and information. We must not, however, be very sanguine, as we know by experience that we must prepare ourselves for finding that no imputation is too absurd to be believed of the Catholic religion by a large portion of our fellow-countrymen.

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